









**LETTERS FROM ACROSS THE SEA**







AT THE BASE OF THE COLLOSSI THEBES  
The Author and Donkey-boy

**LETTERS**  
**FROM ACROSS THE SEA**  
**1907-1908**

BY  
**FREDERICK NORTON FINNEY**



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THESE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN TO MY  
FOUR CHILDREN DURING MY JOURNEY-  
INGS IN 1907 AND 1908, AND TO THEM  
THIS BOOK IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED



## FOREWORD

THIS is not a guide-book. Hand-books of travel are useful in their place but uncommonly dull reading. These are not the letters of a man who saw a lot of things for the first time and forthwith conceived that he had discovered them and must needs reveal them to others. Of such books there are not a few—in point of fact too many save from the standpoint of the printer.

These are the letters of a cultured, far-travelled man to members of his own family, written with that intimacy which involves freedom and candor and with the intent of revealing to some extent his heart, mind, and soul to absent loved ones. They are also of interest because they form a viewpoint of one who in his time has played many parts in the development of his own country along the lines of greatest resistance. The captains of industry in this country are of two kinds: those who take a wholly objective view of life and those others who possess the introspective mind. To accomplish any great deed it is necessary to be gifted with imagination, but many possess it for mere material purposes. I think any one who reads these letters will note that the writer has the power of critical analysis in an unusual

degree; that he sees beneath the surface of things and has found richness in the Old World because he took riches of the mind with him.

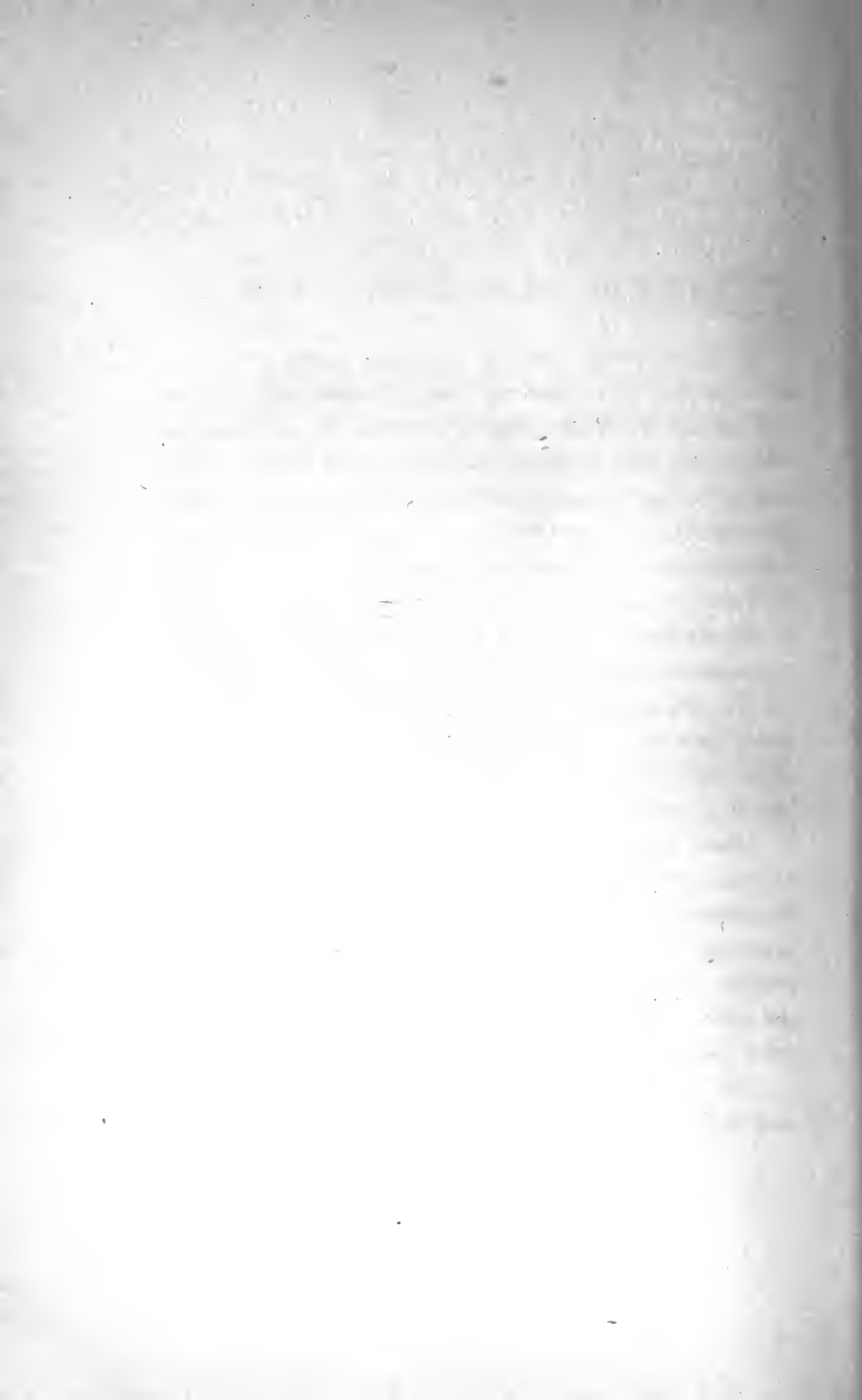
Some men simply see stones and others find in them a sermon. Some find in the running brooks only possibilities of commercial development and others read there a book. In the last analysis, we get just as much out of life as we put into it. I think that these letters with all their charm of personal intimacy, their keenness of perception, and their largeness of view betray an unusual literary quality. This is because the writer thinks clearly. No other equipment is necessary. It is the beginning and ending of style. The reader will note here some new angles of perspective although they cover for the most part main-travelled roads. He will be interested not in the things themselves so much as in the point of view of the writer. It is the personal note that gives them charm and value, and human personality lies at the bottom of our interest in everything.

It is interesting to me that my old time friend who has spent so many years in the engineering problems of this country should have found time to keep in touch with those movements, those influences and institutions which make for the highest culture; that illumination and inspiration have followed him and possessed him so that he is enabled fully to enjoy a vacation—something few busy men in this world are able to do because they have crucified themselves upon the cross of materialism.

This seemingly unnecessary foreword is written simply that one may begin this book with confidence, knowing well that it will be finished with satisfaction. Books of travel are apt to be slush. This is a book of revelations.

JOSEPH M. ROGERS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 15, 1909.



## AUTHOR'S PREPARATORY NOTE

It seems proper, and as a danger signal necessary, to say to the reader upon opening this book, and to avoid any mental shock that should overtake the careless one who might take it up by accident and find himself involved before becoming sufficiently hardened to stand the consequences, that this in no sense is a guide-book or a compilation of wise conclusions, nor is aught set down in malice or envy. If any opinion runs counter to that of the reader it is requested that any possible rising of temperature be ignored until the perusal is ended.

To all critically inclined let me remark, do not waste time or energy in nursing the mood; if any personal enjoyment or refreshment is felt by the emotion, hug it to your heart but restrain all outbursts.

What may seem strange or untrue to-day may be orthodox or gospel to-morrow. "The world do move." Rembrandt stands the peer of all to-day while a few years ago he was a vagrant and unworthy. Miracles, plenary inspiration, and the divine paternity were essential articles of creed when we were boys; now many consider them mere ghosts of decayed orthodoxy.

The only thing of real interest in these letters is the personal note, and the few friends who take time to read

them will at least believe that they are sincere. The author's mind may be disordered and his perspective distorted, but he has written what he has written with complete candor and without wicked intent.

F. N. FINNEY.

MILWAUKEE, July 14, 1909.



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# I

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE, *S. S. Minneapolis*

Thursday, June 13, 1907.

THIS is before breakfast. We are about 1458 miles from Sandy Hook. The ship did not sail from New York until 4 P.M. Saturday in place of 4 A.M. as advertised, owing to the fact that the strike of the longshoremen interfered with her loading, and even with this delay she left New York over 5000 tons short of what we should have taken.

We expect to land Monday and reach London Tuesday morning early. So far the trip has been ideal; no rough water to amount to anything, light showers at night and a wonderfully steady ship. The meals are good and a "fiver" judiciously disposed of brings a fresh pot of coffee and sundry other things, so that life is bearable even at sea. I have not felt the slightest discomfort so far.

We have several notables aboard, among whom are Mark Twain, and Richards, the cartoonist, and Rev. Dr. Patton, ex-president of Princeton University, 155 passengers in all, with no bums, poker players, or others of that ilk, and this makes steamboating on the briny quite respectable and agreeable.

Mark Twain is on his way to Oxford to receive a degree, and Kipling is also to be there at the same time for the same purpose. I have a card from Mrs. Kipling telling me of this and asking me to visit them on the

18th and 19th, as they leave for the honorarium on the evening of the 19th. Our ship being a day late I shall only have the 19th to spend with them.

These cattle ships have advantages as well as disadvantages. The promenades are not as extensive; on the other hand, there are no second-class or steerage passengers and the much smaller number carried renders the noise and racket greatly less than on the big liners. There is plenty of room at the tables and the service is vastly superior, and for one who likes the water and has no objection to the deadly monotony of the sea, it seems as if this would be the method of his journey; but I cannot get myself into such touch with this waste of water so as to approve of it at all. I look forward, however, with interest to the trip from the time we pass the Scilly Islands until we reach the mouth of the Thames, as we shall be in sight of the coast all the way, barring fog, and this will be a new experience, as I have never seen anything of the shores above Folkstone and Boulogne. I have a chart giving all the important points as we go up the Channel.

The horn toots and I go to my coffee.

This morning Richards made several caricatures to send back to New York, and is now at work on a masterpiece, showing Mark Twain (an excellent likeness) walking on deck with the little French girl, followed by his "fidus Achates," Ashcroft, while all about are others, viz.: a deckhand scrubbing while he reads "Life on the Minneapolis," a tough customer in a barber's

2]



MARK TWAIN AND THE AUTHOR ON BOARD A. T. CO.'S S. S. MINNEAPOLIS



chair reading "A Tramp Abroad," a miserable seasick old woman reading "Innocents Abroad," and two boys, one with "Tom Sawyer" and the other with "Huckleberry Finn." It is a very good thing.

This is our seventh day out and so far we have not had an unpleasant day, barring light showers and only some three hours of light fog. No more delightful weather could be asked for, but there is not enough variety to make it interesting.

Sunday Morning.

We had a concert last evening and developed an amazing amount of talent from our 155 passengers, two fair pianists, a young girl violinist who certainly will be famous, a bass and tenor who would do anywhere, two sopranos good enough for the opera, who, with Mark Twain and Dr. Patton as orators, made a very interesting evening lasting until nearly midnight.

This is another splendid morning, sunny and cooler. Nothing like it in all my experience. To-morrow morning we sight land and enter the English Channel. It is some twenty-four hours now from the Scilly Islands to Tilbury where we land. I shall mail this at once on reaching London Tuesday.

Monday Afternoon.

We have had another perfectly lovely day and I will wind this up so as to mail it early to-morrow morning. Our route up the Channel to-day has been so direct, after passing the Needles, that we have had only a dis-

tant view of the Isle of Wight and shall not enter the Straits of Dover until after dark. If we could have left New York twelve hours earlier we would have seen much more. Of course, we have been continually in sight of ships ever since daylight. We saw two battle-ships steaming out of Portsmouth, but they were too far away to see anything of their detail. We should reach Tilbury to-morrow at four A.M. and have breakfast at seven, leaving for London on a special train at eight-thirty. It is a forty-five mile run to London. This has been an ideal trip such as I had not deemed possible on the Atlantic.



## II

### HOTEL MORLEY

LONDON, June 22.

THIS is Saturday evening and I have just returned from dining at the famous "Cecil." The dining room was crowded with Americans in full dress and our women quite outshone the English fair sex. They are well in front of the English in figure, dress, and carriage, and I was proud of them.

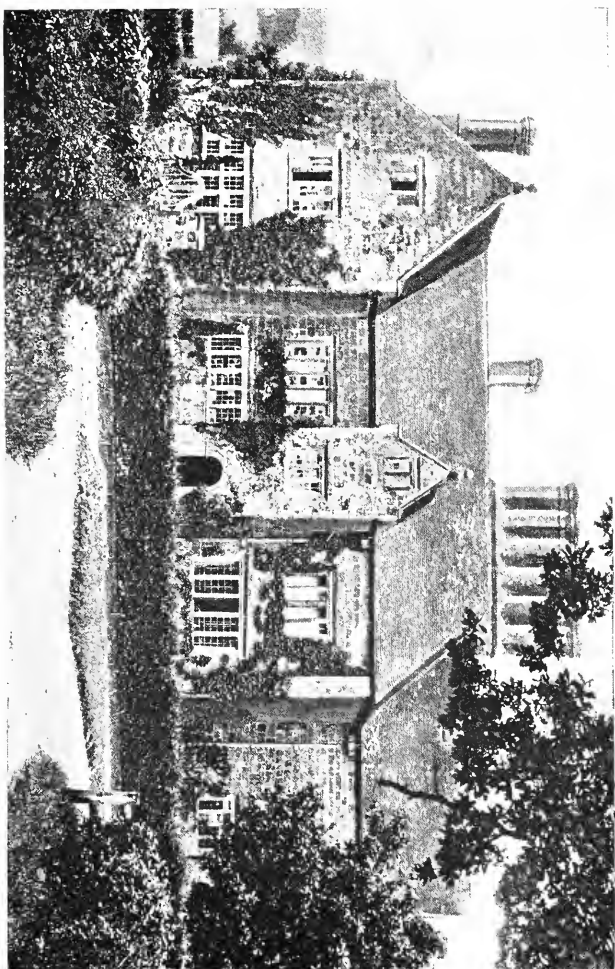
The week's résumé runs as follows: landed Tuesday morning about eight thirty, and after a glance at our belongings by the custom officers we boarded our train of first-class coaches, and after an hour's run up the valley of the Thames landed at St. Pancras Station and came to this old hostelry kept by the family of the James for over fifty years. It is very quaint as the result of frequent additions, making one run up and down stairs and through long narrow halls, and bewilderingly cut up. The people that I used to know are dead and gone and the two sons now operate the house, not so well, however, as the two old-maid sisters and the brother used to do. After washing up and unpacking my clothes I spent the afternoon at the National Gallery. The pictures are much the same as of old, with the addition of a splendid portrait of Gladstone by Millais, a picture one will never forget.

To wind up the day I took a ride on the omnibus up Piccadilly to Hyde Park and back; this is always

interesting owing to the crowded condition of the streets.

Wednesday I went out to Burwash, some fifty miles, and spent the day with the Kiplings. They live about five miles from the railway station. Their auto met me there and the chauffeur and I had quite a pleasant visit together as we ran over the lovely, high rolling country. This is the place Kipling bought, together with some one hundred acres of land. The house is a large, splendid country seat, dating back to 1634, with two saw-mills dating back to the twelfth century. Kipling has put in water works and steam-heating and also an electric light plant. The grounds have extensive lawns, a swimming pool, and are picturesquely situated with high hills on all sides. I am enclosing a picture of the house that Mr. Kipling gave me. You cannot get much of an idea of the beauty of their home from this, as it is so large and quaint.

The house was the home of the landlord of the estate, who was a large mine owner. The valley was a great iron country in the olden times when the forests furnished charcoal for the furnaces, but these have long since been cut down and the furnaces destroyed. After lunch Kipling took me in his auto on a five-mile trip to see the Bodiam Castle, one of the great English strongholds, and the best preserved in England that is unoccupied. It is surrounded by a moat with twenty-two feet of water and it has three portcullises, two more than are generally found. It is a most interesting place and is kept in beautiful order by the present owner.



HOME OF RUDYARD KIPLING, SUSSEX, ENGLAND



The great towers and walls are almost as perfect as ever. We spent nearly two hours here and then he ran me to a nearby station where I took train for return to London.

Thursday I went to the bank and found a lot of letters and then went to the "Wallace Collection," which is really the best worth seeing in the line of pictures of anything here. The collection cost Mr. Wallace four million pounds and the Government spent a very large sum for its maintenance and housing. I am going there again, as it is worth many visits.

That evening I went to hear Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in "The Liars." It was splendidly acted and the audience was handsomely dressed. English women go to the theatre in full dress, and are overly plump, from our American standpoint.

Friday took a seat on one of Cook's touring cars and visited old London, including the Tower, St. Paul's, the Guild Hall, National Museum, Hyde Park, Green Park, etc., etc., and wound up at Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," so they said, although one cannot imagine Little Nell and Grandpa both getting into the mite of a place at the same time. By the way, I do not recollect that Dickens claimed they did. I could barely turn around in it.

To-day I have been to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. The ceiling of the Henry VII Chapel and the tablets of the Poets, with Longfellow's bust, and the general architectural effects interested me the most.

This afternoon I spent in the Exhibition of Modern Painters at Burlington House. It is a great collection but deadly tiresome as a whole, with few exceptions, especially in the water colors.

I am going to bed early to-night and feel that I am about two inches shorter, owing to walking about and standing around looking at things. If this continues I shall buy an old-fashioned rack and stretch myself out at night so as not to present a dwarfed appearance on my return home.

Barring the shortness heretofore alluded to I find myself in prime condition and full of interest in all I am seeing. I think that by Wednesday next I shall leave here and go up through the Cathedral Towns, first to Cambridge, then Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Abbotsford, Roslin, and Dryburgh, and may possibly go to Edinburgh and Stirling. Autos cost so much (\$40.00 a day) and the hedges are so high that one cannot see anything but the back of the chauffeur, so that I have decided to go by rail. What is the use of putting on airs behind one's driver? and then I am going to save up to ride in style in France. I'll manage to get in an auto ride somehow to brag about when I get home.

Sunday, June 23, 4:30 P.M.

I have just returned from Hampton Wick; found the Newmans, father, mother, Edith and her husband, and her two lovely little girls. She has married a fine fellow, an American, a graduate of Yale, who is the

Westinghouse engineer representing that company in London. I was very much taken with him. The oldest little girl is a miniature copy of her mother and is a charming little two-year-old. Jean is in the United States with her husband but returns early in July. She has a home quite near Edith's. Her husband is also a Yale man and a chum of Mr. Baldwin's, and is in a lucrative position here as an engineer. Hampton Wick is a suburb of London and pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Thames, just above Putney. I lunched with them and had a very pleasant day.

Norton and John will be interested to know that all of the old men at Morley's are here yet and knew me at once when I came, and have been very attentive to all of my wants.

### III

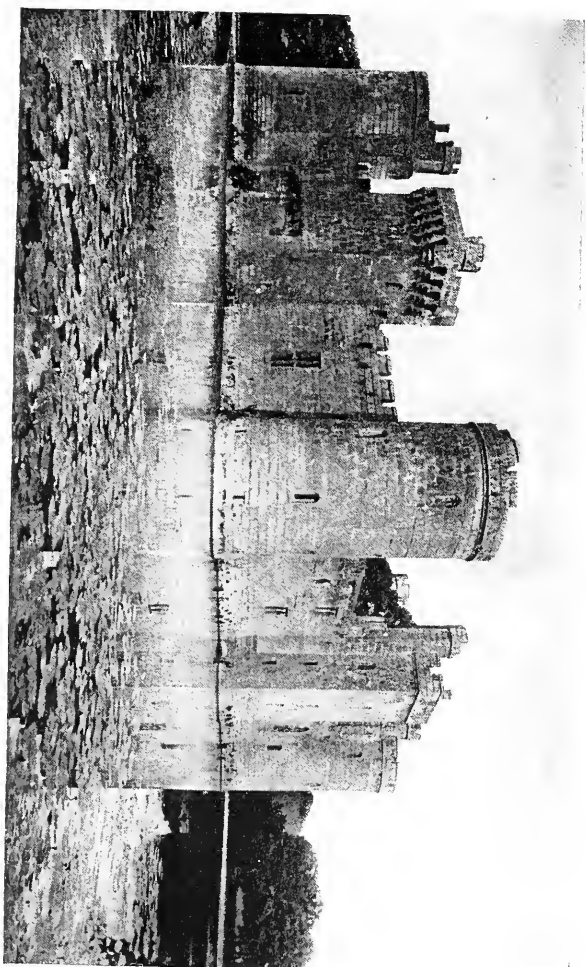
#### UNICORN HOTEL

RIPON, ENGLAND, June 30.

LEAVING London Thursday morning I came to Cambridge, took a carriage and visited all the University Colleges, saw the beautiful ivory copy of the Taj Mahal, which is a perfect reproduction of this famous tomb, on a scale of one-fourth of an inch to the foot. Trinity is the most extensive building and has splendid grounds, but King's Chapel is the crowning glory, with its splendid fan-vaulted ceiling and sixteenth-century windows. The Pepys Library was unfortunately closed, but I had seen it once before and therefore was not greatly disappointed. Later in the afternoon I went over to Ely and had time to look over the cathedral before dark; and, by the way, it is daylight here up to nine o'clock at night and again at five A.M. The "Lamb" is still excellent as of yore.

Friday morning I had another look at the cathedral and then went over to Peterborough and had some three hours there, then over to Lincoln for the night. What was one of the most charming of inns, The White Hart, has changed hands and is miserably kept, with the vilest coffee and service. I was glad to get away from there, although the minster is so interesting, also the old castle and fortifications. A great fair was going on and the streets were fairly reeking with decorations. On Wednesday the King had been there, and a railroad employee





EXTERIOR OF BODIAM CASTLE



told me that they had hauled 75,000 passengers into the place that day, and 25,000 was the smallest number carried on any day during the week. The town was jammed full of loyal subjects. Norton will appreciate what that means.

I was led into some reveries on the Britishers upon returning, to the effect that individually and at his best the Englishman is a fine fellow, honorable, right-minded, and chivalrous, but as a class they are brutal, coarse, egotistical braggarts and cowards. They to a man oppress the man under them and kowtow to and abase themselves to the one above. They will do anything to make a shilling; they do all kinds of wickednesses and keep the Sabbath with a blare of trumpets and pharisaical bumpiousness and call upon all mankind to witness that they are the "great God-fearing people of the world," and that is just what they are. They are afraid of God and so they make great "miration" of their righteousness, but they are cowards, always excepting when they have overwhelming forces. The Pilgrims with their scant numbers and empty money chests whipped them in the Revolution; the Indians whipped them at Delhi; the Boers whipped them in Africa; and they were whipped at Waterloo when Blücher wrested victory out of defeat for them. They talk through their noses and revile us for our "nasalities"; they drop their "hatches"; they call daily "dily" and papers "pipers." They talk worse English than Chaucer and have never yet admitted that America has enriched and kept pure the

dialect that shall yet be the universal language. The average Yankee is pretty bad, but he is an angel with a golden harp and silver tones compared to the bloke who acts as verger in Peterborough Cathedral. He couldn't understand himself after his gutturals had cooled off.

Leaving Lincoln yesterday I went over to York expecting to spend the night, but a cool rain set in and after spending three hours there I came over here for Sunday. This little inn is a good specimen of the best of its class and is called The Unicorn. There is a fine cathedral here and this morning they had a special service for the Volunteer Soldiers of the country, who attended in uniform and had a fine band that played the airs for the hymns and after the service rendered one of Wagner's overtures under the great central dome. This afternoon they are giving an open-air concert in the park.

Norton and John will remember that when we were at Peterborough we could not see much of the minster as it was undergoing extensive repairs, and they will be interested to know that this work has all been done and the restoration has made a very complete and beautiful building.

The great amount of rain, although virtually spoiling the motor touring, has made the country very beautiful. From London to Peterborough the land is flat, but after that it is lofty and rolling and the landscape is peculiarly beautiful. The green hedges, the graceful

oaks and willows, with the red-tiled-roofs of farm-houses with the villages give views that are hard to improve on in any country, and it is an ever lovely panorama that passes before you as you journey.

There is one virtue (not the only one by any means) that the English have, and that is love for their ancient buildings, and now that these are bringing them wealth from the Yankee pocket, they are paying more attention than ever to their restoration and preservation. Had "Thomas" and "Oliver" been permitted to live a few years longer, England would have been terribly short on cathedrals and abbeys. The preservation of fossils I observe is another strong point with the English. A tablet in Ripon Cathedral states that it was placed there to honor the memory of (I forgot the name) who played the organ in that house for forty-two years and who died at the age of eighty-one. For one moment consider the music of this aged person! The waiters at Morley's have been there over thirty years; the deans and archbishops hold over until death; and a man to win distinction must do it through good digestion and a muscular liver or not at all. Brains don't count against brawn.

MELROSE, SCOTLAND

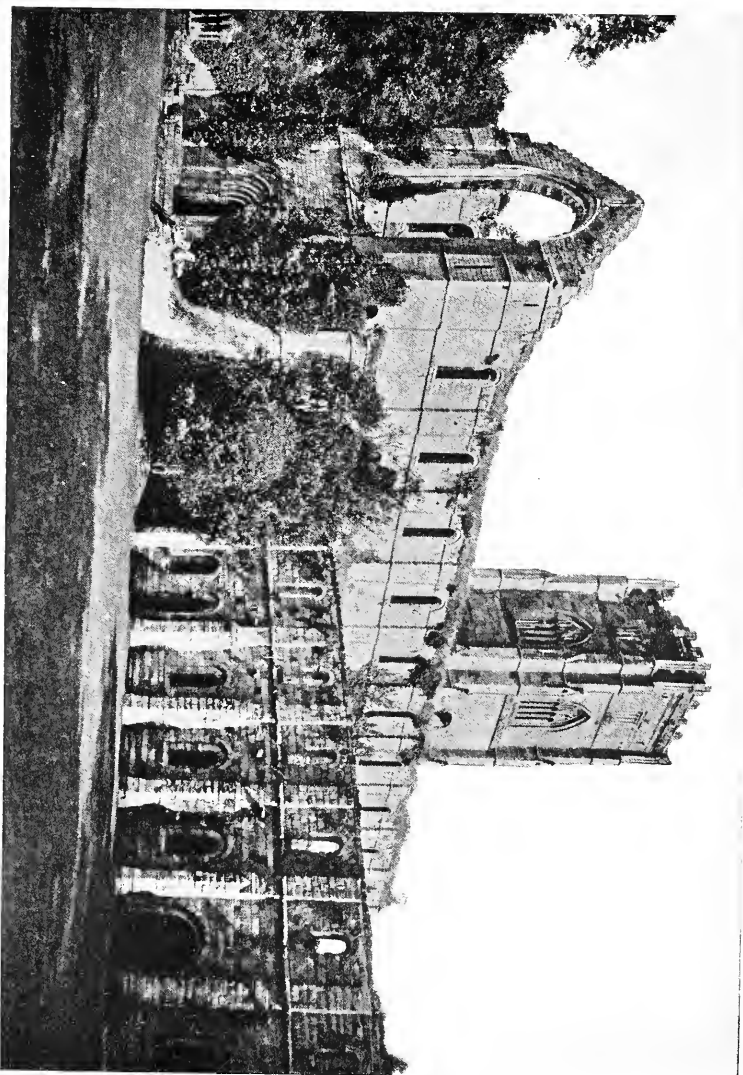
Monday, July 1, 9:30 P.M.

This morning I drove over to Fountains Abbey and spent all the morning in this loveliest spot in England. It is even more beautiful than I remembered it. Any one who visits England and fails to see it has missed

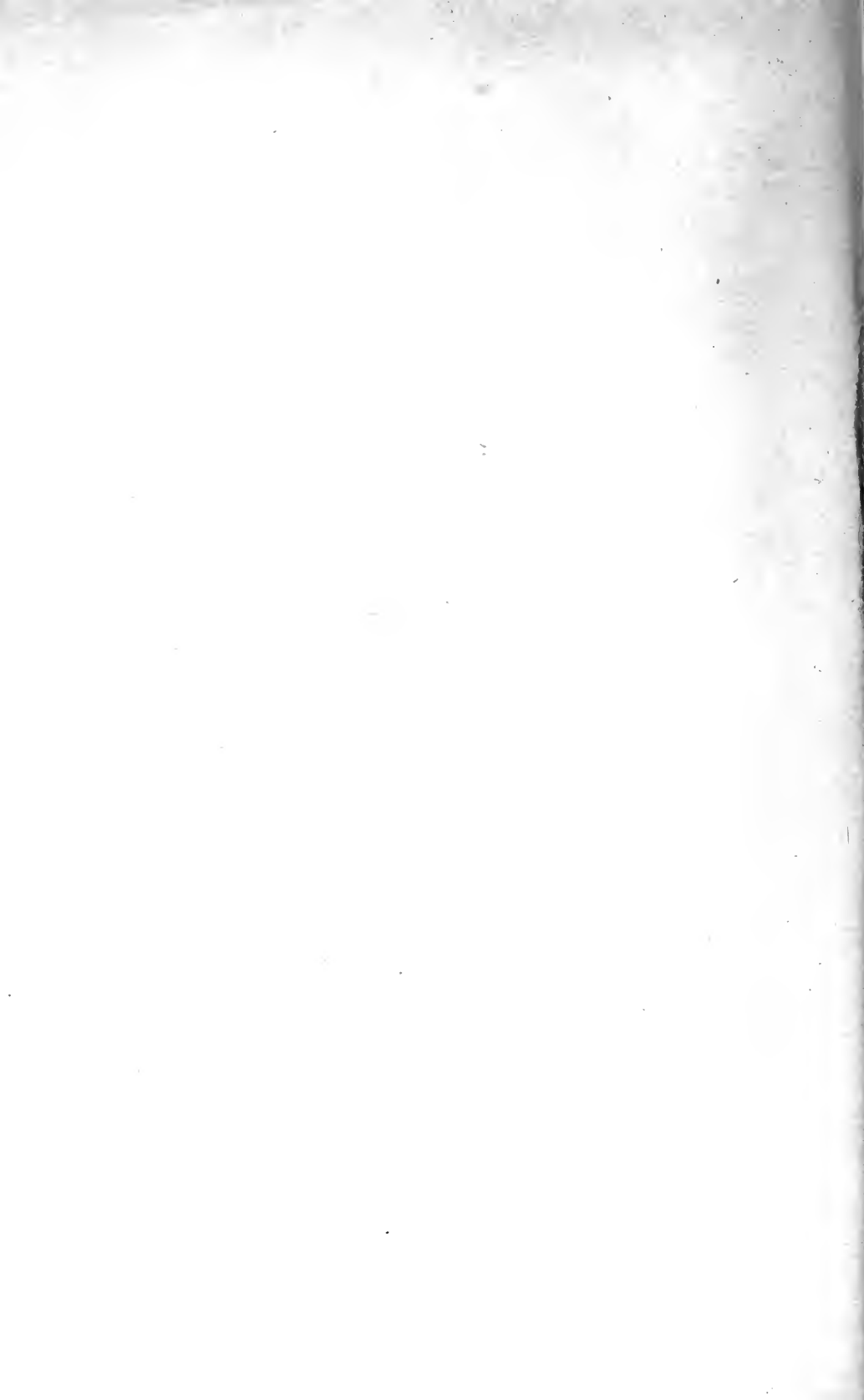
more than words can begin to describe, and yet I met several parties on my journey here that have always lived within a hundred miles of it, who confessed that they had never seen it. It is a most majestic and glorious ruin.

This afternoon I came over here, arriving at eight, and after dinner have been walking about in Melrose Abbey. It is small but most lovely, and I had an old Scotchman along who repeated the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to me in a good Scotch accent, describing almost everything that is worth noticing as we came upon it. It was a rare treat, as he was in love with it and declaimed the lines in fine style.

To-morrow morning I shall visit Dryburgh Abbey and Abbotsford and then go to Edinburgh for the night.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY





## IV

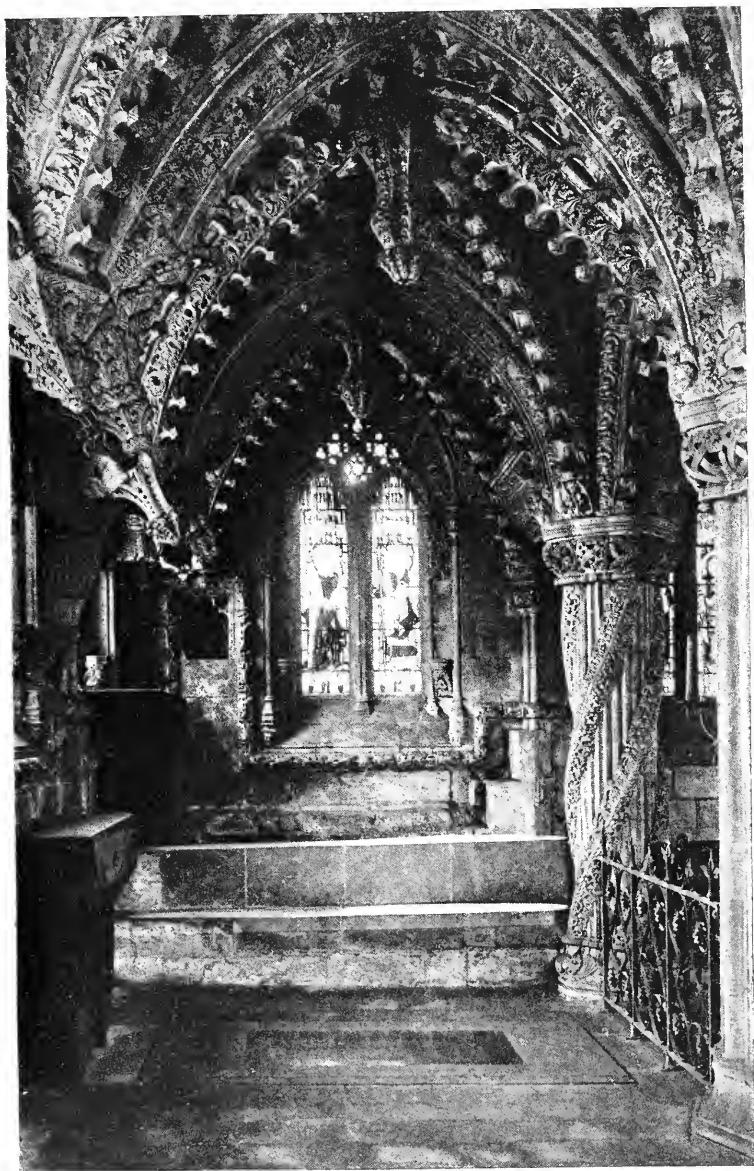
EDINBURGH, July 4.

THE guide book will tell you all about this city and it has been written of so generally that to spend time in description of it would be sure evidence of approaching senility. But there are one or two things at least that I have not read or heard of from other travellers; these I may recount. Just up Princess Street, a short distance beyond the North British Railway Station, one comes to the old Calton Cemetery where lie the remains of the Scotch soldiers that fell in the civil wars; in this, near the gate, stands a splendid statue of Abraham Lincoln erected by the American consul (his name I did not learn). It was touching to see fresh flowers placed by some loving hand at the foot of this statue to commemorate the day.

In driving about the city yesterday the guide pointed out to us the houses where Scott, Burns, and John Knox lived, but no mention was made of any monument, memorial, or tribute to one of Scotland's greatest men, Thomas Carlyle. In the world of letters he has made an indelible mark; his "History of Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution" are the most unique and graphic writings of his or any other century. The Scotch people show an indifference to his merits that is to their shame. A tardy recognition of literary ability is oftentimes very excusable, but to neglect such a world-wide recognized genius as that of Carlyle does not speak well for the canny Scot.

To-day we decided to celebrate the glorious Fourth by visiting Hawthornden and Roslin and so took a local train at 9:30 A.M., in a pouring rain, hoping that as it had rained all the time nearly since we reached England, we might expect clearing weather even on the Fourth of July. Arriving at Hawthornden you leave the station and cross the track on the bridge and, turning to the left, follow the main road, which leads you to the lodge gate on the left where you enter the grounds of Lord Drummond, a lineal descendant of the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The grounds are very extensive and perfectly cared for. We were taken in hand by an affable female who extracted a reluctant shilling from each of our party and then took us through subterranean passages containing rooms for the ashes of the departed. In one of these the heroic Bruce found a hiding place, but the lovely grounds, the noble trees, and the shrubbery were of the greatest interest. From here we walked down the narrow gorge of the Esk some three-quarters of an hour to Roslin. Shortly after leaving Hawthornden it began to rain and continued until we returned to Edinburgh.

. . . If it had not been the Fourth I think we would have backed out, but the Yankee blood would never permit that on English soil and on the Fourth of July. The sight of the beautiful chapel repaid us for dampness and mud and cold. It is a jewel in stone, a tribute of the conscience to make even with heaven the evil of a worldly life; a work begun in hopes of mediation but



ROSLIN CHAPEL



scarce half completed when he found it was too late and his accounting called before the debts were settled. He did compass at least the beginning and started the matter so that it went to a certain completion and it remains for all time a thing of exquisite beauty. The day, even with its drawbacks, was full of charm and delight, as our shoes were of mud and water.

GLASGOW, July 6.

As I had never visited the much talked of "Trossachs" I concluded that as I was in Edinburgh I might as well "do" them, and thus be on a parity with those who were forever telling me that I had missed "the whole game" when I confessed that I had never done Scotland farther north than Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Leaving Edinburgh at 9 A.M. via the North British Railway, the first thing was, of course, the crossing of the great bridge over the Firth of Forth, the so-called eighth wonder of the world—it is easily the first. The two great spans of 1710 feet each, with the central towers of steel, made of cylinders 12 feet in diameter and 360 feet in height, carrying the projecting arms of the cantilevers, which reach out from the rocky island 675 feet on each side to the central spans, are of such magnitude that one is not able to grasp the thing except as he contemplates the figures of its details.

Soon after crossing the bridge Stirling Castle comes in sight. I did not stop off but could see it plainly from the train. There were no towers, castellated walls, or high-flung battlements. Then we came to a little town of Aberfoyle where we had a most miserable lunch, then on a big four-in-hand coach, rigged like a "Seeing New York" affair, we drove for five miles over a range of hills, accomplishing 800 feet of altitude, to "Trossachs Pier" on Loch Katrine; then small steamer on the loch

to Stronachlacher, six miles; then wagon again to Inversnaid, five miles; then steamer on Loch Lomond; twenty miles to Balloch; then train, for forty minutes, to Glasgow, arriving here at 7:25 P.M.

It began to rain when we left Stronachlacher and continued to do so all the way to this city. The wagon had no cover so I pulled the rubber blanket over my knees and held my umbrella close down over my face and did not see a thing on that six-mile drive, except now and then a sheep out of the corner of my right eye. The ride is over hills with a good macadam road and easy mountain gradients. The lochs are long and narrow with low hills on either bank. I had always supposed that the mountains were lofty and snow-capped, and the scenery grand and awe inspiring—it is quite otherwise. On a fine summer day I think it would be a very pleasant diversion, similar to a drive about the Oconomowoc country, with the hills a little higher, but the lakes in no way superior. But I suppose that hereafter I will have to lie and brag about it all as tourists do.

There were some funny people aboard, as there always are: one woman who talked incessantly and said she had been over here for four years and was “really quite blasé, don’t you know.” Then there was a big man from Texas, who was telling some quiet and well meaning little Scotchman that “Texas was bigger than all of the United Kingdom and a whole lot of Europe thrown in,” and he wasn’t going to decide which hotel he would stop at in Glasgow until he had tried their

dinner. Later on he drifted into our hotel while we were dining and I heard him order fried eggs for his dinner. What can you do with such people?

As you come into Glasgow by rail from the lake country, you have frequent stops at outlying stations in the city, which are highly perplexing, as one does not know the time nor the place at which to get out. There were inconceivable numbers of these, and our crowd jumping up, pulling the windows down and craning their necks over the platform, and shouting out to the innocent bystanders, "Is this the place where we get out?" reminded me of a car full of chickens stretching their necks out of the crates as they roll through the country. It was amusing from one point of view, viz., mine own, as I drew my neck in for the last time and still found my head on it. To cut the matter short, you must sit still until you reach Queen Street and then gain honor and repute from your fellow travellers by getting out and going about your business.

It is pouring again to-day and I have no inclination to go out, as there is not much to see here except ship-building and the university, so I have stayed in writing up my diary and this letter.

The whole of England and Scotland are complaining of the extraordinary dampness of the season, which is ruining the tourist business, on which they so much depend each year. In "God-fearing Scotland" there are no Sunday trains except at night (I suppose they think God won't know about night trains): therefore as



I want to see the country I have to wait over here until Monday morning and take a train to London and reach the Continent as quickly as I can, hoping to find some weather that is not entirely composed of water. My letters from here will not be interesting excepting to seafaring men, until I find dry ground. I quite understand the feeling of the dove after her first trip from the ark. Andrew will be solely in touch with these conditions.

GLASGOW, July 7.

Yesterday afternoon the clouds broke and the sun came out and so we concluded to take a trip down the Clyde to Greenock to see the new Cunarder *Lusitania*, which had just returned from her trial trip down to the sea. We couldn't get aboard of her owing to the fact that on her trip it was discovered that her huge turbine engines caused such tremendous vibrations that it was damaging to the ship as well as making it very uncomfortable for the passengers, and large numbers of workmen were on board putting in additional braces to counteract this motion. We steamed around her, however, twice, and took note of her great dimensions. She is 856 feet in length and 58 feet across her beam. The thought occurred to me that the man who designed her was not at present on a bed of roses, as these Scotchmen are not given to overlooking mistakes of this nature.

To-day being clear and bright, I have been out seeing as much of the city as possible. It being Sunday, there are no carriages or cabs on the streets, the electric, all

double deck, being the only mode of conveyance permitted on this day. The streets are very quiet, although thronged with pedestrians. No stores or saloons are open.

The railways all enter the city on either elevated or submerged tracks; there are no crossings at grade. There are no vacant lots and no buildings with grounds. The streets are kept very clean and built up very solidly with brick or stone, all of a respectable type, with no shanties or tumbledown disreputable tenements, so universally found in most of the large cities.

Glasgow can boast of a very attractive park lying along the shores of the Severn, where very many interesting trees, shrubs, and plants are growing, each one bearing labels giving both the botanical and the common name. There were many people walking about, amongst whom were two little boys some six and eight years of age respectively, dressed in true Highland costume—Scotch caps, the clan plaids, with little bare legs, and carrying small canes—walking with their tutor and looking so serious and proper. Still farther out you come to the new art gallery, a large and imposing building not yet quite completed, but into which the old gallery was being moved. The collection contains two splendid Israels, a fine Tadema, a noticeable portrait of Herkomer, two Hobbemas, two Murillos, and a very excellent Burne-Jones. The collection is well worth coming here to see. The municipal buildings are all worthy of a large and rich city and show a generous administration

as well as a wise one. In all my wanderings through the city I did not see a single place where the streets were being torn up or under repair. It gives one the idea of being in a finished town, something I have not seen elsewhere. There are a great many fine monuments erected to the memory of notable Scotchmen scattered throughout the city, but, alas, nothing of Carlyle did I see.

## VI

ANTWERP, Sunday Evening, July 14.

I WILL give you a brief résumé of the week, but I am sorry it has been rather uneventful. A week ago to-day, you will remember, I was in Glasgow, after the miserable rainy week between London and that place. Monday morning I left Glasgow and went by train through rain and mist to Leamington where I found again the old, nice hotel, the Manor House. Norton and John will remember it as the place where we all got out of the train and packed ourselves and impedimenta into a hack; then the man turned his wagon around and there we were, for which he charged us shillings three. I remembered this and stepped into the house without the aid of a hackman. What I began to say is that the Manor House is still kept by the same people and in the same excellent manner. The old lady tried to make me believe that she remembered me, but you know that was a little too much.

Well, Sunday morning was a repetition of all the other days, but as it did not actually rain I got a *voiture* and drove over through Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon. The Shakespeare house has been fixed up, matting laid on the floors, mementoes arranged and made more accessible, and restored where necessary. Several busts, portraits, letters, furniture, etc., added to the collection with many valuable collections of famous editions of the great dramatist's works, so that it is much better and

more satisfactory than it was when we all were there. From there I went to the home of Anne Hathaway; this we did not see before owing to the stupidity of our driver. I was bound to see it this time. It is a most interesting house and the little old wooden settle or bench on which the lad Shakespeare courted the fair Anne, who most certainly "had a way," is there yet, and I sat on it hoping to draw inspiration from its proximity, but I couldn't stop the rain.

I went again to the church as I did not have it very clearly in my mind, and was glad to note that it is a fine Gothic edifice, with some good stained glass and interesting tablets and tombs. The old verger said in answer to my question as to whether Shakespeare was really buried there, that owing to the epitaph that Shakespeare wrote himself, which you will all recall, they had never dared to open the tomb to see whether his bones were there or not. From here I drove over to Warwick and spent two hours there. There are some very fine portraits on the walls, one particularly fine of a past earl painted by Van Dyck. I couldn't get enough of it. Also a fine full-length portrait of the Countess of Warwick by Carolus Duran, which has been added to the former collection. The years that have passed since we were here before have brought changes and improvements, electric light, steam heat, etc. It began to rain while I was here and I drove in a closed carriage over to Leamington in time to catch the evening train to London.

Wednesday it rained all day and I put in my time going over to the bank for my mail, exchanging money, and a last look through the National Portrait Gallery. There are some mighty good ones amongst the lot, especially one of Thomas Carlyle, one of Richard Burton, but nothing equal to Millais's Gladstone that I mentioned in my previous letter.

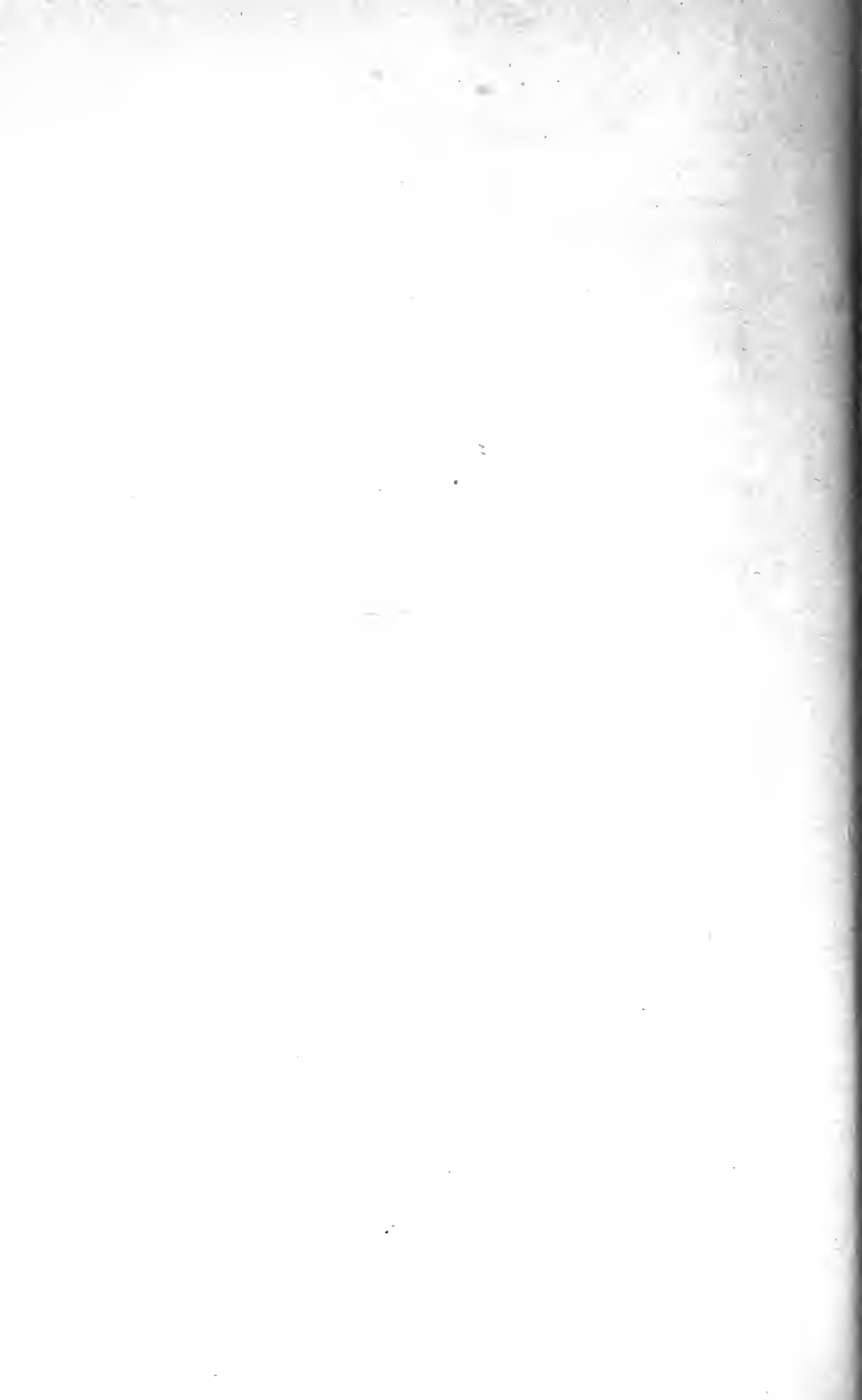
Wednesday night I took train to Queensborough, steamer to Flushing, and rail to Antwerp. The steamer was packed, and although I engaged my passage in London early Wednesday morning I found that I was in the same cabin with three Englishmen. My berth was so narrow that even with my lankness and general slimness I could hardly squeeze in between the sides. We had a very rough night, and everybody sick but me, so far as I know. There wasn't much sleep for me, as one of my cabin mates was up and down all night.

Landed early Thursday morning and reached Antwerp after a lingering trip, changing cars twice, at 9 A.M. The day was pleasant and cool and I put in Thursday and Friday in the galleries and cathedrals. The "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens is greater than ever; I went three times to see it.

On my last visit Friday afternoon, as I was buying my ticket for admission to the cathedral, someone near me said, "Isn't this Mr. Finney?" and I looked down on Will Cochran's wife and her daughter who was by her side. I was very glad to see them and hoped to have a visit with them, but on inquiring they said they had



LANDSCAPE. BY JAN VAN DER MEER, GALLERY LA HAGUE





just arrived and after seeing this cathedral would leave for Brussels with no further stay in Antwerp. I cannot understand how anyone takes either pleasure or comfort in rushing through a country like this. Think of seeing Antwerp in three hours!

Saturday I drove about in the park and saw the residences of the best families. In Antwerp I stopped at the Grand Hotel, a fine building but most villainously kept, really the meanest table and worst service of any house I remember. I was glad to leave and left my curses upon it.

THE HAGUE, Monday, July 16.

Left Antwerp Saturday afternoon and arrived here after a three hours' run. To-day I have spent in the Mauritz Gallery. There are some fine Rubens, Paul Potter's "Young Bull," and the famous landscape by Van der Meer. This is said to be the best thing of its kind in the world, and it is certainly worth coming here to see. I have a photograph of this, for I want to look at it and bring it back to mind when I get home. Of course, the color and atmosphere are lost in the photograph, but I can supply them in imagination.

I also visited the private collection of Baron Stein-graph, where there are some lovely pictures. Last evening I went on the tram out to Scheveningen. How it has changed since we were here! The road through the woods is perfectly lovely and costly residences are frequent. Large hotels and a great Kursaal have been built on the seashore, and a grand concert by the Berlin

Orchestra was given. A great crowd was there and the fine hall was completely filled. There was an intermission between every two or three pieces when everybody turned out and promenaded on the extensive platform built out from the shore. I tried to get into the Vieux Doelen, the old hunting lodge, where we stayed when we were here before, but the Peace Commissioners have taken possession of the fine old house and there is no room for anybody else. However, I am in a pretty good house just diagonally across the street.

I shall spend to-morrow visiting the Queen's two palaces, the City Hall, etc., and go to Amsterdam Tuesday and spend one day there, and then to Cologne and up the Rhine. This city is packed with visitors from all lands; this Peace business seems to have drawn visitors to a wonderful extent. I shall try and get in to-morrow and listen to their high-mightinesses, if possible.

The weather has turned into summer and the last three days have been lovely and inspiring. I shall hope to reach Carlsbad by next Sunday, if I do not hear of something interesting to distract me. I hope you are all well and prospering and I can assure you that every day I think how fine it would be if you could enjoy this trip with me.

## VII

CARLSBAD, July 23.

To resume where I left off the 14th; I left The Hague at 2:30 P.M. the 16th, Monday, after another pleasant visit to Scheveningen, and reached Amsterdam in three hours. Tuesday I went to the Ryksmuseum to see the Rembrandts, in which this gallery is rich. There are also two splendid pictures by Israels, which to me are vastly interesting. Israels is now about seventy-four years old and I think has abandoned painting; his pictures are very high priced and when he dies will undoubtedly largely increase in value.

Wednesday I left Amsterdam at 8:40 A.M. and went to Cologne, reaching there at 2:30 P.M., and went at once to the cathedral and spent the remainder of the afternoon there. It is here that the bones of the three wise men are kept in a magnificent casket made of gold and silver and set with many precious and semi-precious stones. It weighs sixty-seven pounds and cost half a million dollars. Later I took a *voiture* and drove all about for two hours and visited two other old churches and the old fortifications, and spent the night at the excellent Hotel du Nord.

Thursday at 8:40 A.M took steamer up the Rhine. The ship was well loaded and nearly all were Germans, but it was castles I was after and so lack of congenial company did not count.

I found many of the old castles restored, which

means decayed walls patched up, steam heat and electric light put in, and made liveable. These have generally been purchased by wealthy men and fashioned over into splendid country seats. We reached Mayence at 9 P.M. The next morning, as there was no train until 1:30 P.M., I took the tram car and went in thirty minutes over to Wiesbaden, a splendidly built town of innumerable hotels and boarding houses, and with a brand new Kurhaus of the most gorgeous description, built by the city at a cost of fifteen hundred thousand dollars. I have never seen any building more suitable, attractive, and magnificent in every part than this. It is built, of course, to draw visitors, and the town seemed well filled. The people, however, were not as attractive as they are here, for that is a rheumatic cure and this is for excessive embonpoint. There they were mostly decrepit and tied in knots, while here there is an air of general good feeling and extravagant dressing. Ladies here dress elaborately before breakfast and the morning toilettes are simply stunning.

I returned to Mayence in time for lunch and left at 1:30 for Nuremberg, arriving at 7:30 P.M., and stopped at the new hotel, Württemberger, Hof. Saturday morning I took a seat on the "Seeing Nuremberg" coach and until noon was busy going through old churches, the Tower, and seeing the houses of the notable men, such as Adam Krafft, the stonemason; Hans Sachs, the shoemaker, and chief figure in the Meistersinger; Peter Vischer, the blacksmith; and Albrecht Dürer, the artist.



SEEING NUREMBERG



After lunch I took a cab and went to the Ginger Bread Shop and ordered a box of gingerbread sent to N——, as that was one of his favorite haunts when here; then to the Bratwurstglöcklein and (I am afraid you won't believe it) ate a plate of sausage and sauer kraut and drank a mug of foaming beer, and, what was more strange, never heard a word of complaint from my astonished stomach. It was all right for Nuremberg. I intended remaining over Sunday there but when Sunday morning came I changed my mind and took the 8:40 train and came here, arriving at 12:20 P.M.

My weekly letter that should have been written on Sunday was postponed owing to my journeying over here from Nuremberg that day, and yesterday was occupied by getting settled and interviewing Dr. Gruenberger for advice as to the drinking business. He is the same old doctor I had when your mother and I were here in 1893; he knew me at once and insisted on calling me "Papa Finney" throughout the entire interview.

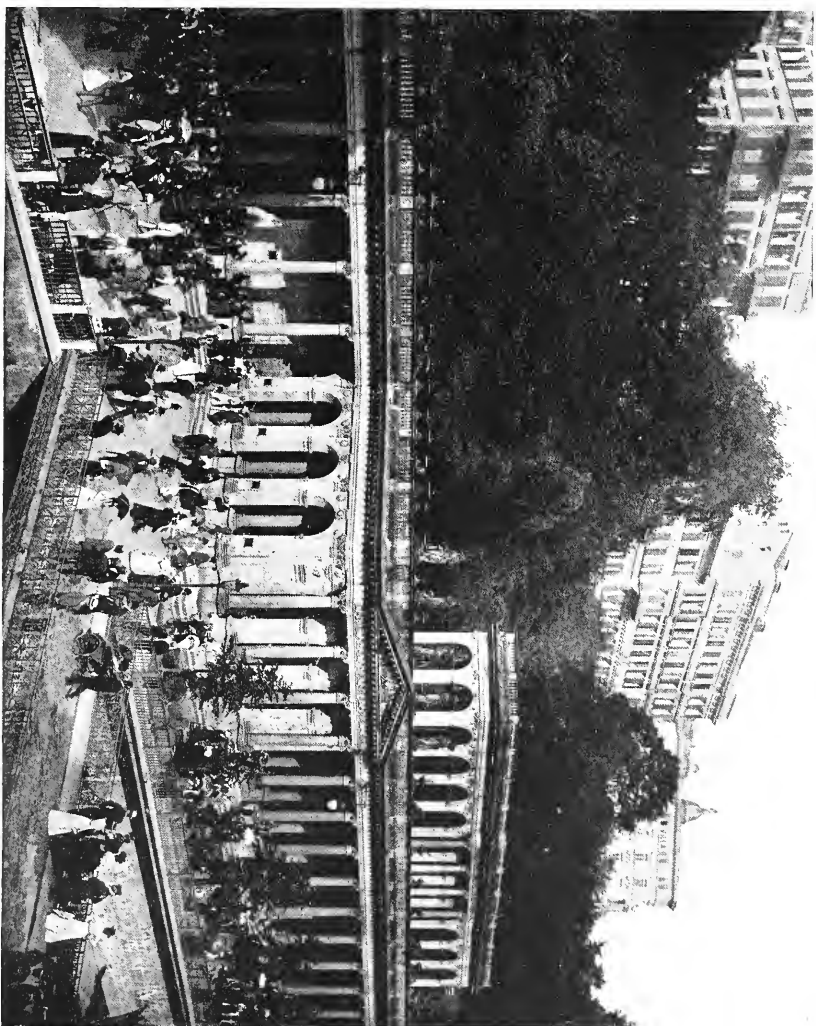
He put me through a bodily examination, pounding my ribs, listening to my heart, punching my liver, and squeezing my stomach, and pronounced me absolutely sound: said I was in splendid condition, only having a rather indolent digestion which he could remedy if I would stay three weeks; prescribing my diet and the spring from which I should drink, and now I am fairly entered upon my career. I get up at six forty-five, walk to the spring, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, drift in at the tail end of the procession, which

by the time I reach there is from four to five hundred feet in length, and after marching for some twelve minutes come to the spring, hand the girl my cup and keep on going, and by the time I reach the farther end of the stairs, my cup comes up filled and I take it in hand and pass out of the crowd and drink this warm solution of alkali, soda, and ancient eggs, and in fifteen minutes resume my march and drink my second glass.

The town is jammed with visitors; sixteen thousand registered Sunday and there were eight hundred new arrivals yesterday. I don't know where they all find lodgment as I spent a full four hours Sunday driving about to find a room and was only successful finally in getting accommodations at "Pupp's" great establishment. This is where they permit one to ride up in the lift but you must walk down, no matter how high up your room is, and it is a matter of grave conjecture how some of these people with superabundance of fat manage to accomplish this feat, for how they can tell what their poor legs are doing away below and so absolutely out of sight is beyond me.

The weather has been very bad here so far but now has turned out fine and is growing warmer daily. I suppose this rush will continue until September. I have not seen a familiar face yet.





MÜHLBRUNNEN COLONNADE, CARLSBAD



## VIII

CARLSBAD, August 1.

I WROTE you last Tuesday, since which time nothing eventful has happened. The days fly by with nothing doing except the regular routine, viz.: getting up at six A.M., dressing and walking about half a mile to the Marktbrunnen, falling in line, getting your cup filled when you reach the spring, then stepping out of the procession and slowly imbibing your glass of lukewarm stuff, which is supposed to use up two or three minutes. Then you idle about and pick out picturesque figures for amusement and say to yourself "poor devils" for the balance of fifteen minutes, when you take up the rôle of P.D. yourself and march around and take another whack at the warm water and then go up the street to the Bernhardtbrunnen which is very hot and which you can only sip, and then you come out of the throng in the Colonnade into the crowded street and push along between Jews and Gentiles, Believers and Unbelievers, Pharisees and Publicans, Germans, Greeks, Italians, Americans, Poles, Russians, French, rich and poor, men and women, in almost equal numbers, but generally all fat, with here and there a lean one like myself—but they are rare, as the great feature of this spring is the power to reduce embonpoint, and surely in this whole world you will never find any twenty thousand such wonderfully developed people, especially women, as here in Carlsbad.

Then the dressing; the toilettes are most stunning even at this early hour, hundreds of these fine creatures are dressed extravagantly, richly, and mostly in excellent taste. I have never seen anything to equal it, but you must remember that this is the feature of the day, everyone is on the streets and if one has good clothes this is the time and place to show them; for one rests during the remainder of the day; another grand display of toilettes and jewels from seven to eight when everybody dines; and at nine the band stops playing, the crowds seek their quarters, and no sound is heard until six the next morning, when the call bells sound and hurrying feet and slamming doors proclaim that the hour for devotions at the Water Shrine has come.

It is amusing to walk from the spring out to the breakfast places, three in number, up the creek, from three-quarters to one and one-half miles from the drink halls. There are two bread shops soon after leaving the spring where every kind of "floury" thing is sold, and everyone stops at one of these and selects what he prefers, or more likely what the doctor has prescribed, takes it in hand in a purple paper bag and goes merrily along, swinging it ostentatiously, to the breakfast grounds. Observe that no bread of any kind is sold elsewhere and so you must get it at these shops.

I go out to the Posthof; the coffee is exceptionally good there and the girls who wait on you are attentive and respectful. There are two other places, one especially patronized by the automobile crowds, but neither



WAITRESSES AT THE POSTHOF, CARLSBAD

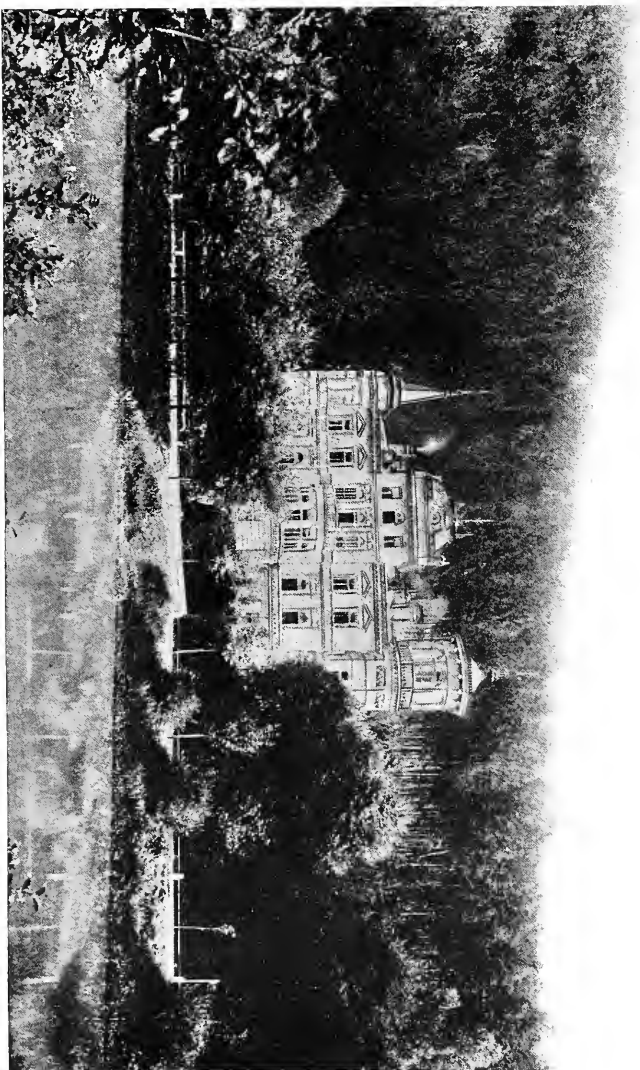


the coffee nor the attendance is anywhere equal to the place I go to, and besides the grounds at the Posthof are much pleasanter. After eating my roll and soft boiled eggs and drinking a little pot of excellent coffee, I stroll back to the hotel, or, if feeling vigorous, take the mountain walk over the high hills on easy zigzags, and reach the hotel in an hour and a half. The walk is lovely, shaded all the way, as it is through a forest. There are any number of these; I have taken three of them, and as I am feeling right as a cricket, I intend to explore as many of them as I can; then I read or visit or look into the shops or rest for the balance of the day.

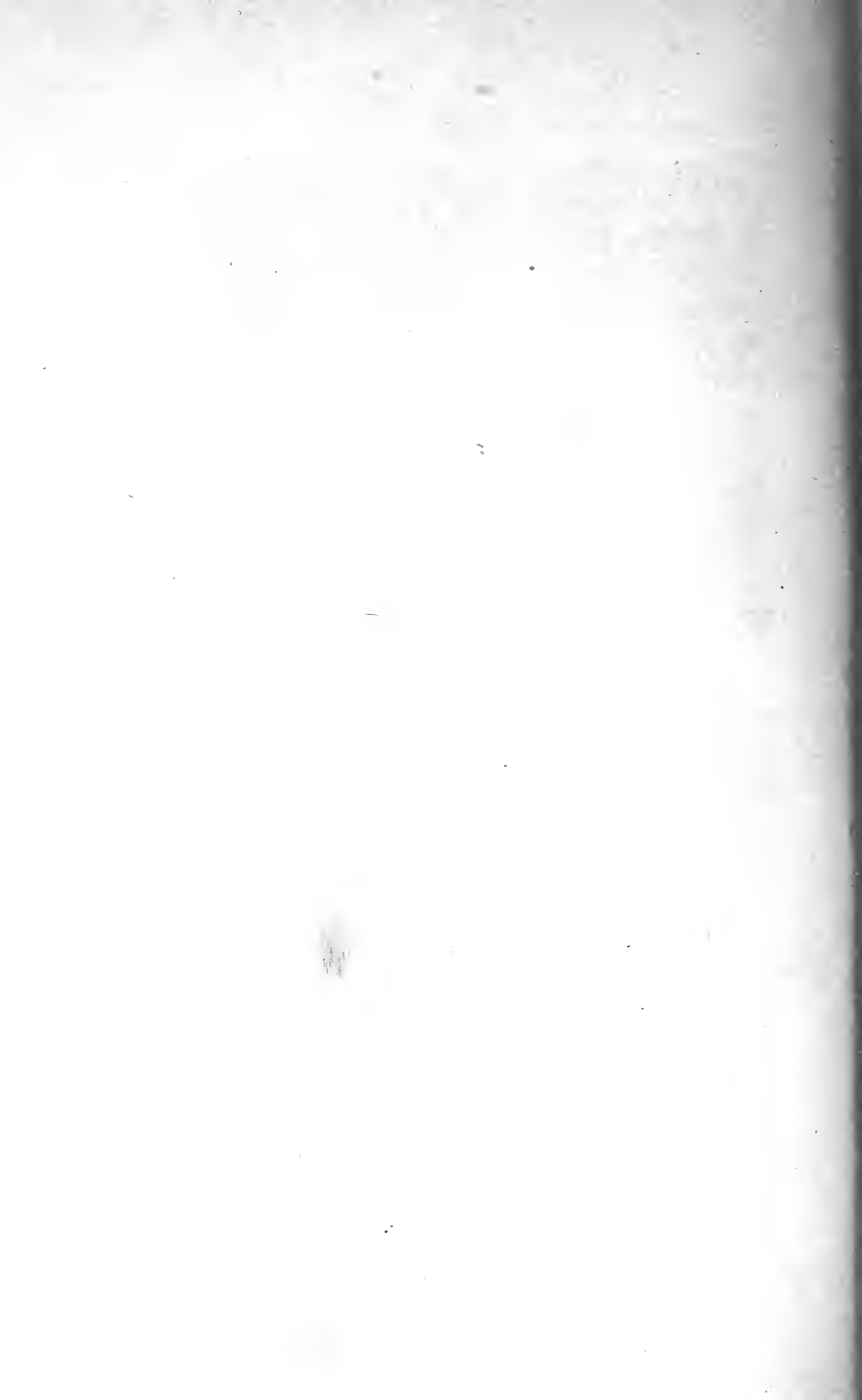
I now have to take a glass of water at six P.M. under the orders of the doctor. I dine at one thirty and take a light supper at seven and am in bed at nine. I generally get a nap in the morning for about twenty or thirty minutes. It is amusing, interesting, and instructive to sit on the benches that line the Alte Wiese and watch the endless moving multitude that fills this narrow thoroughfare that is about twenty feet wide and follows along by the side of the little river. No teams are allowed on it from twelve noon until six in the evening, during which time it is given to the promenaders. It is kept as clean as a house floor. Here you can sit without being told to move on, but you cannot stand in the street and interrupt traffic without a policeman soon appearing and ordering you to pass along. It is a wise provision, for there would be a jam in a very few minutes if it were permitted.

I had thought to go to Dresden from here but the doctor says it would not be well to do so and advises going to Switzerland instead, which I shall do, leaving here August 10 at the expiration of my three weeks' cure.





CHATEAU MATTONI



## IX

CARLSBAD, August 9.

THE past week has been beautiful; cool weather until to-day has prevailed. The country hereabout is very picturesque; the roads lead through the mountains and pine forests and the drives are most interesting. Yesterday I made an excursion by carriage over to the spot where the famous Giesshübler Springs are. It is a most interesting ride of some seven and a half miles and for some four miles through dense pine forests where not a ray of sunlight can penetrate. The road was perfect, as they all are over here, and we met many autos going and returning. The springs are owned by a man named Mattoni, an Italian, and he has spent large sums in beautifying all the country hereabout. There are walks, fountains, spring houses, and homes for all the men and women in his employ; there are nearly as many of the latter as of the former. The buildings are all of the best character and he has an elegant residence called Le Chateau Mattoni. It is an isolated spot on the banks of the Eger surrounded by a dense forest. Mattoni has a fine stable and numerous carriages. I met a young lady, I presume one of his daughters, driving out with a coachman and footman on the seat. She was elegantly dressed and a very pretty woman and as she passed a group of her father's workmen she greeted them with a smile and they took off their hats and responded so heartily and looked so very proud of their young mistress that it was indeed a very charming picture.

MUNICH, Sunday, August 11.

I left Carlsbad yesterday at 11:20 A.M. and arrived here at 6:10 in the evening and came directly to this old hotel, the Vier Jahreszeiten. Norton and John will remember it as having one of the best tables in Europe. It was a quaint old place when we were all there together but since then they have torn out all the lower part, made a covered driveway in front, with large office and lounging room, three separate dining rooms and a handsome front on the Maximilian Strasse, with electric lights, elevator, and a barber shop fitted with American chairs, and one can get a regular home shave, such as one can get nowhere else over here so far as I know. The table is, as of old, first class. I was greatly pleased to learn on arrival that the Wagner Opera season opens to-morrow night and I have my seat engaged. The prices are absurd, \$7.20 for a seat no better than you get in New York, but I had to go once. Americans are coming in throngs to hear the music, some thirty arriving at this house to-day. I suppose this is what put up the price. There is no opera at Bayreuth this year. "Tristan and Isolde" is on the programme for the opening. The curtain rises at four P.M., with an hour's recess for dinner after the second act, and is over at nine.

Tuesday I am going to see all three of Crazy Ludwig's palaces, Hohenschwangau, Neuschwanstein, and Linderhof. I have seen the first two before.

To-day I spent most of the time in the Crystal Palace, where the artists have their exhibition. Here again

I was most fortunate in striking Munich at this time, for it is well worth seeing. There are some exceedingly good paintings, among which a portrait of an old man by Robert Buchtger, one of the Luitpold group, of which Carl Marr is a member. Carl Marr has only one picture here, a very lovely nude figure sitting with her back toward you. It is a small picture but was sold very soon after the Exhibition opened and brought \$750. There are several beautiful portraits by Kaulbach. He is also of the Luitpold group. Also some fine landscapes. There was one picture of a ragged little boy carrying a monkey on his shoulder, by Rienacker, that was immensely good but had been sold at once. The collection is very extensive, filling all the vast number of rooms in this very large building. To-morrow I shall visit the Pinacothèque, old and new, and then to the opera.

I am sorry to find that Carl Marr has gone to his summer residence on the Chiemsee so I shall not see him. I went to his house to-day hoping at least to see his father. Carl is now President of the Munich Art Association and receives a salary from the Government.

Munich has grown and changed greatly since I was here. Talk about American cities—this has kept up with the best of them, and such a fine city it is. A great many most elegant and expensive buildings have been erected and many fine fountains, statues, and monuments put up. The population is now over six hundred thousand and increasing rapidly. Several new bridges

have been thrown over the Iser and the city is kept immaculately clean and well watered. As an art centre it stands at the front. Most of the pictures in the Crystal Palace and in the two other large collections are on exhibition for the first time, showing a vast amount of work done by a great many artists, and the tone is vastly beyond the London summer exhibit at Burlington House.

I must close and get this off. It is after ten at night and I have had a very busy but pleasant day.

## X

MUNICH, August 17.

My last letter was finished and sent from here, and I must get off my regular letter to-day as I go to Zürich to-morrow.

Last Monday afternoon I went with many other Americans to hear "Tristan and Isolde"; it was splendidly given. The singers included Frau Wittich as Isolde and Frau Matzensuer as Brangaene, and Knolte as Tristan, who with excellent voices throughout and a magnificent orchestra left nothing to be desired except to hear it again.

The Regent Luitpold is a great man for Bavaria and especially for Munich. He has built a new opera house here on the exact lines of the one at Bayreuth, only he has added a larger foyer, a restaurant, and put the stairways that go up to the different stages under cover. The seating, stage, orchestra, are all reproduced from the Bayreuth house. This Prinz Regente Theatre is built of stone and is most elegant and substantial. An improvement on the Bayreuth House has been made by putting small lights on the door posts on each side throwing a dim light on the stage, thus when the doors are closed you are not left in total darkness: N. and J. will remember that at Bayreuth this was the condition before the curtain went up. This new house is only open once a year and that for twenty-one days of opera. I imagine that the object of building it was to kill off

Bayreuth. The orchestra here is the best I have ever heard.

The town is full of English, Germans, and Americans drawn here by this Wagner festival. This is the second year of this new house and it is packed at each performance. I was greatly pleased as I looked about before the doors were closed to see Dr. Reinhart and Mr. Henderson of Berkeley University in the audience. They had just come over from Nuremberg to hear the music. Henderson left the next morning for Switzerland while the Doctor is remaining with friends for a week or more. They had been travelling by rail and auto as the weather had permitted.

Tuesday I went by rail to Füssen. N. and J. will remember it is the place from which we drove to see the Ludwig II palaces of Hohenschwangau and Neuschwanstein. Also saw in Füssen the old castle, which I again visited, and then drove to Hohenschwangau and then over to Neuschwanstein, which seemed even more splendid than before. One can never imagine it from any word description.

The boys will also remember that when they were along we discussed the question of driving another day and seeing Linderhof, the miniature Versailles that Ludwig constructed, and that we gave it up and returned to Munich, and that is where we made a big mistake. I hired a carriage that took me out to Reutte, about ten miles from Füssen that evening, reaching there about seven thirty, early dusk here. Remained all





CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN



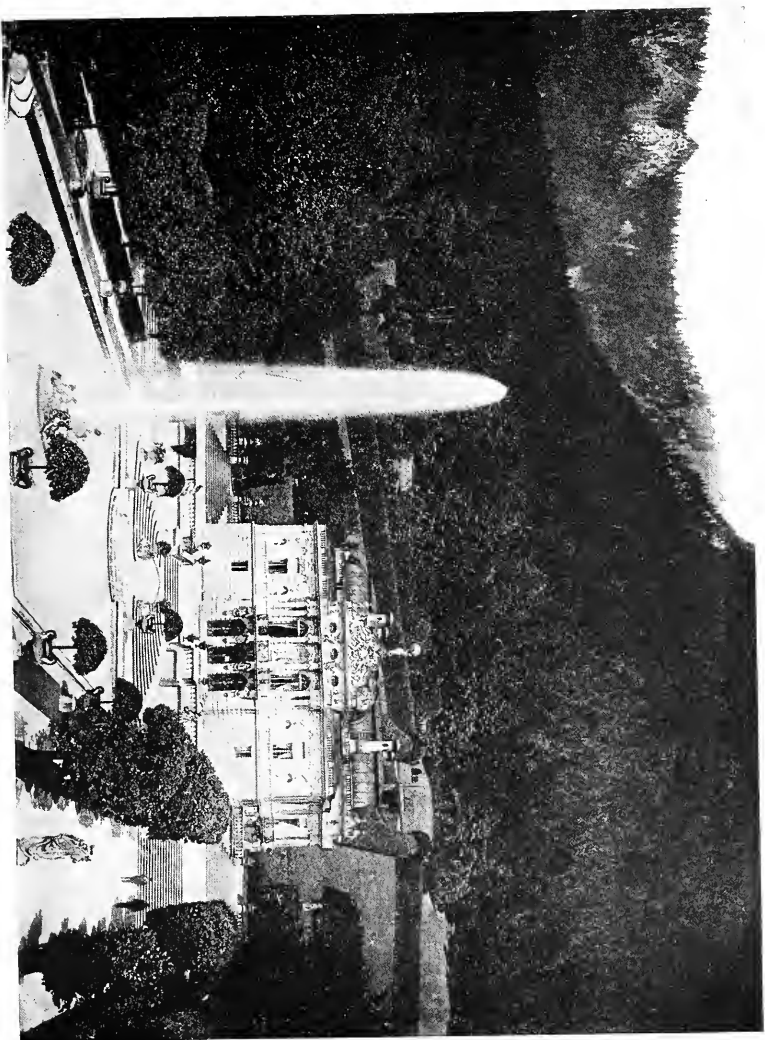
night and started at seven o'clock Wednesday morning and drove to Linderhof by eleven thirty A.M. The road is through a narrow valley, most of the way by the side of a rushing mountain stream, with the mountains rising on both sides, covered with pine and beech forests; and then for several miles the valley widens and you drive by the shore of a lovely lake in which the mountains are all reflected, making splendid pictures. Linderhof is a small affair, a square building with rooms for servants and cooking, etc., on the first floor, with a grand marble staircase to the second floor, and on this floor various large rooms for receptions, music, library, dining, and *one* bedroom for his Majesty. The table in the dining room goes down through the floor and comes up, as no servant entered when the king ate. No one else was expected to stay here over night, unless they slept with the king. His bed was large enough to hold half a dozen people, a great affair in heavy carved wood with gold leaf, as was everything else in these upper rooms. The carving and gilt and the mirrors and carpets are the main thing in this Fool's Paradise.

There is a blue grotto built on top of the ground and covered by a board roof, and you go in at the mouth of a cave and stumble about amongst stalactites and dust and big boulders and come to a lake, and across the lake, which covers perhaps a quarter of an acre, you see a fantastic picture of naked men and women disporting themselves in a way scandalous in the eyes of the W. C. T. U., and you still go on, crouching where the cave

grows smaller, and then expanding into large and lofty rooms, all quite as fine and real as a genuine cave. When you come out in the open again is when you feel funny, as you look upon the roof of boards under which you have been wandering. You don't see this before you go in, at any rate I didn't and I felt mighty cheap, don't you know, when I found I had been stumbling about in a lot of sand and dirt and rocks on top of the ground, under a shed, if you please.

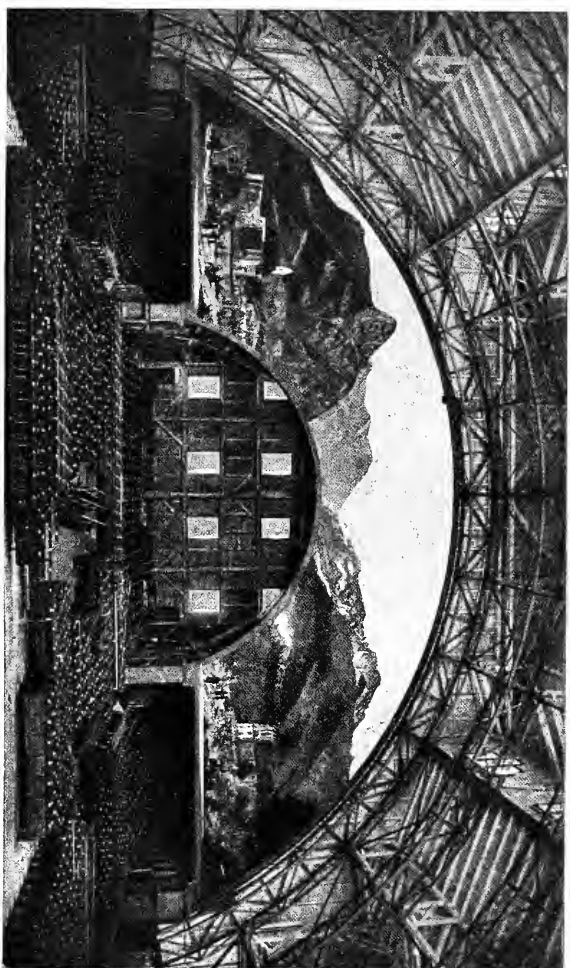
Then there are gardens laid out in geometrical figures, with fountains and terraces and kiosks, etc., etc., with a Venus temple in the distance, but beyond it all the magnificent natural scenery of lofty mountains on every side. He was indeed a great locator of fine sites.

Then I drove on, still amongst this entrancing scenery, for another hour and came out from the mountain gorge as it opened up on the plain and I was in Oberammergau, and, would you believe it, this is the town in the Austrian Tyrol that I had heard about all my life, that had been to me like a fairy tale, and here I was, and there was the house of Anton Lang, and here the great barn in which five thousand people gather once in ten years to act the great Passion Play that is known all over the world, and in which none but common peasants act the thrilling drama of the life of our Christ. You can imagine that I sat up and began to look around, figuratively speaking. It is a clean, excellently built little village, the houses standing mostly along a winding road, with a stream running through and parallel to

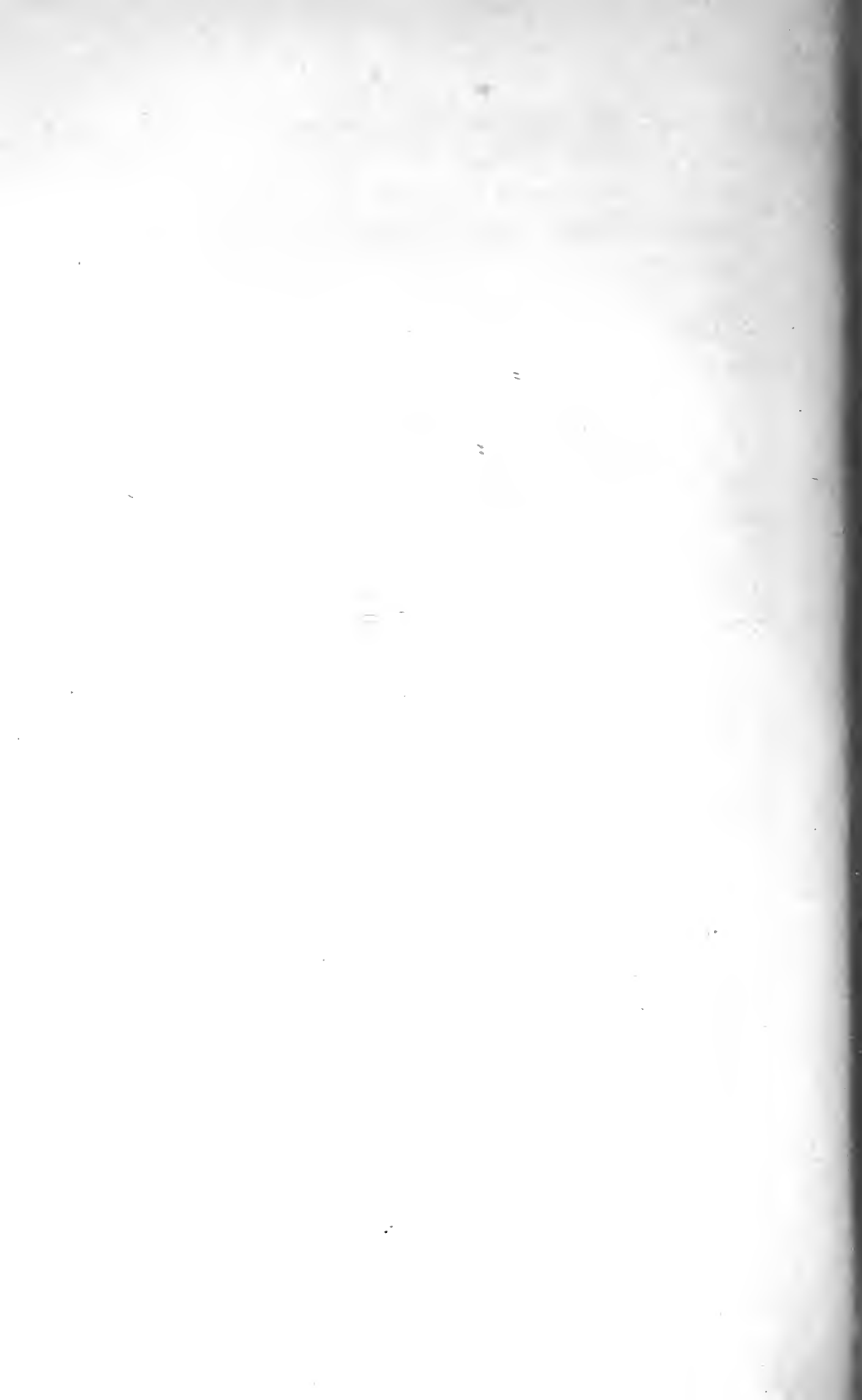


SCHLOSS LINDERHOF





THEATRE AT OBERAMMERGAU, BAVARIA





the road. The landscape is very lovely with the mountains on the three sides and the undulating plain lying to the north. The house in which the drama is enacted stands at the lower end of the street and is a plain, simple parallelogram about 180 feet long and 100 feet wide, with rows of seats running straight across the house and rising slightly to each row. It seats over four thousand without counting 800 on the stage. The stage is separated from the audience room by an open space (uncovered, that is) and thus the audience looks at the scenes as though they were at a distance and in the open air, this adding in a very ingenious manner to the effect.

After an interesting hour I took train for Munich and was here for dinner. I had caught a bad cold going from Carlsbad to Munich and had a festering gum that made me quite miserable all the time until yesterday, when I had it lanced. It nearly killed me but to-day I am all right again. Talk about martyrdom, boiling oil, shooting arrows into Saint Sebastian until he looked like an overloaded pincushion, and all the other devilish contrivances for torturing poor mortals, I assure you that none of them compare with a festering gum of four days' accumulation when it comes to sticking a knife into it as this Dutch dentist did yesterday, but, oh, the comfort of it after an agonizing ten minutes. I have enjoyed my stay here more than I can tell you even under disabilities, for the Galleries, especially the annual exhibits, are intensely interesting. I have been up there most of to-day.

I shall enclose with this a little map which will give you some idea of my trip through the Bavarian Tyrol and also of the castles visited. I have to-day bought a fine photograph of Lenbach's "Bismarck," the "Castle of Neuschwanstein," and Gabriel Marx's "Christ and Mary Magdalen," now on exhibition here, all will interest you when I bring them home.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographie Co., New York

CHRIST AND THE MAGDALEN. BY GABRIEL MARX  
Munich Exposition of 1907



## XI

ZÜRICH, August 20.

WE reached here Sunday afternoon and found very pleasant quarters at a *Pension* near the lake shore. This is a much larger city than I supposed it was, having a population of over 165,000 and is growing steadily. It lies at the head of the lake and the river Limmat comes with quite a fast current through the upper part of the city. The lake is surrounded by mountains and snow peaks are visible in the south, the valley, however, is wider than at Lucerne. There are many interesting things to do here; going about the old city, trips on the lake, and visiting the very interesting Landesmuseum. This building is a fine large structure and worthy of the valuable collection gathered there. This consists of specimens of stone implements of the Stone Age, of tools and implements of the Bronze Age, both showing great aptitude for the necessities of life—warlike instruments as well as domestic conveniences. One curiosity was a pair of copper shears, similar to those used by us for shearing sheep; hammers, chisels, specimens of coins, armor, bows and arrows, guns, swords, etc., etc. There are also several rooms finished and furnished in exact reproduction of certain notable rooms that have had existence in Swiss history. In one of these was a fine collection of articles in gold, silver, and gilt, vases, goblets, etc., dating back many centuries. There is a large library also in this building. The whole collection would possess great interest for the historian or antiquary.

I spent two hours walking through the old streets and narrow alleys seeing houses that date back 700 years. The streets were very narrow in those old days as a matter of protection against mobs—not a bad piece of foresightedness by any means. When a crowd of hoodlums run amuck they must have room to heave rocks and to mass themselves or they go to pieces. Most of the notable places have tablets inserted in the walls giving the names and dates and thus making it easy to identify the same. The house where Charles the Bold resided is still in good repair and used as a business block. The houses of the poets Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer are still carefully preserved. In the tower of St. Peters there is a clock having the largest dial in diameter of any in the world, measuring thirty feet across its face.

ZÜRICH, August 22.

Yesterday after visiting the dentist and having him extract thirty-five francs from me, I went to the Künstler Gut, or artists' hall, in which there are a few good paintings; one particularly by Roll interested me from having seen one of his pictures in the Paris Exposition of 1889 called the Modern Europa. The picture here shows the same lovely red-haired girl with wonderful flesh tints and fine figure and most fascinating face, with eyes glowing through the brilliant shadows of her hair. The collection as a whole was not anything great. There are a few copies of old masters, a few portraits, and a genuine Teniers.

An interesting side trip is made to Rapperswyl at the southern or upper end of the lake. You can do it easily by steamer in half a day. The old castle there stands on a rocky eminence directly on the shore of the lake. It was founded by Graf Rudolph towards the end of the twelfth century, soon after it came by marriage into the possession of the Duke of Hapsburg and later into the family of Hapsburg-Laufenburg. In 1350 the city and castle were destroyed by fire by the Zürich Burgomaster Brun. Between 1354 and 1415 the Dukes of Hapsburg-Austria ruled there. In 1442 Rapperswyl joined the Swiss Federation and the House of Hapsburg rebuilt the castle. Later it came into possession of the town authorities. In 1864 a colony of Poles fled from Poland to escape persecution by the Russians and came to this place, bringing a vast amount of their personal property, and the city granted them the use of a large number of rooms in the castle, which they have refitted and turned into a museum for preserving and exhibiting these interesting things. Among these are many mementoes of Stanislaus, Sobieski, and other noted Poles; portraits of many of their great men are here, but I was surprised to find nothing of Kossuth, as I had always looked upon him as one of their heroes. The heart of Kosciusko is preserved in a marble urn, also the death mask of Charles XII of Sweden. You will all remember Voltaire's History of this brave little fellow; if any of you have not read it, do so by all means, it is a great bit of history. The mask shows a very

small face, but a beautiful one and so full of energy and self-possession; it is worth looking at. He made Europe hum for awhile; he was one of the men of the past that never knew when he was whipped, much after the fashion of the gamey little Japanese.

Monday I go to Lucerne for four days and then to Interlaken, where I shall make headquarters while I visit Lauterbrunnen, Grindewald, and other interesting points. They have a cog railway now going up the Jungfrau that is said to be the greatest engineering feat yet. Next week I shall have something to tell you, all about the play of Schiller's "Bride of Messina" at Brugg-Vindonissa, which I imagine will be a great performance from what the papers say about it.



## XII

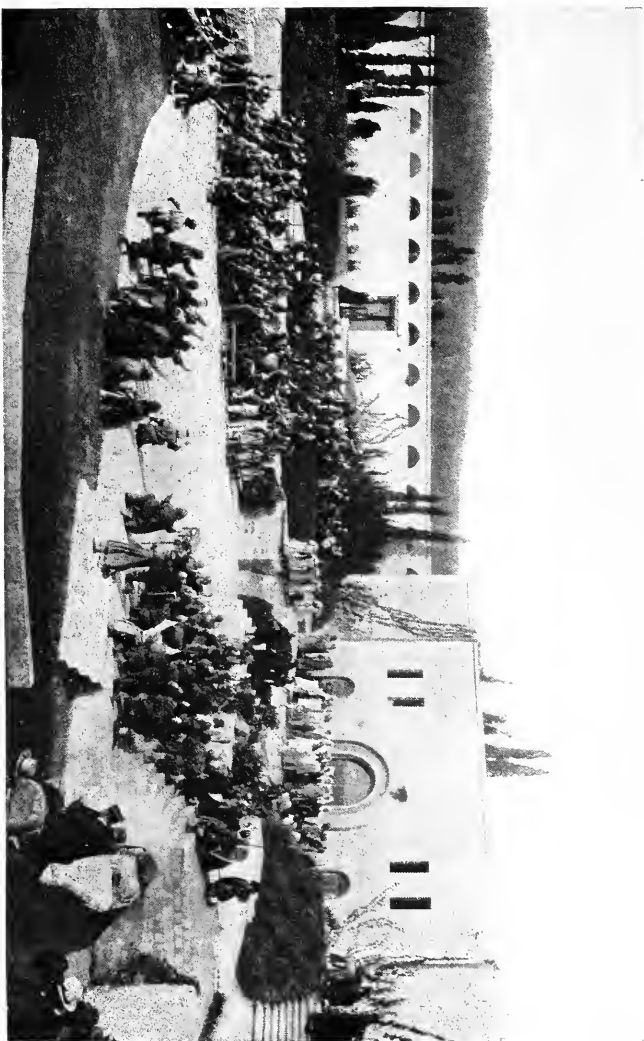
ZÜRICH, August 25.

As this morning is bright and promises a pleasant day we are all going to Brugg at noon to see Schiller's "Bride of Messina," to be given this afternoon in the Roman amphitheatre lately excavated. Brugg-Vindonissa is built over an old Roman town of the first century; it was a military post undoubtedly and had a large population. The amphitheatre which has lately been unearthed held some ten thousand people; the arena has been partially floored and covered with seats and the benches on the circular sides and around the arena have been restored for about two-thirds of the way. Across one end a wall with wings and three entrance doors has been built, and behind these are the rooms for the actors.

*Later.*—To-day every seat was taken and many sat on the grass back of the tiers; there were four hundred people in the *dramatis personæ*. Frau Ella Friedhoff took the part of Queen Isabella, Frau Paula Rieman the part of Beatrice, Ernest Bart of Don Manuel, and Henry Radibauer the part of Don Cæsar; they all seemed to be very good, but our seats were miserable, the floor was on a level and we were back so far from the stage that we could only get a glimpse of the actors, but hear nothing, and the sun was fiercely hot, so we came away after the first act and returned to Zürich.

Referring again to Brugg, in 58 A. D. the Romans were defeated in battle by the Allemanen, one of the

German tribes, and then the Romans retreated into Switzerland and founded Brugg and made a large and important city of it, and at the same time had camps at Mayence, Strassburg, and Cologne as outposts. They maintained themselves here at Brugg for 400 years, when they were finally driven out of the country. After the Germans came into power they destroyed the castle, temples, and villas, and other public buildings, and used these stones in the construction of the castle of Hapsburg and the large convent of Königsfelden, both of which are now standing. The amphitheatre was built by ten thousand Roman soldiers. Since 1897 a company has been excavating these old Roman ruins and the discoveries have been placed in a museum in the town.



AMPHITHEATRE AT BRUG-VINDONISSA



### XIII

INTERLAKEN, September 1.

LAST Monday I came from Zürich over to Lucerne and since then have been so busy, as you will learn in this, that I have not written anything except innumerable postcards to the different ones, all of which I trust you will duly receive, as they will give you some idea of my pleasure in these journeyings.

Of course, the first thing to do in Lucerne is to walk from the railway station through the old covered wooden bridge where the ancient paintings on the boards at the ends of each span illustrate, in a coarse way, some event in the history of the city and canton. Then to see the wounded lion of Thorwaldsen. I cannot describe it, no photograph gives you the spiritual essence of the thing. The master touched the rock and his spirit left its impress on the sentient stone, and one must see the thing itself to be moved and stirred as few pieces of statuary in the world have power to do. There is a pathos and sorrow in the lion's face that bring you almost to tears, and you find no words to give expression to the grief that fills your soul as you look at it. I remembered it vividly and was so glad to see it once again. I believe it is one of the few things in this world that without words or action tends to make one nobler and better for seeing it. I went again and again to look at it.

On Tuesday I took the little steamer to Alpnachstadt and then the cog railway to the summit of Mt.

Pilatus. This is a most wonderful piece of engineering, the road is about five miles in length and ascends on gradients of from 27 to 48 degrees. It passes through four tunnels and is laid on a solid masonry bed the whole distance, with the rails and the centre cog-wheel rail all fastened to the masonry by heavy bolts, put in every few feet to keep them from creeping down the grade. The views as you ascend are most gorgeous and stupendous and one can get an idea of the fascination there must be in a balloon excursion. It takes an hour and a half to make the trip.

At the top is an excellent and well-kept hotel where we had lunch; from the hotel they have built a walk which leads off to the right around the point of the mountain for over a mile, blasting it out of the solid rock, from which you get new and extended views of other mountains, lakes, and valleys, making a panorama of unusual grandeur and magnificence. The descent is made as slowly and carefully as the ascent and we are once again in Lucerne.

Wednesday I spent in looking about the old town, and Thursday morning early took the small steamer down the lake to Fluellen and there the St. Gotthard Ry. to Göschenen; this takes you over the most interesting part of the line as it winds back and forth, up and through the mountain sides, making two complete circles inside of the mountain, crossing roaring torrents on lofty viaducts, a marvel of engineering skill, human patience, and indomitable pluck.

At Göschenen we took stages drawn by five horses and started on the ascent to Andermatt some thousand feet higher up, winding and twisting beside the roaring torrent of the Reuss that pitches down from the mountains above Andermatt to the lakes. At Andermatt you are a thousand feet above the great St. Gotthard tunnel and here you begin the ascent of the Furka Pass that takes you over the mountains to the foot of the Rhone Glacier at Gletch. It was raining at first but as we began the steep ascent about four miles from Andermatt it became colder and the panorama opened to view. Snow peaks were all about and for four hours we climbed the zigzags to the summit of the second highest pass of the Alps, and then the rapid descent into the valley where the Rhone rises at the glacier's foot. The coach stops at the top of the glacier, where the ice is over three hundred feet in depth, long enough to let the travellers walk upon it and look into a blue grotto hewn into its icy face. Then we resume our seats and go bowling down the zigzag where the sharp turns make you hold your breath as you look down hundreds of feet below. We reach Gletch in fifty minutes and at eight o'clock P.M. get a good dinner and to bed early as we have to leave at six-thirty the next morning to go over the Grimsel Pass to Meiringen. The boys will remember this Pass, as we walked over it, but in the opposite direction.

A lady at Lucerne told me she had just come over it in a coach and I did not believe a word of it for I knew when we came over it on foot in '89 that it seemed to me

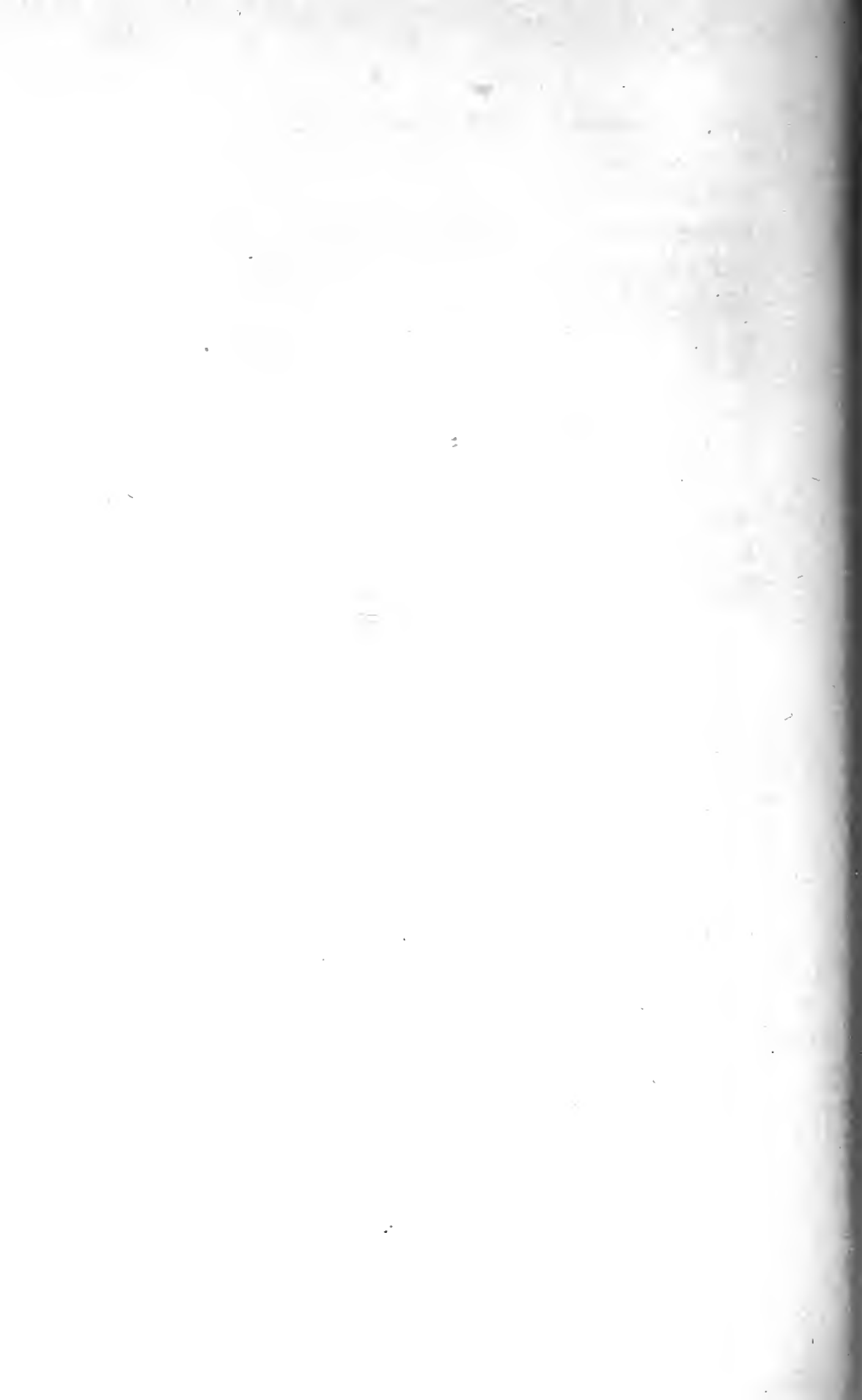
an impossibility to ever build a road over it; but here it was, and Friday I was up and had my breakfast and in my seat on the coach at six-fifteen. I would like to tell you of this wonderful road as we ascended from the Rhone valley to the summit of the Grimsel. It is built in zigzags all the way up, the turning points being carried on heavy stone walls of immense height where your heart beats fast as you look down into yawning gulfs and tremendous depths, but there it was and we passed the summit and saw the old Hospice far below us, and now comes the crowning glory from an engineering standpoint. N. and J. will probably remember the granite mountain facing the Hospice over which our guide led us as we toiled and grunted up its almost perpendicular side. Well, if you can believe it, these Swiss engineers have gone to work and with \$67,000 have hewn and blasted a zigzag road up the granite-faced mountain with protecting walls and posts, and now no more heart-ache and gasping breaths to get over this famous pass, the second most difficult one in Switzerland, and I hear they think of grappling with the Gemmi now.

It was a marvellous ride down that mountain side and it seemed as if we would never reach the bottom, and I wished we would not for it is the most glorious ride in the world, I believe. I do not know that the sons will remember the River Aar that comes down from near the Hospice and rushes through a narrow gorge some two miles below it, but it does, and these Swiss engineers have gone into this gorge and carried a path





GORGE OF THE AAR



clear through it. It must be about a mile and a quarter in length and I left the coach with many others and walked through it. I have sent you all card photographs showing different portions of this suspended way so you will not require any weak description of mine to give you an idea of it. The torrent that roars through it prevents any talk and a deep reverent awe settles upon you as you traverse the dark and tortuous passage carried by steel braces and suspending rods over the tossing, foaming waters. It is immense.

A young English snob in one of the coaches, when asked if he was not going to walk through, replied, "No, I don't care, don't you know, for torrents or such kind of things, don't you know, I suppose it is just like all the other stupid things they want to show you in this blasted country, don't you know." He was the kind that ought to be soaked in boiling oil.

When you come out of the lower end of the gorge you are only forty minutes from Meiringen and I preferred to walk to getting into the coach again and so continued on. At Meiringen we had lunch and then took train to Brienz, about twenty minutes, then steamer to Interlaken, arriving at four P.M.

#### INTERLAKEN.

Yesterday I took a train from here to Lauterbrunnen. There is a railway now from here to Lauterbrunnen, also from here to Grindelwald; and also from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald over the Wengernalp; also from Lauterbrunnen to Mürren; and they are building

from the Scheidegg at the summit of the Wengernalp to the top of the Jungfrau. The track runs along by the side of the road we drove over up the valley of the Zweilütschinen. From Lauterbrunnen we drove about four miles to see the falls of the Trümmelbach, and here I climbed up a pretty stiff trail for three or four hundred feet and went into the face of the mountain a little way on a suspended walk to see this stream which comes pouring through an underground passage and falls in wild agony to the bottom of this enclosed pit. It was a wonderful sight, the roar was deafening and the spray so dense that you get thoroughly drenched unless you have an umbrella. From this drive I returned to Lauterbrunnen and took the almost perpendicular cable road up to the summit, three thousand feet, and then an electric car for twenty-five minutes around the face of the mountain to Mürren, a little mountain hamlet with several hotels, where you can heave a rock from the path that will drop 3000 feet before it smashes itself in the valley below. Great place for a sleep walker to maunder about! That is about as near as I ever expect to come to a balloon lookout.

I returned here last evening in time for dinner. This morning I was up early, intending to go to Lauterbrunnen and cross the Wengernalp and take the side trip to the Scheidegg up the Jungfrau as far as they have the line completed, but the barometer was low, clouds hovered over the head of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, and so I concluded to postpone my trip and bring my

diary up to date and get this weekly letter off. I have in a way accomplished the latter, but I feel as if it were most weak and ineffectual to give you any idea of the experiences of the past week. The sublime spectacles that I have enjoyed and at the same time have been overwhelmed with are beyond all my powers of description. One lives on a higher plane in this land of mountains, lakes, and torrents; the small things of life grow even more infinitesimal, and you walk and think amongst great things, and if there is anything godlike about you it now becomes visible and a man should be better in every way after straying amongst things so uplifting and ennobling.

In my next letter I shall have the Wengernalp and the Jungfrau trip to tell of. I don't know how long I shall remain here but I imagine that by the middle of the week I shall move on to Geneva.

## XIV

GENEVA, September 8.

I HAD a very good week in Interlaken, although as usual it rained a great deal. One day I went to Lauterbrunnen and there took the cog railway up to the Scheidegg (where we all stayed over Saturday night in '87); then took the new electric line they are building up the Jungfrau, and went as far as they have the line finished, some three miles. After the first half mile the line enters a tunnel and stays there (which I might have known if I had thought twice about it, for when you reach the line of perpetual snow you must be under cover). The only interesting thing about it is that every once in a while they have built lateral tunnels out to the side of the mountain and here you can alight and walk out and look down immeasurable depths on mountains and seas of ice, and over the rest of the world, and it all seems as if you were up in a balloon looking down on a panorama that flattens out, and the sky line embraces a vast and varied landscape. We reached an elevation at Eismeer of 10,363 feet, and my ears buzzed as if I had taken an overdose of quinine. It wasn't pleasant and I wouldn't go again even on an earnest invitation.

It takes about two hours to go up there and back, and at Scheidegg we again take the cog road and descend into Grindelwald. How different from the stormy Sunday morning when we all together tramped down

through a rain and snow storm and got so bedraggled and gormed up with mud that it took hours to get respectable again!

Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald have changed greatly since then; large hotels, many beautiful chalets, and good roads have made all these favorite routes very comfortable.

Thursday I left Interlaken and came by the new electric railway over the mountains to Montreux. This electric line is, as N. would say, "a dandy." Fine cars, six in a train, with large plate glass windows and a handsome dining car where an excellent dinner is served. Every seat was taken. The line follows a narrow valley, gradually climbing higher and higher; rounds projecting corners on precipitous walls of masonry; and crosses gorges where the thought of a broken flange, axle, or a rail fairly makes your eyes bulge out and your hair stand on end, and you lift yourself up so as to make your weight as light as possible as you gaze into the depths below. Thanks to the conservative Swiss spirit, the engineer or motorman runs with care over these perilous places, and yet in spite of this one is apt to think of his past life and dread the absolute justice that would be in play should he by such easy means be transported across the Styx. Even in my own case I thought it would have been better to have either stayed at home or not to have ventured on this ride. But it was great. After a few hours of this sort of thing we crossed the summit and away, away down thousands of feet below

us Lake Lemman came in sight, its placid waters gleaming under the rays of a brilliant sun.

As you have just been informed, the way hither to the summit was not without features; but it was absolutely plain compared to the way down to Montreux. I prayed the brake would hold and that man in his wisdom had fashioned some way to suspend a train of cars in mid air, and then gave myself up to scenery. At Montreux as you look up, and at about the point where you would expect to see angels, there is an immense hotel. When any scientist wishes to look closely into the backyard of the inhabitants of Mars, he goes up to this hotel, starting a few weeks in advance. That is, I suppose he does, for it is, I believe, the loftiest site for a hotel in the world. Well, now when we pitched over this summit that I was speaking of, do you know that hotel seemed as far below us as it did above us when I reached Montreux! It was a panorama worth coming to Europe to see and as a feat of engineering has no parallel, unless it be the St. Gotthard, but there they dipped into the ground while here they keep outside. Of course, there are many short tunnels, but they do double and twist and jump gorges and turn corners where you can look down and down and down and then wonder where the bottom is, and finally you dip into a long tunnel, and as you come into daylight once more, here you are at the foot of the mountain and in the station.

Montreux is a lovely place, right at the end of Lake Lemman and quite near the point where the Rhone empties



into it. The Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron in his poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon," is close at hand, about twenty minutes by train. I went out and spent half an hour after my arrival going through it, and was interested in seeing the signatures of Byron and Victor Hugo cut on the side of one of the columns that support the groined arches of the roof of the chamber where Bonivard, the Geneva patriot, was chained for six years. The castle was built on solid rock right on the water level, and I was shown the place where prisoners were hung and the shaft down which their bodies were shot into the lake, a grewsome place; also the post where they were chained while their feet were tickled with hot irons to make them confess. I could not help thinking that perhaps some arrangement of this kind would be of service to our railway commissioners in extracting evidence from recalcitrant Harrimans and John D. Rockefellers—but, alas, those blessed times and fashions are gone into the limbo of the past.

Friday morning at ten I went aboard a small steamer and started for this place. The day was perfect, the air clear, and shortly after leaving, Mt. Blanc was to be seen with its sparkling silver summit piercing the clouds. It was in sight nearly all of the way, occasionally a vagrant cloud, fleecy and intangible, would dim its summit, but soon to go, and the day was one of pure delight.

Saturday, which was yesterday, I spent with my dentist and looking in the watch shops where I left my watch with its maker to have it put in good order. To-

day I have been roaming about during the intervals of recuperation while writing this letter. I have seen the church where John Knox thundered forth his anathema from 1555 to 1557; I sat in the same chair where John Calvin used to cogitate over the hell to which he consigned all unbelievers. It is an old three-cornered, stiff, straight-backed affair like its master.

I shall be here until Thursday and then go to the Italian lakes, to Pallanza, Bellagio, Como, and reach Milan about week after next. I am feeling well and enjoying every day. I say this as you might think I was quite ill to send you such an extraordinary amount of drivel, but it is the best I can do.

## XV

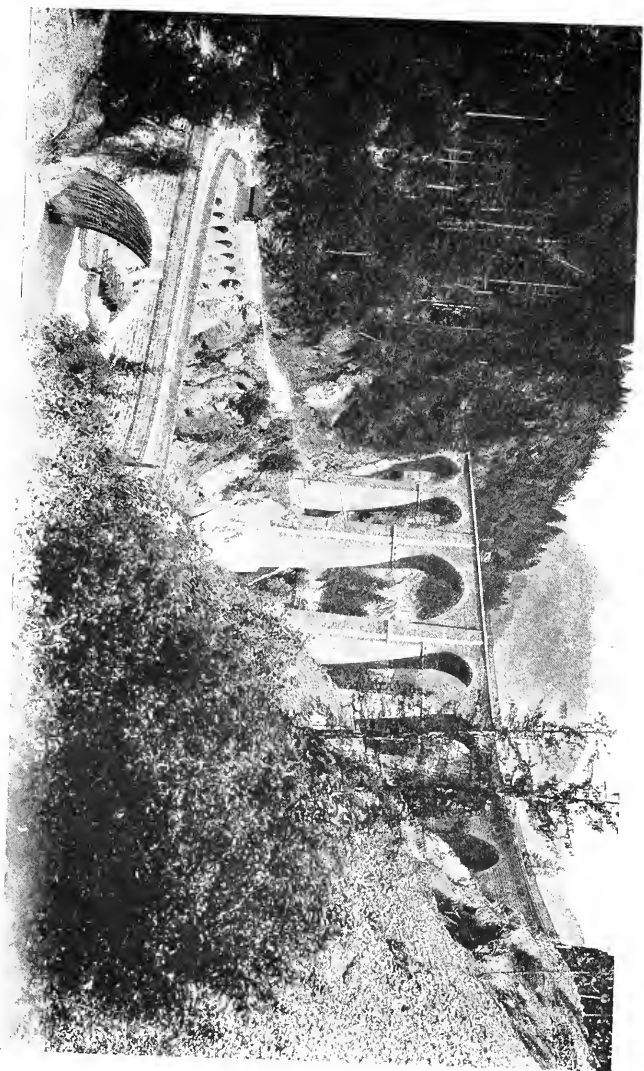
BELLAGIO, LAKE COMO,

Monday, September 16.

I REMAINED in Geneva until Thursday noon of last week and on the last day met Frank Kean, who regretted with me that we did not sooner know of each other's whereabouts, for we could have had many nice visits together. Also met Ben Miller on the street, and we may meet again, as he was thinking of going to Florence. Kean is consul at Geneva and I knew it, but it had escaped my mind and I didn't recollect his name when I first saw him. He has aged considerably. I was sorry not to see his wife, as she is a character worth seeing. He doesn't like Switzerland nearly as well as Italy.

Thursday A.M. I took the railway for Chamonix. Norton and John will remember that we had to take a diligence when we went over, but now the Government has built an electric line and it is certainly a wonder. It was a very expensive piece of work and requires vast bridges of stone and supporting walls on the mountain-side of great strength. The trip to Chamonix is made in some five hours as against a long day's ride in a coach. Chamonix was as interesting as ever and I looked through a telescope and saw a party of three above the Grands Mulets coming down. I spent the night there and had glorious views of old Mt. Blanc. It has not diminished in size or importance in all the years since we saw it before. The great feature of the week, how-

ever, was the ride from Chamonix over to Martigny. The sons will remember that we drove in two *voitures* over the Tete Noir—now the electric line is carried over another pass east of this, but not yet finished, as there is a tunnel a mile in length uncompleted. We went by electric line some six miles, then took a diligence and began the ascent over the pass; it climbs right up by zigzags and you can count the roads below up to six at a time as you look back. Then from the summit, down to Chatelard, is a long interesting grade where the horses went as fast as they could keep their feet under them. It was a gorgeous ride and somewhat thrilling, but as peaceful waters compared to what was to follow when we took the cars again. From here to Martigny the electric line is completed and is the most wonderful piece of railway building I have seen yet. For awhile we ran on plain rails, twisting and turning, with tremendous gulfs yawning below us, the track clinging to the almost perpendicular rocky sides of the mountain, and here you are surely inclined to review your past life and regret your misdemeanors and promise reformation if you are allowed to pass in safety around some of these hair-raising points. You glory in the achievement but hold your breath in amazement, and when you feel the motorman throwing in the clutches to the cog rail and glance ahead and see the whole affair of rails, roadbed, and telegraph line drop suddenly out of sight only a few rods beyond, you have an almost irresistible inclination to rush for the rear end and jump before you come



BRIDGE OF ST. MARIE ON THE ELECTRIC LINE GENEVA TO CHAMONIX



to the falling-off place. And just at this moment you catch sight of the mouth of a tunnel and looking down, down, down an everlasting distance you see the other end of this tunnel, which has in winding through the bowels of the mountain made two complete circles with a descent of hundreds of feet, and if you have not already repented of your past sins, you begin the operation without any further delay or parley. Some benign mood of Providence on this particular day prevented our train from slipping off from the dizzy height and landing us, cars, passengers, and accumulated sins, far down in the gulf below.

I have recounted our rides over the Furka, Grimsel, and Interlaken to Montreux, up and down Mt. Pilatus, have hinted at the extraordinary feats in getting from Geneva to Chamonix; but when you have gone from Chatelard to Martigny over the new electric line, you have seen the accomplishment of miracles that throw all the myths of history into the remotest district of diminishing perspective. Luckily at Martigny you reach the uninteresting valley of the Rhone and you take a long breath and get a welcome rest after the strain on your nerves, so that when you reach Brieg you are quite ready to take in the Simplon. To my surprise you enter this great tunnel, the longest in the world, 12.15 miles, at once on leaving the station and on a level with the main line. Electric locomotives are attached to the train from Geneva and they start on a goodly pace, some forty miles an hour, and rush at full speed through the main

tunnel, and in eighteen minutes you come to daylight and a brief glimpse of the valley and again you are in a long tunnel, and so out and in for another fifteen minutes and you are at Domodossola. Lay in a big stock of adjectives before you leave Brieg, for you will want them all when you undertake to sum up your ideas of the enormous cost, the patience, the grit it took to first contemplate, second to survey, estimate, and finally build this last great achievement of the animal who it is said was made in the image of God. You feel like worshipping this pigmy as a god.

From Domodossola it is a short ride to a little station where you leave the train and a slow omnibus takes you on a level road some four miles to Pallanza, a charming little town on the shores of Lake Maggiore, and we find entertainment at the Hotel Bellevue fronting on the lake with the Borromean Islands full in view.

BELLAGIO, September 16.

Saturday I took a rowboat and visited the two islands, Isola Bella and Isola Madre, belonging to the Borromean family. There are chateaus on both of them; the one of Isola Bella is kept up and the family spend a portion of each year there. At this time there was no one there and visitors were allowed. It is an immense place and the old fellow who built it back in the seventeenth century must have been quite a person in his own conceit, for he built a guard-room for his soldiers, a great lookout tower, and, if you please, a throne



room with a sure-enough throne—and it looks as if he had occupied it many times, but this might have been moths, you know, but he had his throne all right. I did not see any torture chambers nor appliances for tickling the feet or boiling the oil, although I warrant you he did not stop far short of these. There are vast rooms, council chambers, dancing halls, dining halls, where one could seat a hundred guests, libraries, conversation rooms, and an immense music room with grand pianos, violins, guitars, etc., etc. Everything on a most gorgeous scale and rococo to no end. A high, strong stone wall stands perpendicularly on the water's edge all the way around and there are only two points where you can get on the island. The thing of great interest to me, however, was the garden and grounds. The Duke of Borromeo was a botanist and he has, I suppose, the most wonderful collection of trees, shrubs, and flowers in the whole world. There is no country but what has contributed to his collection; American pine trees, California redwoods, New Zealand plants, and the remotest parts of the world have been ransacked to get the rarest and best. The largest rhododendron tree in the world is here, measuring over two feet in diameter; trees from Japan, orange, lemon, fig, and everything one ever heard of. The garden is made on solid rock, the soil being all brought from the main land on boats, and you can get a fair idea of the cost when I tell you that the garden is carried up ten terraces and surmounted on the top by a grotto and statuary and fountains. They were great fellows in those old days.

The Isola Madre has a small chateau that is not occupied and is fast going to the dogs.

MILAN, September 21.

I have neglected to speak of the very pleasant and not at all wearisome trip from Pallanza to Bellagio. You take a steamer at 10:30 A.M. and touch at Intra, a busy little silk-manufacturing town, and then cross to the other side of the narrow lake and then back again, finally stopping at Luini, and then rail to Pontresa, then steamer again to Lugano, where you remain an hour, giving plenty of time to visit the church of Santa Maria and see the large frescoes of Luini. They are quite worth seeing and I only regretted that the paintings were covered and I could not find the individual who had charge, so I had to come away without accomplishing that; but I did have the surprise and pleasure of seeing Julia Marlowe looking at the frescoes and I made up my mind to speak to her on the grounds of having been once introduced by Garita Barry, but she disappeared at Menaggio and I am afraid I won't see her again. She has a sad look and shows wear, but she has a wonderfully nice good face and is very attractive.

Taking another steamer from Lugano you go to Porlezza, passing just before reaching there the old castle and stronghold owned by the Borromeans and leased to the robber brothers Mazzarda who used to raid the country round about and were held in fear by the surrounding villages. It is a grand old place with round

towers on the sides commanding all approaches and is very large and stately, covering entirely the small island on which it stands. The railway line from Luini to Pontressa follows the banks of a swift-flowing stream which has a very tortuous course with mountains rising on both sides. From Porlezza to Menaggio the line crosses a low pass and on a heavy grade where a cog rail is necessary as the line descends into Menaggio. There after an aggravating delay we take a steamer and cross Lake Como, reaching Bellagio in fifteen minutes.

## XVI

MILAN, Sunday, September 22.

I WROTE you from Bellagio last. I remained there until Friday morning as I very much wanted to visit the Villa Melzi which I had never seen and which is only open to the public on Thursdays. In the meantime, I went across the lake and visited the Villa Carlotta, the property of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. In the marble hall saw the celebrated "Triumph of Alexander" by Thorwaldsen, and Canova's masterpiece "Cupid and Psyche." Spent an agreeable morning in the garden, which displays a wealth of southern vegetation, with superb cedars and magnolias. I also availed myself of my leisure by visiting the Villa Serbelloni and the Villa Julia and taking a drive over the mountain road to a place where one gets a long stretch of the Lago di Lecco.

Thursday morning I spent in the gardens of the Villa Melzi. They contain nearly every known shrub and plant and to my great surprise two fine trees of the *Sequoia gigantea*, which I know only from seeing them near the Yosemite Valley. The grounds are beautifully laid out and have many fine statues, the principal ones being those of Beatrice and Dante by Canova. There is also a very beautiful chapel in which are the tombs of several of the Melzi family and a bas-relief portrait in marble by Canova of a young son who died a few years since. This is a most charming thing and seemed such a desirable way of preserving the memory of the very handsome lad.

Friday I came here, stopping over a train at Como to see the cathedral there, which is quite worth a visit. The first thing I did on arriving here was to go to the great Duomo, and was more impressed than ever with its vastness and grandeur. There is no other that quite equals it; it is such an imposing and satisfying minster. The roof seems so high, the columns so massive, and its great breadth seems to me to be most sublime and soul-satisfying. I climbed to the roof yesterday and sat for an hour looking over its vast expanse of pinnacles and statues, the delicate tracery of its screens, and the every inch of carved surface. There does not seem to be any place where a figure of some kind is not cut; even away up to the very summit of the great dome, delicate little heads, a flower, a leaf, a touch of some kind is given to the surface of the stone. It is a dream in stone, if one may call it so. Later in the day and yesterday I went to see Da Vinci's "Last Supper." The poor thing is growing dimmer and dimmer each year and not much of Da Vinci's work remains plain enough to enjoy. I visited several other interesting churches and finally went to the Campo Santo, or cemetery, and looked about for an hour. It is wonderful to see what an immense amount of money has been and is still being spent on these magnificent private tombs. There seems to be no end to the extravagance. For the most of them I had only sharp criticisms, but there are a few that really seemed truly noble and worthy.

This morning I have been out to see Certosa of

Pavia, of which you will remember I have a splendid photograph. I was bound to see it in its reality, and I am glad that I have at last done so. It is the most extensive and finest monastery in the world, it is claimed, and I am sure I have never seen anything to compare with it. Its lofty and unique tower, its immense cloisters surrounding many acres of ground, and the interior of its splendid church with its fourteen chapels most richly decorated with carvings, mosaics, paintings, and precious stones, all make it a world wonder. I cannot understand how anyone in Milan can pass without visiting it.

To-morrow morning I leave for Venice, stopping over a train at Verona, and next Sunday I shall have Venice for my subject.

I am tired, as I have not slept much for two nights owing to mosquitoes, and so will make this letter short and take a nap. I keep splendidly well and you all know my dear love for you.

## XVII

VENICE, Saturday, September 27.

ON my way here from Milan I stopped over a train, about three hours, at Verona. I had never been there before and was greatly surprised to find so much of interest. The coliseum quite takes rank with the famous one in Rome, not so large, seating only 27,000 as against 80,000, I believe, in the latter, but in the one in Verona you can see the whole thing as the Romans saw and used it. The seats, stairways, passages, etc., are all as perfect as ever; the only thing lacking is the last and higher row of seats that extended over to the outer wall. This has been destroyed with the exception of a small fragment which remains and has wisely been restored and is kept in good condition. The general plan and form are the same as in Rome and its construction was of the same period. It is a famous old place and the Veronese use it for all the great shows and demonstrations. I was sorry I could not see it filled with people.

They also have the extensive ruins of a very large theatre that must have been contemporaneous with the amphitheatre. This they are uncovering and restoring and in a few years will have another one of the curiosities of the world. The foregoing are realities of which Verona may boast, but they are most unwise in pretending to show you the tomb of Juliet when in fact they show you an old stone watering trough which they have hauled into what was once a stable, and they charge

you a franc for thus victimizing you. They should stop this; they have too many good things to show without resorting to any such fakes.

Verona is the most strongly fortified city in Italy. It is overpowering when you come to go over and around these tremendously extensive and expensive works. I had no idea what could be done in this line before.

Since arriving here I have put in every day looking in the churches and art galleries and riding in the gondolas. They have built a very handsome structure in the Gardini Publici used for the international art exhibition which is held every two years, and I am fortunate in being here to see this one. The walls are covered (that means a great many pictures) in all the rooms, the impressionists being very largely in the majority. Some of these are wonderfully good, and I have come to the conclusion that in no other school can the ordinary layman be surer of his ground than in this. In other words, an artist must be an artist to do anything as an impressionist. If he isn't great he is a fearful dauber that the merest layman will discover. There would be no question whether an impressionist picture was worth \$4.50 or \$450. K. will understand this.

As I said before, there are some fine pictures on exhibition, one by a Norwegian, a full-sized figure of a man in hunting costume, wearing glasses, with brilliant red hair and freckled face, and clothes of a very light cream color; it was excellent. I am going out there



again to see it. There were four pictures by Belgian artists that were very excellent, and if I had a place to hang another picture I would certainly buy one of these.

Of course, I have been revelling in Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini, Palma Vecchio, Bonifazio, and Bordone. Tintoretto was a perfect demon for work. He didn't mind painting pictures by the mile any more than any ordinary man would mind painting a fence or a barn. You can't find a church in Venice that hasn't one or more of his pictures. He covered the tremendous walls and ceilings of the Doge's Palace with his brush, and the King's palace has several of his, while no one knows how many outlying ones there may be throughout Italy. One is absolutely unable to imagine any one man leaving such acres of canvas behind him, covered by such coloring and intricate drawings; and the same might be said of Titian, but he lived to be 99 years of age, and one of his pictures he painted only a short time before his death, and I imagine he would be painting yet if he hadn't caught the plague. He was a wonderful old man.

We have had a most splendid week of cloudless blue and soft pleasant days. Venice is full of charm as well as of mosquitoes and fleas. The latter have not bothered me much but I hear much profanity from people who are here for the first time.

## XVIII

FLORENCE, October 6.

I HAVE received letters from you all here, so full of interest, and have sent you postal cards which I trust reached you without losing their charm. I have kept busy during the past week. Left Venice Monday morning, hoping to have forty minutes in Bologna in which to see the Leaning Towers; but, as usual here in Italy, the train was over half an hour late and so our stay there was reduced to ten minutes, which I occupied in denouncing the Government for the way they conduct their railways. The train was so crowded that many passengers, first as well as second class, had to stand up in the corridors the entire trip. I fortunately went to the station in Venice nearly an hour ahead of leaving time and got a good seat in a six-passenger compartment and kept it. It does one real good to hear the English denounce everything in sight when they do not get the best. The way these old English cats go on when the gods fail to make provision for them is the richest thing you run across over here. They think they are the specially annointed of the Lord.

I have had a busy week here and have enjoyed every day. It has been showery, but between the dampnesses one could get about. I saw the names of Mrs. Dr. B. and the two Misses M. and Vice-Admiral J. and wife in the bank register and called on the former and had a short pleasant visit. I was surprised to find the two

Misses M. quite gray-haired; I remembered them as quite attractive young girls, and here to find them middle-aged women was a hint to me that I was not a youngster any more by any means. We do grow old, the best of us. The boys will remember Captain J., who was at 27 Reichsstrasse in Dresden, and I take it that this Vice-Admiral is the same man, at any rate I am going to try to find him this week. I quite wonder if he is accompanied by the wife who was in Dresden, for it hardly seems conceivable that even a military or naval man, be he ever so strong and tough, could exist for so long a period with such a thorn in the flesh as I remember Mrs. J. to have been. I at least have such a curiosity in the matter that I feel I must hunt him up and see what he looks like. He was a nice fellow and I remember how we all pitied him.

I have found many agreeable Americans here at the *Pension* and they are of the class that one may be proud of. This is a very good house so far as rooms and board go, but you have to climb sixty-four stairs to get to it. When I wrote for a room the Madame Riccioli (pronounced Ritchioli) replied that she could give me a good room on the first floor. She meant her first floor; there are three or four other floors below hers, but of this she made no mention in the correspondence, which was taking rather a low-down advantage of my ignorance. I don't mind so much as I only have to crawl up this distance twice a day, and it is a good method of testing my breathing apparatus and heart action.

I have this week visited most of the attractions, as Baedeker calls them, and to-day have had a most delightful time. Mr. Marshall Cutler, who has a store here where he sells all kinds of antiquities, both old and new, invited me to visit them, which I did; and we drove to Fiesole and back by the way of the Leader Castle (the Vincigliata), where we all alighted and spent over an hour going through this most interesting, restored old castle that dates back to the tenth century. Leader was an Englishman who had great taste and plenty of money. He purchased this old ruin and found the original plan of it and spent many thousand pounds sterling in reconstructing it, with many improvements but still adhering to the original design. It is a most splendid affair. After years of great labor and vast expense he finally completed it and then died and the place is for sale for one million francs, I was going to say dollars. No one can visit it without a special permit, which it is quite difficult to get, and I could not have seen it without Cutler's aid. His wife is charming, and when we returned from our ride, we had an elegant Italian luncheon in one of the quaint old hotels.

James E——, whom I know quite well, who formerly lived in Chicago but now lives in New York, came over here last year and bought the famous Palazzo Pannicari, where the stories of Boccaccio were written and the plots laid. It is the place that Queen Victoria always rented when she spent a winter here. E—— has employed Cutler to modernize this place, put in steam heat,

electric lights, open plumbing, and in short make it a modern house, and he is now engaged on it. He expects to take a full year to complete it, and while he is at it has moved himself and family from his own house out to one of the detached houses of E——'s so as to be on the work as much as possible himself, and it was here that I visited him to-day. Some day this week he is going to take me over the place (seventy-four acres) and show me the plan he has in mind for the improvement. I shall find interest in this, I am sure.

This week I shall visit the Certosa, the National Museum, call on Gelli, who painted my portrait, and the Vice-Admiral. I have called twice on Signora Veronica Mattae, who painted those two charming pictures for your mother which hang on our walls at home. She remembered me at once and was very cordial; she has always sent us Christmas cards ever since we first met her. The whole family are artists and they have a large studio quite near the Riccioli *pension*. There is Veronica and her husband with a grown-up daughter and son; the mother, Veronica, probably the highest in rank, although the son and daughter paint remarkably well.

Monday Morning.

It is a lovely morning and the rain seems to be over. It has been very dry so that the Arno was only a creek, now it is quite a river. The day will be spent visiting the Palazzo Vecchio and the Artists' Exhibition, and to-morrow I shall give to the Uffizi. The Dutch School

is very well represented here. I have about got my fill of Virgins and halos, always barring Bartolommeo and Del Sarto. I have also found the Luinis more satisfying than ever before; he was a fine draughtsman. The splendid Van Dycks and the fine portraits of Rembrandt are always a delight. I suppose John and Norton have forgotten them. The tapestries I have not seen yet, shall do them this week, and shall not leave here until I see all that is of importance.

I find that the expenses are much greater throughout Italy than before; for instance, they charge you twice if you go from the Uffizi to the Pitti through the gallery; they charge you for looking at the Forum in Rome; they charge a fee at all the churches and monasteries; and the result is that Italian money is par now. When we were here before there was a heavy discount which made it very cheap getting about. The taxes are oppressive, especially on salaried persons, being something like 17 per cent., and on business generally, unless you buy up the assessor, which I take it is generally done.

I hope to get another mail from home to-morrow and hope you are all well. I continue in excellent health and enjoy seeing things.

## XIX

ROME, October 13.

I WAS in great luck yesterday. The coffee was so bad at the Riccioli that I hurried my sightseeing at Florence and decided to leave there Saturday A.M. in place of waiting over until Monday, as I had originally contemplated. To-day I am told that the railroad men are all on a strike north of here and no trains running between here and Florence and nobody knows when they will resume, so I say I am in luck. I reached here last evening and the first thing after breakfast I went over to St. Peter's. You—that is the two sons—will remember the rather sharp hill that we had to go over from the Piazza de Spagna to the railway station or the Baths of Diocletian—well, to my great surprise and astonishment they have built a splendid tunnel, some 1400 feet long, about 60 feet wide, and I should say at least 40 feet in height, through the hill, connecting the Via Condotti (that's the street our hotel was on when we were here) with the wide and handsome Via Nazionale. It is lined throughout with glazed white tile, with ornamental moulded bands. Double street-car lines run through it, and the portals are of marble and very rich. It is about the handsomest thing at night when it is lit with electric lights that I ever saw. Four-story buildings stand on top of it, and parks and trees. It must have cost a vast sum. Well, you go through this in going from this hotel over to St. Peter's.

I got there just in time to hear the splendid singing and spent nearly half an hour with this fine music resounding through the massive building. The voices are the best I ever heard, and the male soprano was sweet and musical as any woman's.

My crude conclusions are that St. Peter's is not so interesting as many other churches and cathedrals. There are evidences of great expenditures, of a sort of grandeur; but there is a dull sameness about it that is tiresome. The capitals and friezes are all alike; the tombs are mostly modern, and with the exception of those by Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Bernini are of no artistic merit. The architecture is heavy, great angular columns support circular arches, there are no stained-glass windows, no lofty Gothic aisles, no work that looks like loving labor with deep religious expression. The mosaics are not artistic, they are poor copies of famous pictures, and no labor can give life to a picture by mosaic work. It is a curious exhibition of patience and clearness of distinction in color. And that is all. As to the outside, it is a great big thing and there you are. It is all well enough to hold a big crowd and to carry the Pope about in a chair on men's shoulders; but as a great minster dedicated to man's higher nature, one to inspire religious feeling and to raise one's thoughts, St. Peter's is a failure. The marbles are fine and costly, but they are all in mathematical figures with patterns like a bed quilt. No cunningly wrought out artistic work, but hammer and chisel at so much per diem and you must hurry up and get your job done.



It is to be hoped that the great minster that they are building in New York on the Hudson River will have none of this commercial contract-looking work about it. I speak of St. John's Cathedral. It is said that Michael Angelo once boasted that he would make the dome of St. Peter's so large that you could put the whole of the Pantheon inside of it. I am loath to believe that Michael was such an ass as this, for the fact is that you could put nearly seven domes of the size of St. Peter's inside the Pantheon. For instance, St. Peter's dome has a diameter of a little over seventy feet; the dome of the Pantheon has a diameter of 142 feet and the height from the floor to the summit of the dome is 142 feet.

The church is so much cleaner and better kept than the other churches of Italy that this is at once noticeable; but it has not the richness in masterpieces, either in sculpture or paintings, that many of the others have. St. Peter's toes seem to hold out yet, although I suppose I saw twenty or thirty idiots kiss them during the few minutes I stood near it, but some of the poorest creatures that did so had sense enough to either interpose their handkerchief between their lips and the stumps of toes, or else at least wipe them off, before touching their lips to the dirty black things. I stayed about the great structure until it was time to return to lunch, and then took the tram at the end of the right colonnade and came almost to the door of my hotel.

After lunch I took a cab and to test the correctness of my recollections I told the facino to drive me past

the Trajan Column to the Forum, then to the Colosseum, then through the Arch of Constantine to the Baths of Caracalla, out to the Columbarium and to the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way, and he did, and my directions were just right. I was quite set up to think I remembered the order in which they came. This occupied all the afternoon. It has been a perfect autumn day, bright and warm. The people are all out in their Sunday clothes and everyone looking happy and contented. I did not intend my drive to be anything more than a sort of introductory affair, to be followed later by a more careful going over. Nothing has changed since we were here excepting at the Baths. There they have uncovered large areas of old floor, showing mosaics of quite interesting patterns, and also the lavishness in which they were decorated. They have also found a vast number of pieces of old marble casings of the walls and fragments of columns, frescoes, and every conceivable thing. In their day I think they must have been quite the most scrumptious thing the Romans ever looked upon. I don't know, but to-day it seemed to me that it was about as tremendous an affair as the Colosseum. I was overwhelmed by it. To-morrow I shall start in at the Capitol and hereafter go carefully over what I visit and take notes for your edification. I am looking forward with some dread to the Vatican; that always seemed such a formidable affair, endless in its collections. I haven't must interest in busts, especially when one has no assurance that they are anything

but imaginary portraits. I much prefer the "Wounded Gladiator," the "Venus of Milo," or the work of any of the old masters, but when you plow up the head of someone, nobody knows who, nor who did the job, I admit I look hurriedly and pass on, he might have been John Smith for anything I know.

To-day the cabman stopped at a gate and I looked up and saw a sign over it saying in an unknown tongue something about Scipio, and so I went in and found a smiling old woman who at once lit some candles and, giving me one and taking one herself, started down a dark passage rapidly descending into the ground. It was of course pitch dark and this narrow passageway, just high enough for me to pass through, led along a winding way for a long distance until I began to have thoughts of what would happen if our lights went out, but after quite a walk she stopped and pointed to a marble slab with a long Latin inscription on it saying something about Scipio Africanus; and then on we went, every little ways coming across more slabs and having Scipio this and that on them until I thought that there must be several generations of Scipios buried here. It was a remarkable thing, this making of a very long tunnel underground to deposit this race of Scipios in. We finally must have come to the last of the race, for the kindly old woman turned and retraced her steps to daylight again. I don't know how we happened to skip this Scipio place before, but it was all new to me. I also went down into a columbarium, a deep cellar with some

ten rows of small cells all around the sides in which were small jars and caskets, in which the ashes of the departed were deposited. It was a damp, ill-smelling place, and not nearly so nice as to be put on the mantle-piece in the house, the way they do now.

I had hoped I might find Mr. Forbes here, who took us about Rome in '89 and '94, who made old Rome seem so very real to us, but I imagine he is dead by this time and I shall have to look up someone else. The only way to see Rome is to have a good guide who can explain things as you go along, although I have an idea that the best of them draw on their imagination to make it interesting. But I imagine that the wildest fancy could do the subject but scant justice when you come to Cæsar's Palaces and Caracalla's Baths, the Colosseum and the House of Germanicus, Vestal Virgins, and all that sort of thing. Our imaginations are not trained along lines of such magnitude.

I think two weeks of strenuous work here will fill my head pretty full of it all, and I shall look forward to a week of simple, quiet life in the Villa Narcissus, in Capri, with Mr. Coleman, who lives there and where I am invited for a week, with great pleasure; I shall put in this week just before leaving for Cairo. I mean to spend the intervening weeks at Naples, Pompeii, Amalfi, and Sorrento after getting away from Rome. Rome has changed greatly since we were here; narrow streets widened, fine business blocks erected, tram cars running to all interesting points, electric light and steam heat

and modern civilization in places of ancient dirt and darkness. It may make some who revel in dirt and mystery sad-eyed, but one can see the things worth seeing and at the same time skip a few fleas and not be the worse for it. Rome to me is immensely better than it was, and all that is worth remembering and seeing is here, and you can take it all in and at the same time be comfortable. Thank Heaven, it is no longer necessary to wear a shirt of nettles nor a crown of thorns to be a victim of saving grace.

Coming from Florence here by way of Siena is longer than the direct line but it is by far the more interesting, as you see two famous old strongholds, in a splendid state of preservation, on the way; both stand on high hills, but near the track, and are even to-day quite formidable. They cover a vast expanse of ground and are of solid masonry with heavy buttresses and castellated walls. I was very glad to see them, they looked as if they might stand there until doomsday.

Well, good-night. I am keeping in excellent health and enjoying my journeyings more even than I expected. I hope my letters will reach you punctually and manage to give you a little idea of what I am seeing.

## XX

ROME, October 20.

I BEGAN my weekly letter to you night before last and filled one sheet, and then waited to write another to-night to go on the evening mail; but to my discomfiture I cannot find the first sheet although I have hunted high and low for it, and I conclude that in pulling maps and programmes out of my pockets, where I always have a lot of miscellaneous papers, I have pulled this out and probably somewhere in Rome to-night that document is causing excitement from the unknown tongue in which it is written. Owing to the loss of this literary effort I may not be able to extend this second inning to so great an extent as originally planned, but I will do the best I can to "occupy the time," as the Baptist brothers say when they begin to talk.

It is a week ago yesterday since I came here, and my recollection is that I told you last week of my visit to St. Peter's Sunday morning; since then I have been on a continual go, visiting the Vatican three times, that is, taking the Sistine Chapel and the frescoes of Raphael at one time, the Hall of Statues and Marbles in another, and yesterday taking in the picture gallery. "The Ascension" by Raphael in this room and the *vis-à-vis* to it, the "Martyrdom of St. Jerome" by Domenichino are great pictures; and although it is true that the latter was for many years consigned to the rubbish pile and was never considered of any value until it was dug out to

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let the canvas be used for another picture, when the artist who was engaged to paint the new picture pronounced it a masterpiece (showing how slight a thread immortality and fame hang on), yet I am very proud to think that to me it is the better picture of the two, although there are some very lovely things in the former, especially the picture of the "Fornarina" in the foreground. For my part I like Raphael's frescoes better than anything he has done. His drawing is freer and bolder and his pictures are fuller of life and motion. The one where the city is on fire and the people are clambering down the walls, and one young man is carrying out his old father on his back, and the whole city's fire department (consisting of two girls carrying water jars to put it out) is all instinct with life and color; and the School of Athens, with old Diogenes lying naked on the steps scoffing at the assembled wise heads, is great, and the figures and actions all so natural. When you compare these with his Madonnas and Annunciations and other religious pieces you at once see how the church hampered and starved his genius. When you further come to look at his portrait painted by himself and so frequently seen in his pictures you are again filled with wonder that a man of his mild, refined, delicate features really had so much in him.

Michael Angelo, Titian, Da Vinci, and those great old fellows had strong, rugged faces, and you read power and confidence in every feature; but little Raphael's was a different type of face and yet he was quite

their equal when he undertook frescoes. He was never given to stiffness and empiricism, but painted, or at least drew, with a free hand, and with a very clear idea of gracefulness and consistency; but I am running on about art just as if I knew something about it. The fact is I am too verdant to open my head about any kind of art, but as a great man has said (I forget his name) "Them is my sentiments."

I suppose from the facts just stated you will understand that in the most of the Vatican collections I took greater interest and pleasure in the beautiful vases of different marbles, in the graceful tables and exquisite bas-reliefs, than I did in the interminably long rows of busts that line both sides of those vast aisles. Here and there are certain busts that at once appealed to me as portraits of certain men who once lived and had a purpose; men who made a mark on the generation in which they lived, and which is yet an active force in the world. These I admire. I love to go back again and again and look at them in this white marble, until some way I seem to get in touch with them and they become warm and sentient once more and you at last leave their great presence feeling that you have been with the gods in Walhalla, and have made new acquaintances with the past that was worth while.

The poor old body and dismembered legs of the Torso of the Belvidere is great. What is there about it that draws you to it, that makes you walk around it and go back to it? I can't tell. I kept doing this until I



thought the guard might come and tell me to be off, but it is great. There is more to it than in half the rest of the whole museum. That old back and those great old thighs; ah, there was a man of might, one who moved the world. Then there is the bust of old Seneca, one of the most interesting of all busts, his low but strong forehead and thin gnarly old face, a fellow worth knowing, I am sure.

Then one day I went to the Colosseum with an Italian professor who told us in very bad English a lot about the place, and gave us to understand that much of the old-time conjecture about the use of the underground passages was found to be incorrect. Then another day with Professor Forbes, whom I finally unearthed, who took us through the new excavations that have been made during the past five years in the corner of the Palace of Cæsar, next to the Forum. Forbes is by far and away the best guide in Rome, and he made this visit full of interest. An entirely new chapel has been opened up with frescoes on the walls quite fresh and plain, and with mosaic floors and marble columns, and baths that were for the private use of the Vestal Virgins; and they also found two busts with inscriptions giving the names and dates at which these women held the office of Chief Vestal, or as they would now be called Mother Superiors. It was bringing the fourth century before Christ up-to-date to look at their really fine heads with lots of character in their good faces.

One afternoon I spent at St. John Lateran and to

my great pleasure and surprise I found a lovely little painting of Guido Reni in one of the little chapels off from the Oratory. It is a gem. It was here that the guard opened a pair of old bronze doors that were set before the days of hinges were known and which swung on points set in holes in the stone floor, and when he pushed them open by main strength they uttered a complaining protest by squeaking as they were moved, and in this noise made a sort of scale that was truly musical as the sound reverberated through the lofty walls of the Oratory. It was really quite melodious and should not be called squeaking, but a noise that was musical.

This morning I went to Santa Maria Maggiore; this is wonderfully rich in marbles. There were some columns of oriental alabaster, luminous when a light was held on the opposite side. Some very fine lapis lazuli and marbles from Constantinople. The entire church and chapel were all finished in choicest stones; the ceiling is of wood brought from America. After lunch I visited the King's palace. It is well carpeted throughout, has fine pictures of the King's mother, of Humbert, of Victor Emmanuel, and a particularly fine one of the old Kaiser Wilhelm. There are a vast number of rooms and everything was in apple-pie order, as the King had entertained the King of Siam in the morning and there had been a conferring of orders during the time. I saw two of the royal equipages coming back after conveying the King to the station, six horses with splendid gold-trimmed harness and with riders on the near horse and

three lackeys riding, standing up in the rumble behind, a very splendid turnout, and bodyguards on horseback, and at the same time saw beggars in all kinds of rags running along begging of the passers-by. And speaking of beggars, Rome seems to be overrun with them, and, what is worse, the persistent sellers of post cards and mosaic jewelry. I can't see how they can make even the most meagre living, for they offer you 50 cards for 20c, but how they do annoy one. It does no good to say " Bastia " (get out) ; they don't get out but hang on fiercer than ever and follow and annoy you beyond description. The Government ought to intervene and stop it.

After going rapidly through the palace (the guard keeps you on the trot so that twenty minutes passes you through and out) I drove out to the Janiculum Hill, where they have erected the magnificent mounted statue of Garibaldi, where he overlooks the entire city, and from where you can pick out all the principal points of interest. From here I drove down and out to the Pin-cian Gardens, and here was all Rome, walking and driving, while the military band was playing; and then over through the Borghese Park and to the hotel to write this letter to tell you how much I love you all and how dear you and home are, so good-night.

## XXI

ROME, October 26.

It is Saturday afternoon and I have just returned from the last of my sightseeing in this place, viz., the Borghese Gallery, which is outside the walls and on the Pincian Hill. This week the weather has interfered much with satisfactory work as it has rained nearly every day and the light has been very bad to see pictures in the churches; but I had a lovely day at Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa Wednesday. Quite a large party of us went out with Professor Forbes. The trip was fuller of interest than in '89, because now the Villa d' Este is open to visitors, a thing not allowed before. It is a beautiful place although allowed to run uncared for by the present lessee, who rents it merely to get control of the water to use in his paper factory. There are innumerable fountains in the grounds and he has them all running, and at the end gathers them together and makes the water turn his turbines. "To what base uses may we come." The buildings are of the sixteenth century. At one time Prince Hohenlohe, Prime Minister of Bavaria, lived here, and that was interesting to me, as last winter I read his memoirs.

Tivoli has become a great manufacturing point. The waterfalls have been harnessed up and besides moving large paper mills they are used, or a part of them, to generate the electricity to light Rome and run her street cars, and yet, strange as it may seem, they have done

all this without detracting in any way from the beauty of the falls as they were before making them useful.

Hadrian's Villa, although I remembered it well, seemed more interesting and charming than it did on my first visit. A good deal of additional excavation has been made within the last twelve years, and a great many new treasures discovered. It must have been the most wonderful collection of the most artistic objects that were ever got together, and all in the richest surroundings conceivable by man. The place is full of pieces of marble of all kinds, busts, torsos, capitals, friezes, bas-reliefs, columns, tables, fountains, etc., etc., without end, showing that it was adorned as no one can imagine now. It is worth a trip to Europe to see this place if nothing else, and yet Forbes told me that it is wonderful how many people there are who come to Rome and spend weeks and never see this Villa. He says they say, "Oh! we have seen ruins until we are tired, we don't want to see any more." I got Dr. Frank and his wife to go out with me and they were simply overwhelmed by the wonders of the place. The ruins have been mostly caused by an earthquake, so that Forbes has been able to study the thing out and knows what every room was for; and as he goes along and explains it all it is like going through a palace where everything is plainly to be understood.

To-day I have been in the National Museum, established by the Government in the cloisters and buildings formerly a part of the Baths of Diocletian. Here they

are now placing all the treasures found in the new excavations, which, at last, are being carried on systematically and steadily, having learned that they may make it pay a good interest on the capital expended by drawing visitors to Rome to see the attractions, as they charge one lira admittance per person, and this counts up to a snug sum during the year. The financial condition of Italy is growing better daily and shows that their Minister of Finance is wide awake and gathering in the ducats. Exchange is par. I spent one day in the Vatican again. It is tremendously full of rich things. The rooms are in themselves very bright in frescoes and gilt. The numerous presents sent to the late Pope by his friends, sovereigns of other countries, are all exhibited in one vast hall, and consist of splendid great vases from Sevres, Berlin, and Meissen, rich marbles and malachite, onyx, lapis lazuli, and alabaster wrought into columns, tables, urns, and I don't know what, and placed in rows and on the sides through and about the vast hall. Then there are articles in gold and silver cunningly wrought and artistically designed; books elaborately illustrated by hand and bound regardless of expense. Millions are represented in this collection. It is wonderful how money was outpoured by the world, and now they are trying to raise money enough to buy a strip of land from the Vatican to Ostia, about thirty miles, to deed to the Pope so that he may go to sea without stepping on any ground but his own. There is no doubt but that the money will be forthcoming, and then the next

thing will be to build him a railway over it and a yacht to sail away in. But what folly; you go about Italy and it fairly swarms with beggars, there are said to be 20,000 in Florence alone; and you can't go ten rods without being accosted by them; and they move your sympathies, for they are mostly maimed in some way, and the children look as if they were starving to death; and yet here are the palaces of the King scattered about over the country, the Pope lives in the utmost grandeur with 100 soldiers in gorgeous uniform and a perfect army of other richly attired persons all about. They spend thousands of dollars in putting mosaics in the ceilings of the churches so far up in the air that one can scarcely see them; there is an army of good, sleek, fat monks lounging around every church, that ought to be earning their own living; and there you are. Labor is very cheap, a first-class mason gets \$1.00 per day when he can find work. You can get a good cab that will carry three for 20 cents for any distance inside the city, or 50 cents for an hour. You give the man that does you a favor 2 cents and he thanks you humbly. I bought a very nice medium-weight overcoat this week, as good as my New York tailor would ask me \$75.00 for, and I was only taxed \$30 for it. You can get very good board and a very good room for \$1.60 per day. You can ride anywhere in the city on a tram for 2 cents and many distances for 1½ cents, and if you give the conductor a penny he treats you as if you were a Prince Imperial.

I go to Naples Monday and Dr. Frank and wife are

going along, and we shall have the drive from Pompeii to La Cava, Sorrento, and Amalfi together, and on my return from that I am going to Capri to be at the Villa Narcissus for a week. Think of the good time I will have.

The weeks slip away faster than this paper does, but my love for you never fails. I have had lovely letters from you all during the week. Am glad that you are all well and prosperous.



## XXII

### GRAND HOTEL

NAPLES, Sunday Evening, November 3.

LAST Monday I came from Rome here; I was glad to get away from there, as the Hotel M—— was anything but satisfactory. The rooms were good and large, but the beds were hard and of the most absurd shape—the centre was high and it sloped in every direction from that point so one had to lie about half awake to keep from slipping off sideways, and have his head bolstered up to keep the blood from all settling in it—but worse than all was the coffee; it was horrible, black and bitter as gall. It was a fine house when the old lady was alive, but she died last year and left the concern to her daughter. She thinks she knows it all, but what she does know is to quarrel with her servants and be disagreeable to her guests. Well, enough of this. Here in good Mr. Houser's Hotel I have excellent coffee,—the best by far in Europe,—good beds, and all the little things one has at home that go to make up his comforts. The first three days of this week were unsettled, rain and shine, and since these we have had Naples weather.

I have spent a half of two days at the museum, which has been greatly improved since my last visit, and largely enriched from the later excavations at Pompeii. It is a huge affair and it takes a great deal of time and a deal of patience if one wishes to become familiar with it. It is intensely interesting; it was particularly so

this time, for Dr. Frank was with me, he had never seen it before and was amazed when he found that so many surgical instruments that are used to-day are almost exactly like the ones here on the shelves where the Pompeian things are exhibited. Not common instruments, but the elaborate ones, such as are now used to put down the throat to examine your tonsils, to enlarge the openings in the ear and nose; the mirror to put in the mouth, such as dentists use now; all sorts of dental instruments, surgeons' knives and saws, and I don't know what all. The doctor says he is going to order a complete copy of all of them and have a nice case made and present them to the Medical Association of Wisconsin. That is a good scheme, it seems to me.

I went one day up to the old monastery of San Martino, no longer a monastery, as the Government has suppressed it since 1898 and turned it into a museum. The Chapel is wonderfully rich in marbles and mosaics, and wood carvings, and, indeed, all of its treasures are well cared for; but you can only get a cheap imitation of the fine liquors that once made the place famous. It is the only place that I know of where one can see any genuine Capodimontes. They pretend to show it to you at the Palace Capodimonte where I went this morning, but I saw at once that it was not and on the other hand was partly Vienna and partly Meissen ware, although I gave this guide, who was a stupid fellow, a franc to tell me lies of this sort.

Yesterday I spent at Pompeii. It was good to be

there again. They have done a lot of work in the past fourteen years and have opened up the most interesting building of the entire place, of course excepting the public places such as the arena, forum, bourse, etc. This new find is called the House of the Vettii—pronounced Vet-te-e. It was without question a very high-toned gambling and sporting house. It is very extensive, with a large garden, surrounded by a lovely peristyle, or covered walk; elegant vases, tables, urns, statues, and fountains are in this garden and along the sides. The rooms are numerous and the walls of all of them covered with exquisite frescoes. The base of color is the most beautiful red I ever saw. One can here get a correct idea of what “Pompeian red” was, and is. I cannot describe it, for it is not offensive like most reds but has a soft richness that is most pleasing to the eye. On this red base are painted all sorts of things; the legends of history dating back ages; Leda and the swan, the Rape of the Sabines, Narcissus, and all the rest of them, lovely, graceful and beautiful forms and faces, exquisite flowers, and all sorts of architectural figures. The walls are a study for anyone who wishes to see at what stage art was when the Christian era began. It is simply amazing, and when you look at this branch of art, together with the sculpture and work in stone and the mosaics on wall and mantel, you are almost willing to say art has made no advancement in all the centuries since the fateful night that buried Pompeii. In this house above all the others the frescoes are the best pre-

served, why I don't know, unless it is because the house was better built, and thus the ashes were kept out to a greater degree than generally was the case. There are many of the frescoes that seem not to have suffered in the least and are as fresh as when they were first put on the walls. There are two rooms that ladies are not allowed to see that by their decorations proclaim the character of the house. These show that Pompeii was ready for the judgment that fell upon it. It was a Sodom and Gomorrah and no mistake, and it was at the entrance of one of these private rooms that a funny thing happened yesterday. Of course there were many parties going about under guides, and one party consisted of a typical Englishman and his spouse; she was one of the sort I have mentioned before and by me designated "an old cat." Well, as is the custom in Pompeii when a mixed party arrives in the neighborhood of one of these "Closed to ladies" places, the regular guide makes some excuse and leads the ladies off to see some quite extraordinary view while the men are turned over to the special guide for the private apartments. Well, when the English couple reached this point the guide called the old lady's attention to something and the old gent slipped away, but he had been gone only an instant when he was missed and the "cat" caught sight of him as he entered the private door, and what does she do but turn from her guide and rush frantically down to the door and try to open it, and not getting in set at it with both fists and pounded away on the door yelling out,

“Come out of there! Come out, I tell you!” There were a good many people about and they pretty generally laughed. I was sorry not to stay and see the game out, but I had to hurry along. I take it the old gent got quite a “cat hauling” when they met.

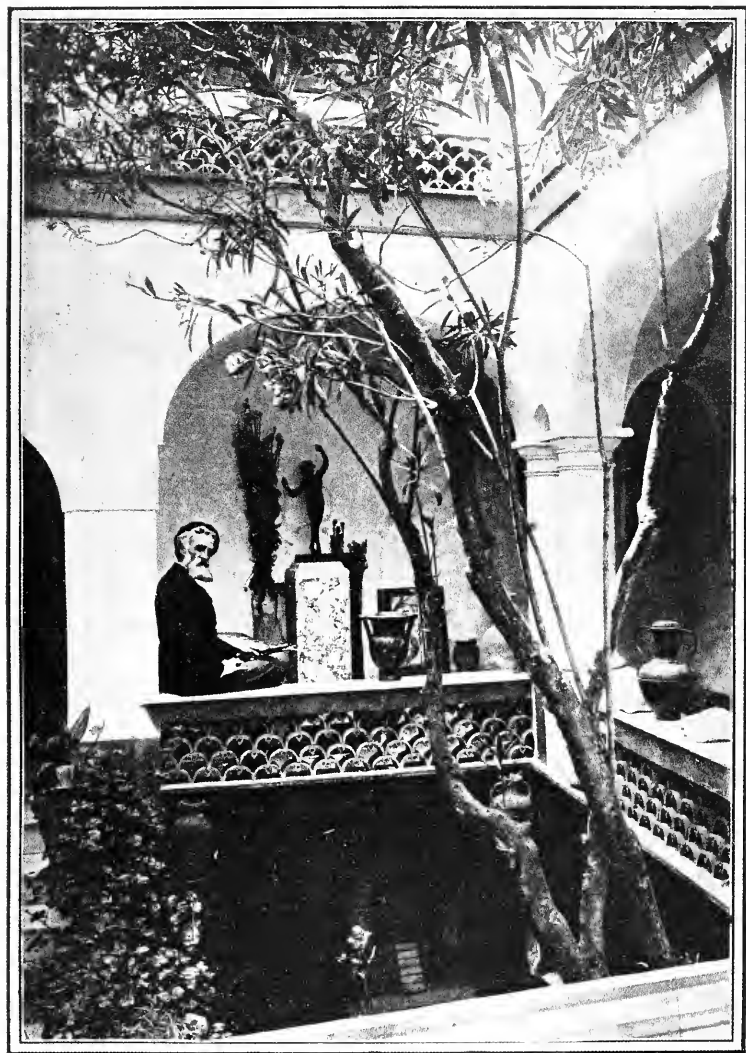
I saw again the marble table from which our dining table is modelled; it is in the house of “Cornelius Rufus,” and I don’t wish to forget this, as it will be, I trust, handed down through many generations of our family. It is a work of art.

I go to-morrow morning by steamer to Capri, and now expect to remain there for a week, November the 11th; then I shall go to Amalfi; and Sorrento and Castellammare for the rest of the time until November 28, when I sail from here to Alexandria, reaching Cairo December 2, and I shall be in Cairo until December 10, then go up the Nile and be up there for a month. Letters written after this reaches you could be sent care of Thos. Cook & Sons, Cairo, Egypt, that would reach there any time before January 10, counting about fifteen days from home to Cairo. I haven’t decided what I shall do on leaving Egypt, but I think I will go from Alexandria to Greece and then to Gibraltar and up through Spain to Paris, Dresden, and Berlin, and home *via* Bremen. That you may not be misled by writing to me *via* Cairo let me say that letters written between November 20 and January 1 could be sent there, after that through Baring Bros. unless otherwise directed.

I am getting enough of Italy. The beggars, the

utter disregard of law, the poverty and dirt, are all revolting. I never want to see any more of it after this trip. I have just had a surprise in meeting a young Mr. H., who says he was a schoolmate of John's. He says he has been here four years and will probably remain here, having married a native of this city. It seems rather strange; probably John and Kathleen know about him. He seems like a nice fellow, said he had no business.

I am keeping very well, don't gain or lose in flesh as I can see. I think more and more of home and how it will be to get back again, and see you all and live like a white man in place of a globe-trotter. If it wasn't that I must see the Assuan Dam and the Cairo museum I should be greatly tempted to go home this fall, and yet the terrors of a Milwaukee winter and spring would keep me from there at any rate. I hope the panic in New York has not seriously impaired any of our friends. I shall look for better times soon now, as people find out how badly they were scared over a very small "Boo."



C. C. COLEMAN IN VILLA NARCISSUS, ISOLA DI CAPRI





## XXIII

ISOLA DI CAPRI

VILLA NARCISSUS, November 11.

LAST Monday I came from Naples over here to spend a week with Mr. Charles C. Coleman, the artist and friend of Mr. P. (who is joint owner of the villa with Mr. Coleman), who before I left New York insisted on my promising him to do so. You can imagine I was not reluctant, as I was glad of the opportunity to not only make the acquaintance of so well known an artist, but to see how such people live over here.

The history of the villa is that it was an old home, probably 200 years ago. Coleman came down here from Rome many years since, was so taken with the loveliness of the place that he bought it, and then as Mrs. P. was at that time sojourning on the island she induced her husband to join in with Coleman and have it overhauled, added unto, and improved so that when any of them wished to come over they could have a home here. Coleman has great taste in the line of picturesque effects and he made this one of the most interesting and attractive places. It is situated near the top of the low part of the backbone of the ridge that runs from one end to the other of the island, and you can see the ocean on both sides of the same, from the different windows of the villa. The house has the quaintest recesses, halls, rooms of all dimensions, pretty loggias, peristyles, gardens, stairways, etc., with large bedrooms and bathrooms, courts,

and I don't know what. I get lost every time I go up to my room, there are so many little passages and doors leading everywhere. The house is a perfect museum and picture gallery and packed with the quaintest and most interesting things that C. has collected, and had given to him.

But I must try to tell you something of this lovely island. You know of course that Tiberius once lived here; the ruins of his old castle we visited yesterday and there is enough left for one to get an idea of the extent and richness of the home of this old despot. It is on one of the three highest points and overlooks the sea in every direction for a great distance. It stands over 1000 feet above the water and on one side there is a sheer descent to the sea. It was a strategic point and no enemy could approach from any direction without being seen long before he could land, giving abundance of time to prepare the boiling oil and water and enlarge the pile of rocks to heave down when the rascals began to climb the one side approachable by land. He had a theatre, baths, a place for wild animals, and all the accessories that autocrats of lives and property were accustomed to surround themselves with at that time, and yet he wasn't happy. There is a steep path leading from the village up to the old place and now some monk has built a little chapel up there out of a portion of the material in the ruins, and some benevolent man has made him a present of a bronze Virgin covered with gold-leaf that he has put on a masonry base or pedestal. The figure is some 20 feet

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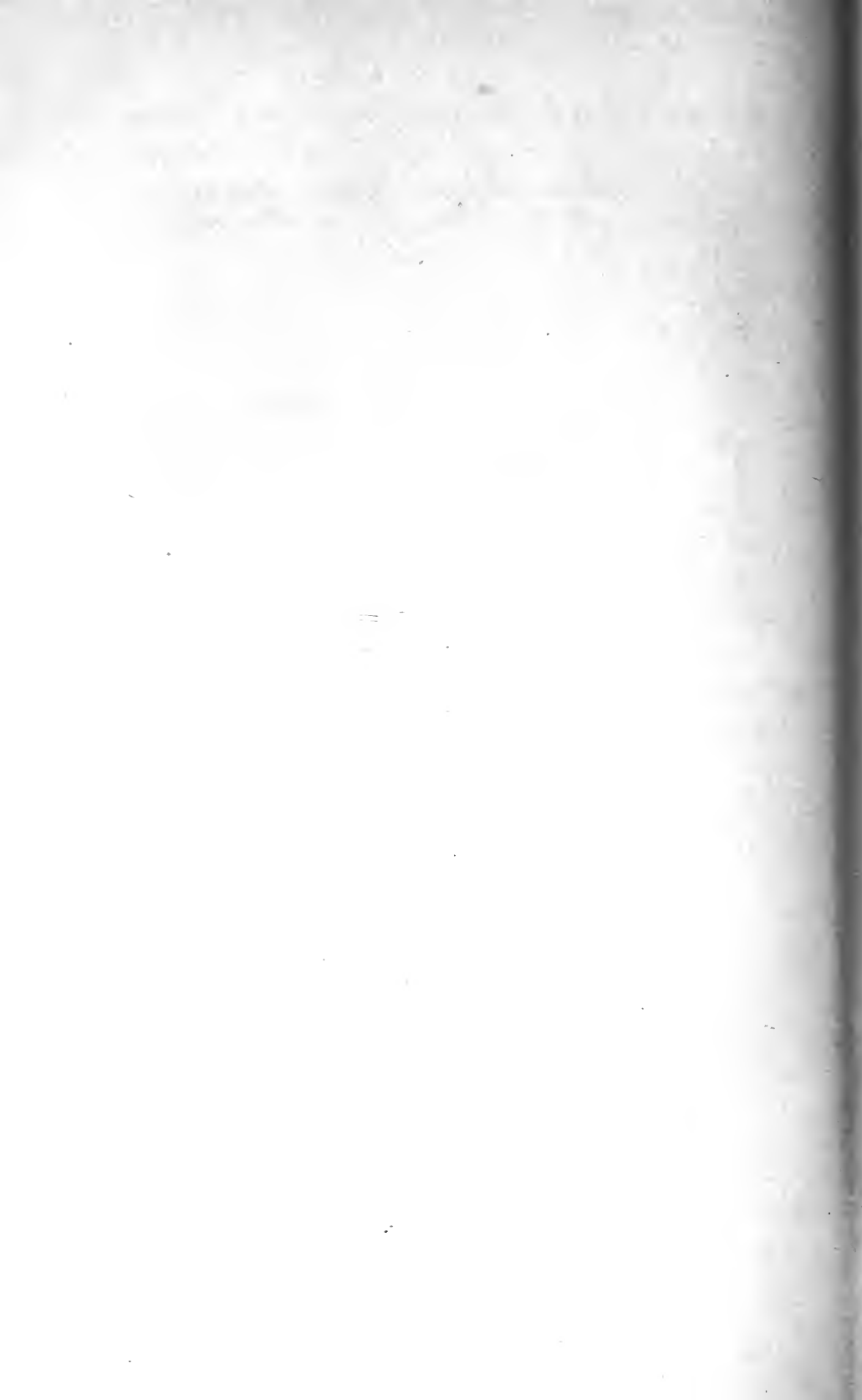
high, and when the sun shines you can see it for many miles as you approach the island from the sea. From this you descend, pass through the village, and go up another wonderful road hewn out of solid rock and clinging to the almost perpendicular face, turn the corner or end of the island and come upon "Anacapri" or a higher Capri, a smaller village, but having an independent corporation, with many pretty villas and two charming hotels. In looking up from this villa, which is over 1000 feet above the sea, you can see the ruins of another old stronghold built by an ancient robber chief who used to charge about the country collecting dues from all hereabouts, and semi-occasionally hanging a negligent brother who had forgotten that something excepting grins was due his lord on top of the mountain. It is called the Barbarossa Castle from the fact that it was destroyed by a pirate of this name who finally got the under hold on this nameless ruffian and sent him all unshriven to the place that he had contributed neighbors to for some past years. I can imagine how greatly tickled some of the hitherto afflicted brethren must have felt as they saw this lordly ruffian dangling by the heels from Barbarossa's yardarm.

On still another high point—there are three of them—stand the ruins of a medieval castle. I cannot learn much about this, but it must have a history somewhere. A noble English lady bought this with the intention of fixing it up and making a home, but I imagine found it was too big a job to climb up there, at any rate nothing has been done.

The whole island on both sides is covered with pretty villas, and the town proper is as quaint as anything I have seen. One of the streets leading from this villa goes for a long way through a tunnel with shops on either side. There are a good many notable people here. Elihu Vedder has a fascinating place and he is now writing his autobiography here, and Coleman has seen some of the advance sheets and says it will be one of the most interesting books of the generation. Vedder himself is a very interesting character. I spent an afternoon at his home and he is a most entertaining talker and has had a very interesting career. They, Vedder and wife, have an only daughter, a girl of about twenty, who is very talented. She paints pictures with wonderful skill, works in wood and metal, making all kinds of things, designs and makes wonderfully constructed garments. C. has a library robe that she designed and made with her own hands that is a marvel of grace, embroidery, and color. There are fifteen other artists on the island; Speed, Sir Frederick Leighton, Richardson, Peter Graham, and I can't remember who all, have either studios here or rent them and come here and paint. The location, the views, the *tout ensemble* is such that it at once appeals to the artist. Fred. Krupp, the steel prince of Germany, purchased a place here and spent thousands of pounds in building roads down the mountains, and was just on the point of building a magnificent villa when he died. There are several American and many English families who live here, and the society is very fine



VILLA QUATRE VENTRE. ISOLA DI CAPRI  
Residence of Elinor Vedder



and of an interesting character. Coleman is a bachelor, 62 years old, unshaven and unshorn, with a fine massive head and a most pleasant and agreeable gentleman. He has an Italian man and wife, cook and butler, and lives like a prince; the best of everything and a most genial host. This morning I went to his studio and was amazed at his work. He had a great many pictures, few finished, but many studies and preparatory sketches that were fine. He had an exhibition of his pictures at Reinhart's in Milwaukee, he tells me, some six or seven years ago, probably Kathleen may remember it. Two of his pictures nearly finished were so really good that I bought them and they are to be sent to Milwaukee next spring. He has one large picture—Christ walking on the water—that strikes me as one of the great pictures of this generation or of any other, and he has another which is only outlined, as you might say, that will be equally great if it is finished up as it promises. It is a view taken from back of Capri, showing the village, while the background is Vesuvius at the time of the great eruption last April.

Yesterday Mr. Coleman arranged for a fête in honor of our party. We took a row-boat with four stalwart oarsmen and rowed nearly around the island, and then landed at the ruins of the Tiberius Baths that are not far from the entrance to the Blue Grotto. We climbed the débris of the ancient steps to the top of the tableland some fifty feet above the sea and came upon a vacant villa, the property of a London artist, who was

absent but who had given Mr. Coleman the right of occupation. It was a charming, extensive place with a broad veranda covered with vines, and here we found a party already assembled to greet and welcome us seafaring mortals: Vedder with his daughter, Peter Graham, the venerable and lovely old man and veteran artist, Mrs. S. of New York,—a permanent resident now of the island,—Don Allesandro, the jolliest and most genial of priests, Mlles. E. and D. of Zürich, and two or three others whose names I cannot remember. Tables were already spread and covered with drinkables and eatables of the most appetizing appearance and we had a jolly afternoon. The day was lovely and the whole affair was a perfect success.

I had intended leaving here next Monday, but C. won't hear of it and so I have decided to remain until Wednesday next. It is good to be where I can have a nice home breakfast, good coffee, nice fruit, a charming room where I can look out on the blue Mediterranean with Naples in full view, Ischia on the left, and Vesuvius, and the villages at its foot, all in the picture. Nowhere else on earth is there a lovelier spot than Isola di Capri, and no man who appreciates it more than I. I have had one sad experience, as I had a cable from Pasadena announcing the death of my very dear friend Mr. Tod Ford. Poor fellow, it was a glorious relief to him, but to all his friends a terrible loss. I have had lovely letters from you all this week. I am well and the weather is fine.





THE PICNIC, ISOLA DI CAPRI  
Peter Graham, Artist, and Mademoiselle Dora



## XXIV

### GRAND HOTEL

NAPLES, November 22.

AFTER ten days at Capri, four days at Sorrento, and three days at Almafì I returned here yesterday. I had expected to stay a little longer at Sorrento and Amalfi, but the weather turned pretty cold and the hotels in neither place had any heat in sight and I looked back with longing to this good comfortable place with its steam radiators and general air of comfort. It has been particularly interesting here to-day as the big North German Lloyd liner sailed this evening and the clans have been gathering here preparatory to starting for New York. Mr. Reus and his wife were among the number, and I went down to the ship and bade them "*bon voyage*." I hope they will have a safe trip, but as for a good one, the Atlantic is not in the habit of being very peaceful at this time of the year; I am glad that I am going to sunny Egypt instead. I shall put in a couple of days at Pompeii, and the balance of the remaining days in the museum here and in looking through the interesting shops. Naples is always fascinating, the streets are always crowded and with the most varicolored crowd you can find anywhere, unless Cairo perhaps be excepted.

They do everything in the open here. You can see the cows and goats being driven through the streets and halted before the door while the cups and pitchers are

filled before your eyes. They do their washing, saw their wood, shoe the horses, make shoes, mend clothes, comb the children's heads, eat, drink, and sleep anywhere. All the performances of life occupy the public streets and sidewalks and the passers-by have no rights, you simply go out into the street if you wish to go along, they never dream of getting out of the way. The washing is all hung out of the windows; generally a line is strung across the street to one's neighbor's window opposite and from the four successive stories, one above another. Dwellers in the stories above the street have little baskets with a rope attached and they let this down to the passing tradesman and he fills the order and the basket is hoisted up and requisite change is lowered down in the same way and the transaction is closed. The wayfarer must look sharp or he is apt to feel a basket or some other vehicle of conveyance banging on his head. The streets are crowded all day so that one gets on but slowly if he walks. If you are not a native and to the manner born you are at once singled out by the cab drivers, flower men and girls, and the beggars, and there is no peace until you get inside some door or shop.

The cab drivers are the worst; they will drive right in front of you if you are crossing a street or a park and annoy you beyond description until you either get into the cab or take another, and in this case the first man, who has been making life miserable for you, will upbraid and curse you and all your kith and kin as long as you are within hailing distance. I make it a rule

never to patronize the men that bother me and prefer to listen to their profanity and laugh at their discomfiture. I am glad I can't understand their vituperations, for I might feel my pride hurt if I heard their opinion of me. The flower men and the postal card fiends are next in the nuisance line. It is a wonder that the police will not interfere and stop it all, but not a thing is done. If you don't like the way they do things in Naples don't come here, that is all there is to it. It is late and I will leave this for the finish to-morrow, and Sunday.

I expected that after the ship left last evening there would be a noticeable falling off at the *table d'hote*, but this noon at lunch there were many new faces and a larger crowd than last night. There are funny people cavorting about the world. There is a very dressy, showy woman here with a young son, about fifteen years old, that does a lot of talking. Last evening he was telling a young woman that this was his sixth trip over here and that he was going up to Rome to go to school this winter. He said they always lived at the Waldorf-Astoria, that they had a home in The Palms, in Florida, and that he liked travelling around but that it was getting to be a deadly bore, don't you know. Another youngish German who is here with his mother, a very red-faced old dowager, enlightened us by saying in a loud voice at the dinner table when the pudding was passed around, "No, I don't want any of your pudding, cheese and butter are the only things fit to eat for desert." A woman who looks like a Yankee schoolma'm,

was talking to a German gentleman who had told her that he was going to Cairo and up the Nile; she said that Egypt was just the loveliest place in all the world in winter and the trip up the Nile the finest thing to do, etc., etc., and finally, when the German got a chance in, he asked her how many times she had been up the Nile, she confessed that she had never been at all but had spent two weeks in Cairo years ago. The German gentleman upon this lapsed into silence. Many of the German and English women smoke cigarettes after dinner in the lobby, and to-day after dinner I saw a family of father, mother, son, and daughter all smoking cigarettes.

Yesterday I spent two hours in the museum looking again at the frescoes found on the walls of Pompeii. They are wonderfully fresh and some of them remarkably well drawn. I cannot imagine what colors they could have used that should have resisted all the accidents of time, the burial under ashes for all those centuries, and the subsequent exposure since being uncovered, and yet retain their original freshness and beauty. We know of no color that will pass through such an ordeal now. These frescoes have great fascination for me and I shall visit them at least twice again. I am also going to have a full day at Pompeii as soon as this storm is over.

I cannot help sympathizing with the poor people that left for New York last night, for there must be rough water on the sea to-day. The sirocco is a gale to-day and the sea is breaking over the walls below the hotel.

Sunday Morning, November 24.

It is still cold but the rain is over and I am going to the museum again. I have just found a book here by Grant, an Englishman, called "Tales of the Camorra." I want you to get it and read it. It is immensely interesting. You may not know of the Camorra, but it is a secret society that exists in the south of Italy with Naples as headquarters. This body has grown in numbers and strength until it has become a menace to law and society. The Government undertook to put it down a short time ago and to its amazement found that it had members in the highest grade of society, even persons of the royal blood being in it. Their avowed aim is anarchy and disregard of all law. They do not hesitate in the least to commit murder and put out of the way any obnoxious persons. Many terrible things are charged to them, and frequent disappearances of public persons are laid to them. I understand that the Government got such information that it put a stop to further investigation. They control things here in Naples to such an extent that no one doing business here can ignore them.

To give you an instance, I was in the English pharmacy the other day and knowing the head man there, an Englishman, pretty well, asked him to give me the address of a good hatter; he wrote it down on a paper for me, and I said: "I will call a cab and show him the card and he can drive me there."

He spoke up quickly and said: "Don't do that, for if you drive up there in a cab they will charge you 10 per cent. more than if you walk."

I said: "How is that?" and he said: "Don't you know about the Camorra?" and I said, "No, what about it?"

"Why," says he, "there is a rule here in Naples made by the Camorra that every cabman that brings a customer to any shop gets 10 per cent. on all purchases his fare makes." "Well," I said, "I wouldn't pay it if I was the merchant."

"Yes, you would," said the druggist, "or you would go out of business if you weren't killed within a month." Then he went on and told me how they held up everyone; and he added, "Don't you get into any dispute with your cabman, have an understanding as to price before you take a cab or you will have serious trouble, and don't appeal to a policeman, they are all in it. We are living on the crater of a live volcano and no one knows when the end will come."

So I am glad that I am so soon to leave Naples.



## XXV

CAIRO, EGYPT, December 3.

LEAVING Naples last Friday at 3:30 P.M. after a perfectly calm and peaceful passage we reached Alexandria yesterday at 9 A.M. It took several hours to get through the customs; the examination is absolutely nothing, but they have to see every piece and chalk it, and you cannot rush the Government any; and it was noon before we left Alexandria. Then we should have reached here at 3 P.M., but a bridge was washed out somewhere on the way and we had to take a round-about line and did not get here until after five, and I was too lazy to begin any letters last night.

We had many interesting people on board our ship; the Duke of Aosta, cousin of the present King of Italy, and his wife, sister of the Queen of Portugal, a very tall, slim, delicate-looking woman who dressed and behaved very politely and with dignity; she looks miserable and has a very bad cough, and I think is visiting Egypt as a last resort. She is not exactly pretty, but has an air of refinement that makes her interesting. I should think she was about thirty-five years old. Her husband was apparently of suitable age and was very nice to her. They took all their meals in the public dining saloon, having a separate table only. About twenty minutes before we sailed the police cleared the dock of the loafers, and then she and her husband with two nice-looking little boys, a maid, and two military officers of high

rank, with two or three friends, and two men whom I took to be detectives, 'drove up and all came on board while all the ship's officers stood at attention. The royal party came at once to the upper deck and, just before the ship sailed, the military gentlemen brought the little boys up to their mother to say goodbye. They took off their caps and kissed her and then they went ashore and stood each by his military attendant until the ship left. The mother controlled herself with remarkable firmness, and as I stood and watched her bid them goodbye I could not help believe that she thought it was probably the last time that she should ever see them; it was a very pathetic picture. The boys have inherited their mother's delicate constitution, they were very puny and white; lovely little fellows, but so undemonstrative. Then there was another couple, a Prince and Princess of Austria, quite young people that were inseparable. She was a very pretty, healthy, and good-natured girl, but I was sorry when I saw her smoking cigarettes. Her husband was a big overgrown boy who was never happy unless he had his hands on her. They used to walk the deck with his arm around her neck.

Then there was a Russian Prince and his wife; they were both very good-looking and kept to themselves. Then there was an English woman who had rank, and she was married to a military officer who had money. I think she was a Duchess or possibly only a Countess, and she was the most obnoxious woman I have seen in a long time. She had an idea that she was the only per-

son in the world who had any business here; she snubbed everybody that came near her, and the passengers all disliked her. I had a good chance to return some of her impudence when we reached Cairo last evening. I was handing my grip and shawlstrap out of the car window to a native servant that I had beckoned to and she came up on the outside of the train and caught hold of my man's arm and said, "Here, I want you."

He said, "I am engaged, Madam."

She said, "I don't care, I want you to get out my baggage."

At this I interrupted and said, "Pardon, madame, this is my man, I have him engaged, what do you want?"

She said, "I want that bag on the rack."

This was in my compartment. She had evidently been first in my compartment before leaving Alexandria and changed to another but left some of her belongings in the section. I said, "Shall I hand it out to you?"

"Yes," she said, "pass it out!" in a peremptory way. No thanks, not a civil word. I looked at her and I said with great deliberation, "Well, if that is the way you feel, kindly get the bag out as you please; neither I nor my man will help," and turned and went out. I don't know how she got along, the incident closed with me.

Mr. Coleman came over from Capri Friday morning and brought me a basket of delicious Sorrento oranges; he stayed on board and took lunch with me, and only left just before the ship sailed.

To-day I spent the morning in the bazaars; they are

immensely entertaining and interesting. Things are so cheap, one is tempted to spend all his money, but I looked and walked away.

This afternoon I took a cab and a guide and went through the busy streets out to the Citadel, visited two of the most important mosques, then drove about the best streets; and to-morrow, shall start in with the museum. That is a big job but it will be very interesting, as they have added so much to it since '93. I have a great desire to see what they unearthed in the great temple of Deir el Bahri, built by the daughter of Thotmes I, that they were just beginning on when I was last here in Egypt.

Cairo seems to have changed very much; there are many more fine business blocks, the Muski has been widened, and new buildings of modern design put up for a square or more at the end near the Ezbekiyeh Gardens; but the streets are no cleaner. It is a wonderful sight as you wander down through the old bazaars to see the immense number of people of every description and nationality crowding along, every variety of dress, donkeys, camels, carts, carriages, veiled women, men in frocks, everyone talking and shouting, a perfect babel of sound; three fights with attendant crowds, two funeral processions, two weddings, the scholars coming from the University, the fashionable and the fellahin all mixed up together. There can be no other place in the world like it. The population is denser, it seems, than in any place I have ever been.

I received no mail here and was greatly disappointed,

as I had counted on finding quite a lot. I suppose now I shall get nothing until Thursday when the Marseilles boat comes, but I cannot hold this up and will acknowledge any letters that I get in my next.

There are a good many Americans in town, judging from the conversation I hear about me, but I have met no one that I knew excepting a gentleman from Boston who was on our ship and was with a party going around the world. I hope this will find you all well. Ah, if you could only have Egyptian winter weather in America, wouldn't it be heaven on earth?

## XXVI

CAIRO, December 8.

THIS has been a most delightful week. The weather every day the same, cool in the morning, growing gradually warmer at noon, and by five o'clock in the afternoon a light wrap comfortable if you are riding or sitting out in the open. But it is such a delightful, certain sort of a climate, you know positively that it won't rain again before next fall, and the difference of a few degrees more or less doesn't matter where the air is so dry and bracing, and that is where this country lays way over California. Here you may plan each day's work or play for months ahead, and you may be sure, so far as climate goes, nothing will interfere.

I have been following my Baedeker suggestions as to the different days' sightseeing and found them good. The first day, Tuesday, I wandered down into the Muski, the busiest business street in the city, where for a mile or more it was thronged with the people of every nation on earth, together with camels bearing ponderous loads going along with their ugly under-lip protruding and their rocking gait, looking neither to the right nor left, and every now and then grunting their disapproval of the noisy, moving crowd. Mites of donkeys, here hitched into an ungainly cart which is several times heavier than required, and on which every known thing is hauled through the streets; and every now and then you see one loaded down with women, covered with black mantles

and with a black veil hanging from just below the eyes down to the waist, with an Arab walking near the donkey's head—and here, you say, is a countryman bringing his harem either to shop, visit, or probably for the more likely reason that if he carts his women around with him he knows where they are, which in many cases might be a question, judging from their frequent attempts at flirtation with the passers-by even from the cart on which their lord and master is conveying them. They have a very fascinating way of giving their veil a little push and revealing their charms, which, with their bright eyes, is rather fetching. The progress through the Muski is slow. The crowds fill the streets, and the sidewalks are only a foot or two at most in width. Nearly all the men wear the red fez, or the white or blue turban. The great majority wear the loose flowing robe of the Bible times. Everybody is shouting; the water carriers are tinkling their brass cups; the drivers of horses, mules, and camels are shouting to one another and to people on foot to clear the road; and the din and confusion make it desirable occasionally to step off the main thoroughfare into one of the little side streets where no teams go and where the fascinating bazaars are found. Small little rooms in front, but if you go in they take you to the rear, and there you find quite extensive apartments filled with their wares, and where you are given a seat and offered most delicious Turkish coffee or yet more delicious Persian tea, and they gather about and wish to show you goods and say, “If you do not wish to

buy all right—we like to show you just the same ”; and it is amazing what wonderful productions they bring forth. Never has the temptation been so strong to buy things as here.

Joseph Cohen has a well-known place here, largely patronized by Americans and English, as he has the reputation of asking one price and sticking to it. I went in there where it was cool and quiet and took a rest and had a cup of delicious tea, and while I was enjoying myself he had two Arabian servants exhibit some rare and wonderful embroideries which are made by the women of the harems. Two or three of these I would have bought if I could have seen my way clear to get them home. One was a table or bed spread of most exquisite design, color, and workmanship. I never saw a more beautiful thing. Another was a lady's evening cape or short coat, simply the loveliest piece of work I ever saw. I just had to get up and come away or he would have persuaded me to buy them both, and yet there was no effort to urge me to buy. He simply said he had by good fortune happened to chance on them on a trip to Mecca and couldn't resist them and here they were for anybody that wanted something that was “*par excellence*.” They were not dear, \$200 for the spread and \$40 for the cape. I have no doubt but that the first would bring in New York \$1000 and the latter at least \$300. They were as much gems as rubies or diamonds.

Every conceivable thing almost is for sale, and many



articles have a separate bazaar or street for them, *e.g.*, there is the bazaar for brass goods, for shoes, for gold and silver workers, for tent-makers, for iron workers, etc., etc. These manufacturers have their work all going on in the narrow streets and small shops fronting on them. The floors are the hard clay, and they all seem very busy. They seem to be a very self-respecting people and do not bother or interfere with strangers. I have been down through this district twice already, it is an ever interesting show. Tuesday afternoon I went up to what is called the Citadel, which is built on a high hill overlooking the city. It was built by Saladin, and is now occupied by English troops. There are within the walls extensive barracks, and also the finest mosque in the city; and from this point one gets a view of the valley for miles up and down the river. You can plainly see the Pyramids at Gizeh and at Sakkara from this point, also the whole city with its 400 minarets and mosques that lie immediately below you. The sight is one never to be forgotten, especially if seen when the sun is setting in the west.

Wednesday I spent the morning in the museum, which is a huge affair and where all the finds of the extensive excavations which are constantly going on are stored. The building is quite new, fire proof, and well designed and already nearly full. It is interesting to see how in the early days the artists expressed their ideas, and how crude they were in copying what they saw; for instance, one cannot understand why 5000 years ago

they could not have represented the human figure better than they did. There is a wooden coffin, or mummy box, made up of a good many pieces and pinned together by wooden pins, and the top is so cut as to represent a recumbent woman; it is quite a remarkable performance—and this was made some 3000 years before Christ. The art here was in taking such a number of different-sized pieces and of such unusual shapes and forming them into a casket. It must have been a very skilful workman who did this. In iron, gold, silver, and pottery they were very indifferent workmen, and there is nothing worth copying that I found at all. Art in designing took a wonderful step forward between the times of Rameses and Pompeii. There must have been an intermediate period of development and growth, if one could only know or learn about it, that would be full of interest.

## XXVII

ON S. S. *Egypt*, 227 MILES ABOVE CAIRO

December 13.

THE jar of the engines will make my writing somewhat erratic, but as we have nothing to do except gaze at the muddy water or look across at the fields green with the sugar cane on the one side or at the brown rocky cliffs on the other, it seemed a good time to begin this letter and set down the occurrences of the past three days while they were fresh in my mind. Tuesday at 10 A.M. sharp, fifty-one human bodies (supposed to have souls—although subsequent experiences have demonstrated a lack of brains) started out from Cairo on board the new Thomas Cook & Sons steamboat *Egypt*; of the fifty-one about one-half are German, about fifteen Americans, the balance French, Belgian, and English. I regret to say that the Americans, or at least six or eight of them, are of that type that shame us before the world—loud mouthed, ignorant, and abominably obtrusive—of the “spread-eagle” variety, that ride in automobiles and want everybody to know it and get out of their way; how I hate them! There is one very good fellow amongst them, a man from New Orleans with his son and his deceased wife’s sister. Formerly he was in Chicago. He is a sensible, clever business man 61 years old, and he and I find much to talk about. He is over here on account of his son’s health—who is delicate but a very nice fellow.

The French party are generally good although they are very noisy when other people are talking in any language except French. I imagine that they consider all other dialects a sort of barbarian babble, not deserving any consideration. At my table there is a very charming German lady from Freiburg and her young niece, who both speak very good English and so we are companionable. We have a dragoman whom I met in St. Louis during the World's Fair. Tuesday we ran from ten until one, during which lunch was served, and reaching Bedrashan took donkeys and rode to the top of a winding embankment with the water of the Nile on both sides (the overflow) through groves of beautiful date palms for three or four miles, and came to the ruins of the ancient city of Memphis. Nothing remains of this but heaps of sun-dried bricks, but beyond a little, we came upon a granite figure of Rameses the Great lying prone upon his back, where he is blocked up on walls built to hold him after the finders got him up out of the mud where he had lain for many centuries. This statue is 25 feet long without the crown, which is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, and lies near by. It is an enormous affair. A little further on we came to a wooden shed and this covers another colossal statue of the same gentleman, this time done in limestone. This is 45 feet long, lies on its back, propped up as the other, but has a flight of steps and a platform so that we could go up and look down on his majesty. He has a smiling face, big thick negro lips, and if alive would cut quite a figure walking about,

but it would take a deal of cloth to make him a pair of trousers. They are both Rameses II.

Here we again took our donkeys and rode for three-quarters of an hour, and came to what is called the Step Pyramid or Pyramid Zoser; near this are ten others of lesser dimensions. This is one of the oldest pyramids known. It consists of six stages, the lowest is  $37\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, the next 36, the third  $34\frac{1}{2}$ , the fourth  $32\frac{3}{4}$  feet, the fifth 31 feet, the top one 29 1-3 feet, while each



stage recedes 6 feet. It is built of a clay limestone and is rough and uncomely on the exterior. It was built by King Zoser for his own tomb. There is an entrance into it and a room for the sarcophagus, but this is not now accessible; and beyond this just a short distance is the small house of Mariette the French Egyptologist, in which he lived while he was carrying on the excavations when he discovered the Apis Tombs in 1851-1858. There is nothing of particular interest here except as being connected with Mariette, but a little ways farther on we reached what is called the "Serapeum" or subterranean Tombs of Apis or Sacred Bull hewn in the solid rock. You come to a sloping way down which you go until you reach a depth where a tunnel can be made, and then this subterranean gallery is carried some hundreds of feet on a general level with side galleries flanking it on either side but with the floors sunken some ten feet below that of the main gallery. There are twenty-six

of these side places and in each of them there is a huge granite sarcophagus 13 feet long, 7 feet high, and 11 feet wide, single blocks of granite hollowed out and having a huge cover; in these were placed the remains of Apis or the Sacred Bull. This Sacred Bull, by the way, was a most surprising animal in its parental line, being nothing more nor less than the son of Lightning for a father and a cow for mother who never had any child excepting this Apis. No wonder it was sacred.

How they ever got these enormous blocks of stone which weigh over 60 tons down this narrow passage and turned them square around and pushed them into these lateral chambers and then lowered them down some ten or more feet to the floor, I don't know. It seems to have been done, and these same stones were quarried at Assuan and brought some 600 miles down the river to begin with. From here we rode back to our steamer, not reaching it until quite after dark. For a first day's ride 6 hours is pretty tough and the whole outfit were well played out, and it was rather interesting hearing the women compare notes as to the extent of black and blue spots each enjoyed. The partitions between the cabins, I might explain, are somewhat thin.

Wednesday luckily we did nothing but rest and loaf, the boat steaming ahead steadily all day. Yesterday, Thursday, we landed at Beni Hassan, or what was Beni Hassan until Mehemet Ali wiped it out a few years ago on account of its people becoming such a tough lot that even he couldn't stand it any longer, but I am bound

to say that their descendants are numerous about there yet, for a more rascally set of donkey boys and bakshish beggars I never met. Here we took semblances of donkeys and rode for three-quarters of an hour and then dismounted (which is accomplished by throwing the right leg over the donkey's head and then slipping off, for woe betide him who undertakes to get off American fashion, for surely the saddle will follow and one is apt to find himself on the ground under the donkey with the huge saddle suspended under the donkey's belly). Then we took a long, tiresome, rough walk up a steep hill until we came to a tomb cut into the solid granite rock, some 30 feet long, 20 feet high, and 20 feet wide. In this the body was placed, enclosed in a sarcophagus of stone. These latter have all been taken away and are now in the Cairo Museum. These are amongst the oldest tombs known and were built some 3500 years B. C. There are some thirty of them but we only visited five, as they were quite similar excepting in size. One of them was remarkable in having four great columns, eight-sided, and fluted with Doric capitals, which outranks in age by many centuries anything the Greeks did; and so another fact is established, that the Doric is not Greek but Egyptian.

This morning we have been steaming along and at 11:30 we are now waiting for the lock at the supplementary dam at Assiut to be opened so as to get through. The dredge is at work and we may be delayed somewhat. Before I forget it let me say that at Cairo I sent

off Christmas cards to you all that I hope you may receive before the day is passed.

5 P.M.

We got through the lock right after lunch and came on for half a mile and reached our dock at Assiut, and then took donkeys and have been off for a ride through the town to the foot of the bluffs, and then climbed a hill and saw one of the tombs where the sacred jackals and wolves were interred. Some of the party went up further, but as I had been fooled once before into climbing up this steep hill I resumed my donkey and returned through the busy bazaars for which this town is famous. It is a city of 45,000 people, with many very elegant residences and fine grounds. There is a large American Mission here with a school of some 400 pupils, and its beneficial influence is noticeable in the freedom from beggars and in the number of people that speak quite tolerable English. I am finishing this letter here so it may go in the bag of mail for Cairo to-night, and if good luck attends it you should get it pretty nearly as soon as if mailed from Naples next Monday.

This city is situated in about the most fertile part of the Nile valley. You can see the beautiful green fields of wheat and alfalfa extending for miles up and down the river and the valley is quite wide. There must be much wealth here, judging from the many fine houses. The railway has a large handsome station, the streets are well kept and watered, and the long barrage (2200 feet) stretches across the river, giving a very picturesque ap-



pearance. As I write there is a great amount of gabble going on, as there are a score or more of Arabs gathered on the shore bargaining with our passengers to sell lace scarfs, buffalo-hide whips, earthenware, etc., etc.; they ask about four times as much as they expect to get and there you are. I bought one of the whips (which are really very nice). I asked the price; five shillings, I was told. I said, "I will give you a shilling, no more;" it was rejected with scorn and I turned to go away when an onlooker grabbed it out of the man's hand and said, "Give the shilling," and I did and took the whip. I suppose this way of trading is understood from the beginning.

I shall write next I suppose from Assuan. I am enjoying every minute and gaining somewhat in flesh and look very well unless my glass lies.

## XXVIII

ON *S. S. Egypt*

ASSUAN, December 22, 3 P.M.

A WEEK ago last Friday I dispatched my last letter to you and now at the southern end of my trip the pleasure is again mine to convey to you my love first and then tell you something of what has transpired since the 13th.

On Saturday, the 14th, we steamed up the river steadily all day and in the evening anchored mid-stream where we remained all night. They do not run the boat after dark owing to the sand bars on which they are liable to ground if it isn't light enough to see the ripples where the water is shallow. Sunday morning we started as soon as daylight allowed, and about 7 o'clock were opposite Esna and passed the barrage which the Government is constructing there. There were hundreds of natives with a large fleet of small sail vessels at work—loading dirt from the shores of the river below the dam and taking it above the site of the same where they anchored and unloaded it into the river, the object being as I suppose to dam the river part way across and force the water through the new channel over which they have already built the barrage.

A barrage is only a dam with gates in it which can be raised or lowered at will. The barrage is already built from the west shore out into the channel some 400 feet—and on the east side they have gone back onto the dry ground and have built some 1000 feet of barrage

through which they will make a new channel for the river and then there will be a heavy embankment between the two sections. There are four of these barrages on the river; one at a point between Cairo and Alexandria; one at Assiut; one just above Luxor (this is the unfinished one); and the big one just above here, which I have not yet seen. The object of them is to hold back the waters of the Nile in storage, to be let down from time to time for the irrigation of the valley. It was very interesting to me to see what extensive preparations are necessary to carry on such work. First, the large number of buildings for housing the men; then a big hospital, for the men are continually getting sick from exposure and working so much in water, and getting injured through carelessness.

We kept on our way all Sunday and about 6 P.M. tied up for the night at the landing place for Denderah, which small place is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles back from the river on the west side. Monday we were called at 6:30 and had breakfast at 7:15 and at 8 got on our donkeys and rode on a high and dusty embankment over to and through the small village of Denderah to the great temple of Hathor. It was an awfully dusty, dirty ride, for we were constantly meeting hundreds of camels and as many donkeys all loaded with dirt coming from the extensive excavation works being carried on in uncovering the site of the temple. One could scarcely breathe, the air was so full of dirt, and we were simply covered with it by the time we got back to the boat. But the

temple was worth seeing at any cost. This temple has been reconstructed several times, the present one was mostly built by Tiberius, Hadrian, and Nero; Cleopatra had much of the work of embellishing and decorating done at her expense. The main temple is now uncovered, but excavating is going on outside of it, with the view of exposing the small adjoining temples and rooms that investigations show exist. There were hundreds of men and boys at work here and a roar of voices came up from the crowd as I stood on top of one of the high walls and looked down into the volcano of dust. This temple has only been exposed during the last ten years, so it was new to me. I cannot explain it any more than to say that it is one of the most splendid on the Nile, quite a good second to Karnak.

We returned to the ship at 11:30 and started once more up stream and arrived at Luxor (ancient Thebes) at 4 P.M., where at once I took a carriage and drove out about three miles to get a look at Karnak before the morrow, when the crowd would come. It was splendid to see it once more. It is the most imposing work of man's hands that I have ever seen. That evening nearly all of our passengers rode out to see the ruins by moonlight, but as I am not much given to mooning around I remained on board and wrote up my diary, which, by the way, I am keeping up pretty fully in detail with the idea that some time in the future it may be of interest to you and the grandchildren. I leave the boat to-morrow and go to the Savoy Hotel on the Island of Elephantine

right in front of this place, where I shall remain until January 15 and then return to Cairo on the same boat on her second trip. I shall write you further as to the trip from Luxor to this place this week sometime, but will get this off on this evening's train. I am in excellent health and enjoying this perfect weather.

## XXIX

ASSUAN, December 29.

THE record of the past week could not be more concisely expressed than by the single word "loafing." There is positively nothing to do but enjoy the weather. The English element is strong here, as the English carry on everything in Egypt, and they have got the art of loafing down to a fine point. We read of their sports in India, and they have imported them into the Soudan, and therefore I am able to see how they disport themselves, as there is quite a community of them here and at the big dam five miles above, and two or three times a week they have some sort of a sport that it is worth while to see. They call them "Gymkhanas," I won't vouch for that spelling, but it sounds like that.

Last Wednesday they gave one of them on the grounds of the Cataract Hotel on the mainland and invited the guests of the Savoy on Elephantine Island (where I am) to attend. We all went over and it was an affair full of fun. Donkey races in which three women rode. The fastest one went at a little gentle gallop and the other two trotted along and came in several rods behind. The prize was 50 piastres, \$2.50. Then the potato game; six big pails were set in a row about ten feet apart—six men on donkeys rode up between the pails and stopped. At a distance of 200 feet beyond six potatoes were laid on the ground 10 feet apart; 100 feet beyond this line six more were laid; and

100 feet further six more were laid. The game was that when the word "Go" was given, each man started for the first line of potatoes, dismounted when he reached them, picked up each his potato, and rode back and put his potato into his pail; and then rode off to the second one, and then the third. The man who got all three potatoes in his pail first won the prize, \$2.50. It turned out to be about the most ridiculous performance I ever saw.

The donkeys started off in good style and the fellows all jumped off and grabbed a potato, but it was another thing when they went to get on. (These donkeys, you understand, are the ones picked up on the street and are all accustomed to being controlled by their donkey-boys, who yell, halloo, and pound them; but here the boys were not allowed about and every man managed his own beast.) First a saddle turned and the fellow went launching out into the sand; another didn't like having a fellow so active around him and pulled and jumped around so his man could not get any nearer than the length of the reins to him; another didn't propose to go back toward the pail and so carried his man in the opposite direction; another got back quite near the pail and then was afraid of the pail and balked and nothing would budge him; and finally the last man to get his potato and get aboard his donkey got in first.

Then the second bout was funnier yet. The donkeys did every conceivable thing except what was wanted, and here were six energetic and hilarious young Englishmen

yelling, kicking, jerking, and going on like mad, and their little beasts quietly standing still or going off in the opposite direction. The prize was won by a little Frenchman who came into the game at the last moment and who had a donkey whom no one would take, but who quietly went back and forth on a walk and performed it all without haste but nevertheless got through with the job while all the others were moving Heaven and earth to beat the rest. Then followed a polo game on donkeys. The balls were as big as footballs—but if they had been as large as a balloon it wouldn't have mattered. The donkeys had it their own way, and made it funnier, if such a thing were possible, than the potato game. I will leave this for your imagination.

I have received Christmas letters and have acknowledged them all separately. We had a grand dinner at our hotel, which was so grand that it laid out a good share of the female contingent for the next twenty-four hours, and some of them look rather peaked yet.

I left off in my last letter at Luxor—we left there early Friday morning, stopping at Esna, where there is a most beautiful small temple with splendid columns each having a different capital worked out on the lines of the trees of Egypt, the palm, lotus, papyrus, etc., etc., all most harmoniously combined. Then to Edfu, where there is a wonderfully splendid and massive temple with a pylon 140 feet high and all in very good state of preservation. Saturday morning we made a stop at Kom-ombo. There are but small portions of this temple left,



but there are some very interesting things about it. On one wall were drawings of surgical instruments exactly the same as we use now—also hieroglyphic instructions how to prepare certain medicines for certain diseases, and prescriptions how to take them—and there is on one of the walls the most exquisite bit of carving of a cartouche and the symbolic writing that I have seen anywhere. I hope to get a photograph of it. The decorations here were mostly made under the reign of Tiberius, and Cleopatra had a hand in it.

While at Luxor, of course we spent several hours at Karnak—we also took the long, all-day excursion out to the Tombs of the Kings. Since my last visit here in '93 they have discovered ever so many new tombs—some of them finer than any I saw before. In one of them they found a most exquisitely carved figure of a man lying on his back with his hands folded over his breast with a noble sweet face, by far the best thing in Egyptian statuary I have seen anywhere, and I think it was so much better to leave it here in the man's own tomb—where he designed to have it—with all the appropriate surroundings, than to take it away and place it in a museum.

In the olden time, viz., '93, we used to eat our lunch near the tomb of Rameses, but now since the temple of Hatisu has been unearthed (it is quite one of the most interesting things on the Nile), Thos. Cook & Sons have built a little rest house just a few rods from the temple and we had our lunch served there, and then after a rest

of an hour we went over to Hatisu and spent an hour admiring the palace that she lived in. The authorities have restored quite a large part of this in rebuilding the long colonnades which fronted toward the Nile and reconstructing the two terraces that made the approach. It has a very imposing look as you approach it from the valley. The mountain rises abruptly behind it, cliff-shaped, and they are now unearthing further portions of it and it promises to be one of the largest pieces of construction found in the whole of Egypt. The colors on the walls and columns are perfectly preserved, the light blues and pinks predominating, and the whole structure is full of light and beauty.

The Assuan Dam is the thing here and I have already been up to see it twice, and expect to go again this week, as I have written a note to the engineer in charge asking him to give me an interview, which I am sure he will do. I have got a book on it, but I have some questions to ask. There are several novel features about it and one can see very plainly that if the Austin people in Texas had given the thought to their great dam that the English gave to this it would have been a success instead of a huge financial loss. Cheap engineering is the bane of American construction. Although this dam is such a huge affair they have already begun work on raising it 18 feet higher and thickening it some third of its present thickness. The fact is that the results have far exceeded the anticipated benefits and as a paying measure the enlargement is most urgently demanded.

They increase its capacity two and one-half times, that is, from 900,000,000 to over 2,000,000,000. The job will take five years. They worked 12,000 men five years on the present dam.

P. S. In reading over my letter I find that I have said but little of my daily life and experiences which may be of some interest to you. I am stopping at the Savoy Hotel. It is on the Island of Elephantine, which is a small island in the middle of the river and just in front of the town of Assuan. There is large liberty allowed in spelling the name of this town; Cook & Sons spell it "Asuan," Baedeker "Assouan," the Government engineers and the authorities "Assuan," which strikes me as a happy medium, and so I spell it unless I forget myself and spell it otherwise. The Cataract House is owned by the same company who own the Savoy and is located on the mainland. I chose the Savoy on account of its having a large pleasant garden with turf and trees; the Cataract has nothing but sand and a view. They are equally patronized. Both are fairly good, but the coffee here is bad and they do not have good fruit. The days are much alike. I get up at 7:30, breakfast at 8, smoke and read the paper, and then write up my diary, read (just now the history of Capri, and have read the book on the big dam), sit out in the garden under the trees, go across the river and get a donkey-boy and ride up through the Bishareen Camp or to the great quarries where they got out all the stones for the famous temples, monoliths, etc., that are now the won-

ders of the world—or to the Great Dam—one hour's distance on a good donkey. From 2:30 to 3:30 I am liable to take a nap of one-half to three-quarters of an hour, then go for a walk, read, write or talk until 6, then dress for dinner at 7:30, and retire never later than 10. I enjoy these nice warm days and the nights are refreshingly cool—no mosquitoes.

As I have many letters to answer I keep quite busy after all—but to tell the truth too much leisure is beginning to wear on me. I met Ben Miller on the boat last Tuesday or Monday—he had just returned from Khartum and said it was very interesting but the ride is awfully hot and dusty from Wady Halfa, and I am not particularly anxious for that.

My plan now is to remain here until the 15th of January, probably go to Luxor and stop there a week—they have a splendid new hotel, the Winter Palace, and Cairo is apt to be cool up to February—then go to Cairo for one to two weeks, and then go to Alexandria and sail for Genoa or Marseilles and visit Nimes, Avignon, Arles—then up to Paris so as to get there some time about March 15 and stay there until it is warm enough to go to Mount Saint Michel and other northern points.

### XXX

#### SAVOY HOTEL

ASSUAN, January 4, 1908.

ANOTHER week has gone, I hardly know where. It is wonderful how the days slip by, even when one is not doing anything but loafing.

The days of the past week have been very warm as far as the thermometer is concerned, during the day (say from 10:30 o'clock to 5 o'clock) it ranges on the front porch of this hotel from 75 to 85 degrees in the shade, and to-day and yesterday it marked 112 degrees in the sun. I am interested to know by practical experience the quality of dry desert air as compared with the humidity of Milwaukee and of the Italian cities. For example, yesterday I desired to visit the great dam once more, and so crossed the river (you know this house is on Elephantine Island) and got a donkey and a boy at 9:30 A.M. and went up there—it is 50 minutes' sharp ride, some  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles—spent two and a half hours there with the engineer, and rode back, reaching the hotel just in time for lunch. It was a most perfect day and I made the trip with only pleasure and was perfectly amazed on my return to find both thermometers, one registering 112 degrees in the sun and the other 83 degrees in the shade, and yet with no feeling of oppression or weariness such as we feel at home even in an 80-degree temperature. The engineer, a young fellow, at the dam told me that they had it at 120 degrees

during the summer there quite frequently, and that not in the sun. He said, on my exclaiming about it, "Well, it is a bit warm, you know, but we get three months' leave of absence each summer, you know, and that tones us up, you know, quite a bit."

There are a large number of Englishmen employed on the works in various departments, and the Government has made them very comfortable. It has built a perfectly exquisite little village for them, laid out grounds with pretty winding streets, with palms, flower beds, and green lawns; the houses are all white concrete with wide piazzas on all four sides, green blinds, and nice sidewalks, and one can imagine many more uncomfortable places in which to put in a few years than this new little town just below the dam. If the ladies are companionable they could have a very charming time. The houses are mostly one story, with an interior court—the head officers have two-story houses, larger but not any more attractive. It is no small job to create a place like this in the desert sands and rocks. They bring in soil from the valley on trains of cars, and this is carried in baskets on the natives' heads and spread over the ground from one to three feet in depth; and then they wet it and keep it wet and can grow anything they want to and can have three or four crops a year.

Nearly every house had a garden with vegetables and flowers. The natives all have their quarters at some distance away, so that this little colony is quite unique in its respectability. The offices are across the river

and are perched up on a hill, where they get all the air stirring, and are very capacious and comfortable. The English know how to, and do, care for their men whom they send to serve them in their colonies. The U. S. distinctly *does not*. Our ministers, our consuls, and all that class of servants live in all kinds of cheap and unstable quarters the world over. England's representatives have comfort and houses wherever they go. We ought to be ashamed, but we are not; we look on at the poor wretches and chuckle over our poor economies. To make the thing harmonious, though, we send about the poorest "stuff" abroad we have.

One other day this week I went across the east branch of the river and climbed a high hill by the worst path I ever attempted. The sand was more than ankle deep and so yielding that when I returned to lunch I told the nice old German lady that sits next to me at table that I slipped back two steps for every one that I went forward and that the only way I managed to reach the top was by turning around and going the other way—and do you know that she looked at me in astonishment and said, "Do you really mean that?" but she is a dear. She is a quite pretty woman with white hair which her maid dresses with remarkably good taste—pretty stout—seventy years old, and quite lame. She has no children, but an adopted son who lives in Tokio and is employed by the German Government as an expert in Japanese art. She says he is considered to be the best authority on the subject living, and he also is employed

by the Japanese Government in advising as to the collections the Government is making of ancient productions. She also tells me that she has in Freiburg the largest and most valuable collections of Japanese curios in Germany. She travels with a big trunk full of books and spends most of her time reading and writing, has a very large correspondence, and one day said she had just finished answering eighteen letters. On New Year's she made me a present of a very nice cane, and in return I gave her a miniature cat cut out of rock that was found in one of the tombs. It cost 5 cents, but I never told her that. She thinks I am the most stupendous liar she ever met, I think, for I surprise her nearly every meal by some story and I keep a most solemn countenance while I watch her astonishment. Generally by the next meal she has got the joke digested and she has a good laugh over it.

Monday I pull out of here and go to Luxor for a week and then to Cairo. I shall have a fine time at Luxor, for I shall give more time to the tombs, and mean to see them all.

Did I ever tell you that I wrote to the Governor of Colorado about the man who made that beautiful miner's pick that I brought back from Colorado a year ago last summer? You remember the man made it in the State's Prison and I heard about it when I was out there, and it seemed such a pity that a fellow with such ability and artistic taste should be shut up for three years that I was moved to compassion and wrote the Gover-



nor all about the matter and begged for clemency. It just happened that this Governor knew my father and knew somewhat of me—nothing very bad, I guess—at least he answered my letter at once and said he was greatly obliged to me for calling his attention to the matter and to say that the man was already *released*. You may be sure that I was glad and some day I hope to see my “Salvage” as I call him, and see what sort of a bird I did release. He is at least a genius, and I don’t believe ever robbed a mine.

I must tell you about some of the people here at the hotel, as I think you will be interested. First on the list is a youngish man registered as Graf Diepholz—there are four young men with him that always are about him; ride, sit, play; whatever he does they do. He has a large suite of rooms; he is tall, some thirty years old, and has a stiff leg at the knee—is quiet and seems much the gentleman. This is Prince George, Duke of Cumberland, and grandson of the King of Hanover, who was cousin of Queen Victoria.

Then there is an English duchess, tall and rather good looking, who (all for love) married beneath her, a Major Collins who had “ducats.” She resigned her title that she might have her fling and she marches around smoking cigarettes like a man and is generally sneered at by all the other women, whom she hates. Then there is a Sir (something) Stephen MacKenzie, a bald-headed bent old man, who is England’s greatest surgeon. There are a large number of queer old Eng-

lish women that bring their stockings down to the breakfast table and knit diligently while their tea is being prepared—that sort you know always drink tea. Then there are many notable and wealthy Germans—one “Graf Vietenhap,” he is a Baron—then there is the Senator “Lappanburg” from Hamburg; we play whist together evenings. There are several young couples who are making the Egyptian tour as a bridal affair, and then a large number who are seeking lost health in the desert. My old lady is here for her lameness and said to-day that she is better than she has been for a long time. There are people here who are going to Khartum—going around the world—going to stay here until heat of April drives them away. The hotel is nearly full now and the steamers are coming up loaded. There are only two a week so that I think they will all be taken care of.

The *Egypt* left Cairo Tuesday last and has 60 passengers aboard, among the list I see the name of Richard Croker—I suppose he is coming to steal the dam. It occurred to me yesterday that one proof that the Scriptures are not all inspired is that they say, “Thou shalt not swear;” and yet a creative Providence made the Egyptian “fly” and no man can live in this country and fight these abominable little beasts without giving way more or less to profanity. There is nothing that equals their persistency.

Sunday Morning.

I have found that some of my people that I undertook to describe are different; you will notice my erasures and interlineations. I think I have got the thing

straight now. There is one man here who every evening joins Prince George's circle, who must be a musician of some note, for last night as I was sitting near the party I heard him say to MacKenzie: "If I had my life to live over again I would devote myself entirely to leading an orchestra, as it is more the thing I love than the composition." His name is Jackman; you may some of you have heard of him, but the name is new to me. He plays the piano occasionally while Count Grote, one of the Prince's suite, sings. It is about all there is to do here—watch your fellow-creatures, and then pass remarks about them, and this is all the more amusing and easy when your victims are these self-sufficient English, especially English women. They fling their importance in your face; they revel in their conceit; they aggravate you with their righteousness, and you grow wicked in your desire to be different from them; they glory in their awkwardness, and take unto themselves credit for their red noses and lanky figures. It is to be hoped that there will be a special territory set off for them in the "vast hereafter," so that a sensible person can really enjoy Heaven if he gets there.

I must get this off now and go for a walk before it gets too warm. I go to Luxor to-morrow and will be in Cairo two weeks from to-day.

## XXXI

LUXOR, Saturday Evening, January 11.

LAST Monday I was in Assuan and went on board the steamer that evening as she left at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning. I would gladly have remained there for one or two weeks more, but the Savoy Hotel was simply impossible. The coffee was merely dregs and there was a penuriousness about the whole affair that wore on my nerves. It seems that the company, that controls many of these Nile hotels, had put out the manager of last year and in his place has put a young fellow who seems to think that all he has to do is to show dividends, which he may do this year, but never again, for everyone is disgusted—therefore I came down here where the "Winter Palace" is run on hotel principles, and it is very good. It has been an extremely hot week, so much so that I have not been on as many excursions as I otherwise would.

The hotel and town are about three miles from the temple of Karnak—but the large temple of Luxor is right here, three minutes' walk from the hotel. You can take a carriage and drive to Karnak, or, which I prefer, take donkeys and ride out there in half an hour. I have been out once this week and shall go again to-morrow afternoon. The day I was there, Wednesday, it was so hot that, with the dust raised by the men and boys who are working in the extensive excavations, I couldn't stand it for more than an hour—and so did little more






than sit in the shade and take in the enormities of the surroundings. Everything is on a gigantic scale. The ruins cover nearly 1000 acres, taking the temple of Mut as part of the whole. There are some six pylons—tremendous massive entrance-ways—portals, or whatever you might call them. They are great wedge-shaped masses of stone, 150 feet in length, 100 feet high, 20 feet wide on top and some 40 feet at the bottom. They are laid up with large stones on smoothly dressed beds without mortar and the outsides are all covered with big figures of Rameses or some other great fellow—striding along with one hand gripping the hair of a lot of poor wretches while the other grasps a club with which he is threatening them, or else he has accomplished this demolition and is now seen making offerings to the gods, and they had a lot of them—Osiris, Hathor, Mut, Isis, and no end of others. Passing through the passageway of the pylons you find yourself in a large court with huge columns standing around the sides, and passing through this large court you come to a huge hall with several rows of columns 9 feet in diameter, standing about 10 feet apart, that are some 50 feet in height with huge stones reaching from one column to another making a roof, and the under surface, or ceiling, is all covered with hieroglyphics, cartouches, symbols, etc., etc.—dogs, cats, cattle, monkeys, etc., etc.—pretty nearly everything was either to eat or to be worshipped.

They had some queer ideas, those “ancients of days;” but I reckon that in 5000 A.D. there will be

some rather rude remarks passed upon the subscriber and his contemporaries should anything by any possibility be found that pertains to them or even to their century—which I greatly doubt. This Karnak Temple at one time contained several magnificent monoliths or obelisks, but only one is now standing. This is a splendid fellow though—10 feet square, 90 feet high—a flawless piece of Assuan red granite, the upper half of it covered with gold leaf once, the yellow tinge is still plainly visible. The four sides from top to bottom are all covered with cartouches of Rameses and his offspring, and inscriptions telling of his mighty deeds, of course from his point of view; and you must remember that there was no false modesty or retiring bashfulness in those days, at least in the household of Rameses. So far I have found no evidence of humility or nervous sensitiveness in the gentleman. He needed no trumpeter to go in advance and let people know that he was out for a walk. When he got a move on him he only grabbed up a club, grabbed all the people by the hair that were standing around, and started down street with the lot dangling at his hand like a “fly-brush.” The only peace of mind in those days was enjoyed by those who had passed quietly away before R. the Second came into his own.

This man, Rameses, set up huge granite figures of himself, some sitting, some standing. He generally had a little female figure cut in the same stone standing just back of him and by his side. The figure standing is

about 7 feet high and the top of her head comes just to his knee and is about the size of his big toe in circumference. That was his wife—or at least one of them. It would take about a dozen like that to make noise enough to let him know they were about.

In looking at these old temples and tombs you soon come to know a few things that are being constantly found—for instance , a line like that denotes water, generally the Nile; , that is a god; , that is the key of life, and you see it every where, no god, goddess, or king ever appeared without one of these  bow-pins in his hand. , that means the son of the sun—the highest title that any “son of a gun” ever strove for. When you get these learned and know “Baksheesh” when you hear it, you are supposed to be an accomplished Egyptologist and globe-trotter.

Yesterday was another very warm day, the thermometer ranging about 80 degrees in the shade all day.

To-day we had a nice cool breeze from the north and so I took my regular donkey-boy—who by the way is a full-grown man with a family—and crossed the river and went first some five miles to see the Tombs of the Queens—so-called—although one of them that I saw was the tomb of a son of Rameses II. These tombs have all been discovered within the past two years; unlike the Tombs of the Kings, which lie on the further side of the mountain, they have never been molested or disfigured and are particularly lovely, and the walls are covered with the most exquisite carvings and fresh color-

ings in bright blues, yellows, and reds, as fresh as if just laid on. It must have been a joyful surprise to open such splendid ancient things as these. After spending a couple of hours here I rode over to the Rest House near Queen Hatisu's temple and took lunch, and after an hour and a half, again taking my donkey, I returned past the Ramesseum, which is mostly in ruins, seeing the enormous broken statue of Rameses II, which is the biggest thing he ever got out for himself, and which is now knocked to pieces—the work of that hoary old scoundrel Cambyses, who never let any occasion pass when he could get a rap at his arch-enemy Rameses. His shade (Rameses) must have groaned in rage when C. split him in two at the midriff—or, as Kipling puts it, “It must have been the flower of his torment.”

To-morrow I make my last visit to Karnak—Tuesday I take the *Egypt* on her downward trip and reach Cairo next week Sunday night if nothing happens. There are rumors of cholera in the Holy Land and I shall feel uneasy about the quarantine until I get clear of Alexandria, so I can't say when I may leave Egypt for Genoa, Nice, etc.



## XXXII

LUXOR, January 15.

I AM beginning my weekly letter to-day so as to make sure of getting it off day after to-morrow, as I learn that this will insure catching the mail steamer from Alexandria and the delivery in New York in fourteen days; otherwise there would be four to six days' delay. This may account for your failing to get a letter each week while I was up the Nile. To-day is the first day since we landed in Egypt (December 2) that has not been full of sunshine. The sky is overclouded and there is quite a cool wind and the air seems moist. The old residents say that it is owing to the dam at Assuan holding back the water and the creation of the large lake above Philæ. This is probably the true cause of it.

I had made all my arrangements to leave here to-day by the *S. S. Egypt* for Cairo, but as I heard that it is still cool there, and as this hotel is most comfortable, with excellent coffee, nice rooms, and many pleasant guests, I decided yesterday that I would remain here another week and go down on the *S. S. Rameses the Great*, which is the same steamer your dear mother and I made the trip on in '93; this will bring me to Cairo a week from next Sunday (the 26th). I will probably go to Genoa or Marseilles the first or second week in February. I have made the acquaintance of a very pleasant young man who is the principal banker here; and yesterday, which was the Arabs' Christmas, he in-

vited me to come up to their storehouse and see the annual distribution of grain to the poor, which I was very glad to do. The granary is simply a piece of ground some 150 feet square surrounded by a high, sun-dried brick wall—on the bare ground and without any cover were piled large quantities of all kinds of cereals grown hereabouts, wheat, corn, peas, and beans. Just inside the large gate Mr. Loscol took his seat and two natives in his employ brought a large sack of wheat and a measure holding about a peck; there were two officers, natives, who stood between Mr. L. and the gate and they would let in a man or a woman, whichever was the nearest, and they would come and kneel down in front of L. and he would, with the help of the men, fill the measure and empty it into, generally, the loose end of the person's scarf, or whatever they call the long piece of cloth that they wrap around them; and they would wrap it up, express their thanks, and retire out of the gate and another right behind would go through the same process. This went on until two large sacks were emptied (probably 10 bushels). When the last one present had been supplied the gates were closed and the benefactions were at an end.

I asked L. how he knew that none but the truly deserving were helped, and he said that he sent out one or two men a few days in advance to inquire about them and then these were invited to come and his men were expected to remember them. It seemed to me to be a very praiseworthy act for so young a fellow, and I told

him so; and he said, well, he liked to help the poor, and at the same time it helped him. First, it made him very popular with the native element, who all liked him; and then they talked about it and it brought customers to his bank; and I noticed that when he and I walked about town all the Arabs would greet him and be very pleased when he responded. He took me out for a drive yesterday in the country to see a country dance, but when we reached there we found that one of the men had just died and there was to be no dance, but we had a kodak along and got some pictures of the natives which I enclose, also one showing the interior of the grain yard. I am looking at one of the piles of wheat. The young woman behind me is a young lady from Zürich who was also invited to see the Christmas presentation. Loscol is by the side of me. Loscol keeps bachelor quarters over his bank and has invited me to dinner with him, and I shall enjoy seeing how he lives. He was born in Egypt—but his parents are English, descended from Sicilians, hence the name. He is about twenty-four years old, speaks English, French, Arabic, and Italian like a native of each country, and seems to be a very good business man. He is the manager of the bank here, which is a branch of a large concern doing business in all of the principal cities of the country. He looks and speaks like a thorough English young gentleman.

I was greatly surprised and pleased yesterday morning while I was eating my breakfast to see entering the dining-room two ladies whom I met in Pasadena last

winter—a Mrs. M. and a Mrs. T., both middle-aged. Mrs. M. was the one who owned one of the prettiest places there and whose house I was sorely tempted to buy. I used to go and look at it every few days and long for it. Her husband has died since then and she joined Mrs. T. over here last October and is intending to spend a year or more abroad. Mrs. T. is the inheritor of large wealth and the principal owner of the Thomas Clock Factory in the East somewhere. She spends her winters at the "Hotel Green" in Pasadena. I couldn't for my life place them when they first came in and was much embarrassed when they smiled pleasantly when our eyes met and I had to go over and speak with them, but Mrs. M. relieved the situation by saying: "I don't believe you know who we are;" and I said, "Your faces are most familiar, but I can't for my life place you," but the instant she said "Pasadena," then it was cleared up.

They are making the mad mistake of rushing things. They came up on a train, have gone out to the Tombs of the Kings to-day, and are going by train to Cairo Friday, and then to Sicily, and so on, asking everybody what is worth seeing and then deciding which of the lot they will take in.

I forgot to tell you of a funny incident that happened yesterday when Loscol and I were driving out in the country to see the dance; something happened to the harness and the driver stopped to fix it, and a little native boy about ten or twelve years old came along and saw the kodak and at once ran up to the top of a little knoll

near by and, tearing off his rag of a scarf, stood absolutely naked—a little bit of a most exquisite bronze god you ever saw, and smiled a welcome into our eyes, inviting the kodak to a supreme endeavor to fasten this young Adonis in our collection of antiquities. Our dragoman glanced at his nudities and with a flourish of a stick and picking up his rag and throwing it after him bade him begone with his indecencies and perfect little human figure. He scampered away quite crest-fallen that his efforts should be so grossly misconstrued. He wasn't half so bad as some of the statues in the Uffizi and the Vatican and much more pleasing and admirable. I quite wondered where this native dragoman had imbibed the effete civilization that brought about this activity in suppressing such slight infringement on our ideas of decency. He would be beyond price to our friend Anthony Comstock in New York.

Our American mail is due to-morrow and I will leave this until I receive your letters and then be able to touch any points you may bring up in them.

The 16th.

The mail has only brought me one American letter and that was from dear Betsey. I am so glad to know that she is all right again and riding her horse once more.

On my trip up the Nile I made a very pleasant acquaintance in Mrs. Maud Holbach, the authoress of "Dalmatia" and other books. She and her husband are doing the Nile in a leisurely fashion, and she is writing more or less every day. He is a German and she is

English. I should put them at say fifty and thirty-eight to forty years of age. He is an expert with a kodak and illustrates her works. You will find "Dalmatia" interesting reading if you have not read it before. It is published in the U. S. by John Lane, New York.

He, Mr. Holbach, plays poor whist, but better than none. Outside of that he is a very good companion and we have walks and talks together. They were at Asuan and now have come down here and we shall see them again in Cairo. They spent a winter in California some twelve years ago.

To-day has been the only disagreeable day I ever knew in Egypt. The north wind has blown strong all day and the sand has been much in the air. You wouldn't think it was anything in winter at home, but here it causes remark. It isn't cool enough for any fire or overcoats. I hope some more mail may come to-morrow before it is time to finally mail this.

### XXXIII

CAIRO, January 27.

I LEFT Luxor last Wednesday morning and reached the landing place (where you take donkeys for the visit to Abydos) about midnight. Abydos lies on the west side of the Nile and about eight and one-half miles back in the country near the foot of the bluffs. Here are the ruins of the temples of Rameses II and Sethos I. There are only from 5 to 8 feet in height of the walls of the former left standing, but you can trace the different divisions, and from the remaining portions of the wall you can get a faint idea of what the temple was before its destruction. The material is a very fine-grained white limestone, and on this were traced most graceful and beautiful designs, and then covered with bright colors of blue, yellow, and red. These colors are now as fresh and perfect as if just laid on. It is only a few hundred feet from this over to the Sethos temple.

This is in a much better state of preservation. Many of the rooms are almost perfect and the splendor of the temple is very apparent. There were a few points about this of special interest; for instance, the roofs of seven of the rooms are arched, and this was accomplished by laying two horizontal very thick courses of stone across the top or ceiling of the room and then cutting out the arch up into the stones, thus,



These ceilings are all painted with bright colors, generally in blue with stars in white representing the heavens.

The walls are of the same white limestone cut in high reliefs with figures of men, women, and animals, and these are all colored, and on one wall I saw the famous Tablet of Abydos, on which are the cartouches or names of seventy-four kings of Egypt. These cartouches are also in relief and you can perhaps imagine the immense amount of labor necessary to cut away the face of these stones to leave these reliefs clear and distinct. There are many of the massive columns standing with their papyrus capitals, and one gets a very good idea of the sumptuousness of this temple when it was at its best. The ride of seventeen miles on an easy-gaited donkey was not in the least tiresome and I stood it without batting an eye, as they say.

One other stop we made at Tell el-Amarna, where we walked for eight minutes through a wheatfield to see a most exquisite bit of stucco pavement that was once the floor of the harem of King Amenophis IV. This was discovered only a short time ago and so far nothing else of this gorgeous palace has been unearthed. The stucco was painted with figures of flowers, animals, and fishes, all most perfectly drawn and exquisitely colored. The flowers and fishes were as well executed as anything of the kind is done to-day, and the coloring is perfectly preserved. It was most extraordinary to find this remnant of 3300 years ago, revealing the fact of the existence of luxury at that far distant period.

We reached the upper bridge here at Cairo yesterday at 11 A.M., but the wind was blowing so strong that



it took us until 4 P.M. to get through the draw. I do not like to criticize the navigators of Cook's steamers but it seemed to me that it was unnecessary to turn the steamer three times clear around to get through, and together with this and the shouting and yelling of about fifty intensely excited Arabs who seemed to have gone completely daft, I became quite disgusted. And so I am at the end of my Nile journey with some interesting things in mind, of which I will tell you. One evening young Loscol, the banker of Luxor, came down to my hotel to play whist and brought along the clergyman who runs the church in Luxor during the winter. He was a middle-aged man named Grass. He was a jolly fellow and the next day I asked Loscol about him, and he said he was a very good friend of his, that he liked a good pipe, drank his whisky and soda, and told a good story. Said I, "I suppose he isn't very much of a minister or cares very much about religion."

His answer was amusing, "Oh! yes he does, do you know he is quite *keen* on religion."

That was a new one on me. Loscol had a roller-top desk in his office made in Grand Rapids and an American refrigerator in his rooms, and then I appreciated the fact that the United States is extending its business into foreign countries and understood how it is that our exports have reached such large figures as compared with only a few years ago. On the steamer coming down there was a man by the name of Douglas Sladen, who is an author. One of his books is called "The Japanese

Marriage," and he is on this trip collecting material for another book to be out next October, published by the Lippincotts, whether a romance or a book of travel I did not learn. He is to remain here in Cairo until April and will prepare his book here.

Another interesting character was Carl von Faber, the founder of the great pencil manufactory. He has retired from the business now, although he holds a controlling interest in it. He is also one of the largest stockholders in the Hamburg American S. S. Company. I will give you briefly some of the interesting things he told me in the smoking saloon yesterday while we were describing circles in the river. The pencil company turns out 500 million pencils a year; they own large tracts of timber in the U. S.; on this land the cedar is but a small per cent. of the total growth so they sell the other timber, oak, chestnut, etc., to a firm in Hamburg, so that their cedar costs them nothing. Their works are in Brooklyn and near Munich. They work 800 men in Brooklyn and some ten times as many in Munich. Labor is so high in the U. S. that the business there only nets them about 5 per cent., while in Bavaria it pays three to four times as much. They would not keep up their works in the States were it not that they wish to keep up their name and reputation in America.

Mr. Faber was the German Government Commissioner to the World's Fairs in Chicago and St. Louis, and when in the U. S. for the St. Louis Fair called on the President in Washington and expressed himself

about the great destruction of forest timber that was going on in the States, and was much pleased by the President's interest in the subject. Mr. F. said, "For present gain you are destroying the forests for which the coming generations will have to suffer. . . . Any true lover of his country will sacrifice everything for his country and you Americans if you love your country will not allow this great evil to continue, but do as we do in Germany, make every man who cuts down a tree plant a new one to take its place." F. got greatly excited and talked very forcibly and most interestingly. I have no doubt that Roosevelt was distinctly moved by the old man's eloquence.

Finally we drifted to German politics, and I asked him if he had read the book of Hohenlohe; and this opened up the fountain of his suppressed wrath, and here is about what he had to say: Hohenlohe was a senile old man, just the one for Bismarck to handle as he wished, and for this reason Bismarck recommended to the old Emperor his appointment. That Hohenlohe was a very vain man and was always dilating on his own doings and wanted to be continually talked about. As for his story of the trouble between the present Emperor and Bismarck that resulted in Bismarck's retirement, he said he knew all about it. That prior to the old Emperor's death when Bismarck would attend on His Majesty to have him look over and approve with his royal signature the State papers, the old Emperor would go off to sleep while Bismarck was reading the public

papers and explaining them and then when he would waken he would say, "Oh! I don't want to be bothered with these things, get them all ready and I will sign the lot or whatever you want me to;" and once B. said to some friend, "When that young fellow (referring to the present Emperor of Germany) comes into power, which he will soon do, for his father has but a short time to live, he is going to make himself very active in affairs." And when he did come into power Bismarck retired to his country seat and young William sent word to him that he must come into Berlin and be on hand for consultations; and then Bismarck sent back word that he wasn't well enough to come into Berlin, and the King sent word that of course it could not be expected that the King should go out to the Prime Minister's house to see him, that he must come in and be at his post or else he must resign. Bismarck paid no attention to this for eight days and then the King took counsel of his Cabinet, and Bismarck heard of this and called on His Majesty and told him he had no right to speak to the other secretaries, that there was a law saying that the King must have his consultations with his Cabinet through the Prime Minister. "Well," says William, "if there is any such law you draw up another one repealing that and have it passed at once." This B. point blank refused to do and went away out to his country place.

William waited eight days again so as to give the old Chancellor time to think it over and improve his manners, but when the eight days had passed William

appeared at Bismarck's house or palace, dressed in full uniform of the General in Chief of the German Army, at 6 o'clock in the morning, and announced himself and demanded an immediate audience with the Chancellor. Bismarck was in bed but at once got up, hurried into his clothes, and presented himself. King William didn't let any grass grow under his feet, but said:

"As your King I gave you orders, that under pretense of law you disregarded; now, sir, as General in Chief of the German Army I give you, an officer in my army, the order to have the law amended, and, by God! you want to do it and do it quick or I'll have you court-martialed and disgracefully discharged. I want you to understand that I am not to be trifled with another day, and that's not all. You think you are the power in Germany. You may have been, but from the day I took my oath of office I am King, by God! can you understand that? and now, sir, I want your resignation or you will be discharged without it. I am the man who is head now."

And this closed Act I. William ordered another member of his Cabinet to draw up a law making him supreme and they passed it. Bismarck retired, and the German Government has survived the blow. Bismarck's own son, Count Herbert, told this to Von Faber, and he said he knew it was a true story of the affair. He also said that Bismarck was a great man, but in this he was a great fool, and his very best friends felt that he had made the mistake of his life. I wish I could describe

this whole interview as it occurred, for Mr. Faber gave it the dramatic touch that this lacks. Faber is an interesting character and is going to be here (at Shepherd's) for two or three weeks, and I am looking forward with interest to some further talks with him.

This morning I was much pleased to meet several Americans; Gov. W. H. Upham and Dr. Richardson, who was pastor of St. James Church, and they introduced several others who were fellow-passengers on the Atlantic. Upham invited me up to lunch with him to-day and I there met his wife and we had a very pleasant visit. They are also to be here for some weeks. After lunch to-day we came out into the lobby and I saw a very familiar face and at once decided it was Hall Caine's. I knew him from his pictures so frequently seen in the magazines. There is no mistaking him.

I am very sorry to say Egypt is not keeping up her reputation. It was raining yesterday when I got here and it has rained all day at intervals, and a cold north wind has been blowing a gale, so that I have remained in doors, barring the Upham lunch. I am sorry that I left Assuan and Luxor if this beastly weather is to continue. The oldest residents have never seen such weather as this before. The thermometer has been down to 50 degrees to-day, which with the dampness and no heat in the rooms makes it anything but agreeable. Dukes, duchesses, counts, lords, and all that sort of people are so thick that they have really grown quite commonplace. There is a Captain Collins who married Lady Eveline,

youngest daughter of the Duke of Bedford, both of whom (the Collinses) are very flashy and common. She strides around the halls and lobbies puffing cigarettes and holding her head so high that decent people laugh at her. And then there is a Captain somebody of the Royal Cavalry who is on his wedding trip with a foolish, doll-like, thin, willowy creature, both of whom suck their soup out of the end of their spoons and bite their bread—and a Russian Count and his pretty wife, who behave themselves and put on no airs. Oh! how soon you can tell good blood “to the manner born.” Shepheard’s is crowded, the great halls and lobbies are full, and it is an interesting thing to sit after dinner and watch the play go on. I shall hope that this letter will not be altogether without interest to you even if it has strung itself out unwarrantably—but the dismal outside has made it pardonable at least in my eyes to hold you for this long little talk on the “passing show.” I am now beginning to count the weeks between this and a sight of all your dear faces.

## XXXIV

CAIRO, February 2.

THE past week has gone quickly. There is so much going on in the streets and in the great halls and lobbies of this big hotel that some way the time flies and the day has gone before you know it. This past week I have given up mostly to the study of the old city. Cairo lies on the level plateau between the bluffs on the east and the Nile on the west (approximately 5 miles in width). The Ezbekiyeh—a little park, of 20 acres only—rather marks the western limits of the old city, and between that and the river are found the wider streets and pavements and the more modern business houses and residences.

The Ezbekiyeh was named after a famous general, Emir Ezbek. A mosque was erected here in honor of his victories in 1495, and in 1870 the park was laid out by M. Barillet, the Chief Gardener of Paris. It contains a theatre, small lake, a great variety of rare and beautiful trees and shrubs, with an artificial mound with a spiral walk leading to the summit, with a belvedere and grotto and a log building on top from which a fine view of the park is obtained. There are several cafés, and the band plays here in the afternoon from 3 to 5. There are four gates of entrance where there are turnstiles and a charge of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents or half a piastre is charged for admittance. This may strike an American as peculiar, as parks are generally open to the public free with us—but this would not do here, as the place would be



crowded with Arabs lying all over the ground. As it is the small fee keeps them out.

The improvement in widening the streets and sidewalks is already extending to the old part of the city, and new and modern buildings penetrate down the Muski for a block or two, and threaten to invade it further in the near future. The Muski begins just outside the park and runs pretty nearly in a direct line east for over a mile to the foot of the bluff where the Tombs of the Caliphs are found. It is the main business street of old Cairo and is about 25 feet wide with sidewalks  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide raised about six inches above the street, and is built up solidly the entire length with one- and two-story buildings, little shops on the ground floor—generally with large show-rooms in the rear, of the larger dealers. Every little ways there are narrow alleys leading off at right angles, and on these are found the famous bazaars of all the different industries, and these are mostly confined to one particular branch. There is one where shoes are exclusively made, another of gold and silver workers, another of rugs, another of tents, another of brass workers, and so on, every branch having its own bazaar. The merchants stand at the doors and invite the passers-by to come in and take a look. “Do not ask you to buy, only come in and look,” they say; but you are more than human if you get out of the bazaar district without having parted with some of your dinars.

The University here, the Gamia el-Azhar (the

blooming), is the most important monument of the Fatimite period. It was founded as a University in 988, A.D., has about 9000 regular students. You enter a door with a fine arch overhead—at the entrance an Arab ties on your feet big leather slippers so that your plebeian shoes won't profane the holy floor. You pay P. T. 2, which means 2 piastres (ten cents), and a guide accompanies you into a large open court—paved as to floor, with covered arcades running around the four sides, the centre space being without roof—and here squatted on the floor are hundreds of men and boys reading and writing, learning the Koran by heart. From this court, which is some 300 feet square, you pass through archways into other courts, filled as the first, with men and boys all reading and writing; there are no desks, no seats, and you will come across a line of some twenty or thirty all in a row on their knees repeating the Koran and salaaming to the floor in regular cadence. They are supposed to learn the Koran so as to repeat it from memory after first learning the Arabic grammar, then religious science, then the Laws. The term of study is from four to six years. There are 319 teachers who lecture in the morning, from a small table on which they squat; and when a fellow has gotten to the point where he can answer any question propounded by the Professor then he is allowed to squat on a table and do his stunt in the lecture business. The area of the main sanctuary or study court is 3600 square yards. Around on the sides of these various courts are rooms for the students to

sleep in and cases for holding the books. There is no charge for tuition.

Before I forget it, and before going further, I must tell you of my great surprise, in going down one of these dirty, unpaved, dark little alleys. I came to the bazaar of the jewelers and here in their miserable little shops I saw the most magnificent display of gems and settings I ever saw, necklaces worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, jewels for the hair, rings, every conceivable ornament worked with admirable skill and richness. How in the world they can make, and, more extraordinary, how they can sell immensely costly and beautiful things in such miserable surroundings is beyond my imagination.

From the University I went through other and yet dirtier and more odorous lanes and came to the Gamia el-Muayyad, a great mosque built in 1422, with massive bronze doors, the finest in the city. It is being restored in the most gorgeous fashion with mosaics in marble and precious stones, inlaid with mother of pearl, and the ceilings in exquisitely carved cedar. Many of the ceilings of these mosques are most beautifully carved and then painted in fresh and glowing colors which give great effect to the lofty roofs. To-day I have been over to the "Ghezireh Palace" which was, as you know, built for the temporary sojourn of the Empress Eugenie at the opening of the Suez Canal. Now it is turned into a high-class hotel, considered the most exclusive in the city. It is run by the same company who operate Shepheards,

and you can take a ticket from the latter (if you are a guest) and go over and lunch at the former without extra charge. This is what I did and after my cigar I took a cab and drove out some two and a half miles on the road to the Pyramids, to the Zoo. This is a fine affair; large grounds, beautifully laid out and full of tropical and luxuriant foliage, with a large collection of animals, birds, snakes, etc. There are three enormous giraffes there, by far the largest I have ever seen; and I was interested in one animal that seemed to be a cross between a goat and a deer, a very handsome and well-proportioned beast, about three and a half times larger than the ordinary sheep and of a rich deep brown color. It was presented to the Gardens by Gen. Kitchener, who found it near Assuan when he was extending the railway south to Khartum. It had a Latin name that I didn't try to remember.

The first part of last week was very cold and damp and I didn't do much except to get out each day and have a good walk for exercise. To-day and Friday and Saturday were fine days, and this week I shall visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx and the great museum again; and this reminds me that I spent Thursday morning in the Arabian Museum, which is an entirely different affair from the Cairo Museum. This is for collecting and preserving things of all sorts which are distinctly Arabic as distinguished from Egyptian. There is a large and most valuable collection of illustrated Korans, some fine specimens of ancient bindings, copies of books,

written centuries ago contemporary with the “ Arabian Nights’ Entertainments ”; and I saw titles of books that I have heard mentioned and seen quotations from that hitherto were myths to me, but hereafter realities. Then there were all sorts of carvings in stone, wood, bronze, and iron. These are all in wonderfully designed geometrical figures. In this sort of work, this intricate pattern-work, I mean, the Arabs seemed to have reached the very limit. I tried to sketch one or two of them but got hopelessly mixed on them. They make cabinets, doors, boxes, chests, etc., that are gems of art. I only wish I could take home a lot of them. Then there are splendid specimens of gold and silver inlaid work and these all covered with the intricate tracery.

## XXXV

CAIRO, February 6.

THIS morning there was a brisk northwester, but we took carriages and drove to the gate of the Citadel, to which point we had sent donkeys; we mounted these here and rode up the small hill, passing the so-called Joseph's Well, and then down, crossing by a bridge the railway line to Heluan where it passes through the solid rock in a channel 60 or 70 feet in depth. It seems strange that they did not tunnel here, but perhaps they had abundant use for the stone. Ascending the Mokattam Hills, from here we had excellent views of the tremendous quarries which have been worked almost continually since the days of the pyramid builders. No one can get the least accurate idea of the enormity of these immense excavations unless they have seen them. They are several hundred feet in depth, with perpendicular faces through solid limestone which lies in a seamless mass from the summit clear down to the great depths that are at present being worked. All of the stone for all of the pyramids was taken from here, embracing millions of cubic yards, too vast to be conceived of by the human mind. To me these quarries were one of the most interesting and impressive sights in or about Cairo, easily second to the pyramids themselves. They establish the fact that no earthquakes have ever disturbed them. What a wonderful tale their history would unfold.

February 7.

To-day we have been with the Lockwoods through Old Cairo on donkeys, visiting one or two old mosques and Coptic churches. It is an ever interesting kaleidoscope, these old streets thronged as they are with every nationality and costume, all sorts of things going on, and with din and noise enough to drive one crazy, and over and above all the cry for baksheesh rings clear and distinct.

The mosque Gamia Ibn Tulun is the oldest in Cairo, built in 876 and 878 A. D. It occupies an area of 30,720 square yards. It is of the same design as the Kaaba at Mecca, but without columns. A Christian prisoner in return for his release built the entire edifice out of new material. The construction is of brick covered with stucco, the ornamentation is made by carvings both on stucco and wood. The frieze in the corridors surrounding the court is of wood brought from Mount Ararat and taken from Noah's Ark. I have never heard this statement questioned by Noah or any of his descendants. There are five wide aisles three hundred feet long with columns carrying the flat roof, and on the three sides are three aisles; the columns are massive and square and are connected by arches on a longitudinal line. The interior court is 300 feet square; in the centre stands a dome-topped fountain and on the further side from the entrance just beyond the outer wall rises the minaret, built of stone, and peculiar in being square in its lower section and round above. It is worth while to

mount to the top of it, for there you get a better and more extensive view of the city and the surrounding country than from any point I have visited. This mosque is no longer used as a place of worship, I suppose for the reason that it has no covered or enclosed sanctuary.

Wednesday, February 7.

I leave here to-morrow and before doing so I must set down my impressions and conclusions as to the Arabs or natives of Egypt. The men are large physically, with well-shaped heads and bodies; they are very temperate. In my stay of over a month here in Cairo and of more than a month in Assuan and Luxor I have never seen a native under the influence of alcohol in the slightest degree. They are good-natured, glad to serve if you are good to them, honest and obliging; very grateful for kindness and good treatment, quick to learn, nimble and active, and make the best of servants. I have known them only to like them; they are kind and tender to their women and children; they are mostly a fine-looking set of men and make excellent soldiers and policemen and have good executive ability. Thomas Cook & Son and all business men, such as bankers, merchants, etc., employ them generally in all sorts of positions, and they are trusted and treated as equals. They run the post-offices and locomotives; they are in throngs everywhere, and yet you never see or hear of a riot; they are a law-abiding people and possess a fund of quiet humor; and if you are green and verdant, as most visitors are at first,



they let your gibes and jokes pass as of the ignorant and ill-bred. They ask for baksheesh on all occasions, not so much to beg as to satisfy your inquisitive curiosity as to when the request will be forthcoming. They are thankful for a smile, and a half of a piastre raises them to the rank of millionaires.

## XXXVI

CAIRO, February 8.

LAST Monday, February 3, was the Egyptian Fourth of July and was much like our Fourth, only they are civilized enough over here to prohibit firecrackers and all that sort of nonsense, nuisance, and danger. Why on earth "the most civilized people in the world" should tolerate what we do in that line, viz., burn up about \$250,000 worth of property and kill about a thousand people each year, for which there is no equivalent, is more than any man can find out.

Here business was generally suspended. The Khedive had receptions all day and his published list read like a timetable on the railway: 10 o'clock he received the officers of his staff; 10:30 his cabinet ministers; 11 the different corps, etc. The entire day was parcelled off, some of it into fifteen-minute divisions. You were expected to be on hand at the stroke of the clock, and also you were expected to get through your politenesses and get out as promptly on time. There was no opportunity for any long-winded display of "gab," nor could any female with a repertoire of idiotic compliments have a chance to fire off her eloquence. The young person, who is "God anointed" in the yellow man's country, is quite a business-like fellow and doesn't cultivate people who run to words altogether. I should like to see some of our W. C. T. U., S. M.'s, or other talking folks of the female persuasion interviewing this hustling chap; I

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think they would come out of the *mêlée* with their hats down over one eye and their toilets disarranged. I got a glimpse of H. R. H. during the day. He went to the races in the late afternoon. He always goes out to those and so does everyone else who can raise the piastres. Now, after writing all the above about Fourth of July I look in my guide-book and behold it is New Year's day here. Well it doesn't matter. It was a big day and everybody tried to enjoy himself, and the bands all played and so did everybody else.

Tuesday was my great day I set it apart to spend with the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and I did just that. I drove out to the further end of the great Nile bridge and then got on to the train, and in a forty-five minute ride landed at the Meena House and took a donkey and rode up the long winding hill road and came abreast of the biggest thing in the world, the "Gizeh Pyramid"; my little book on "Egypt" gives you the exact size of it, but I don't suppose any one of you ever stopped to think what an enormous pile of rock it is. Our city blocks are generally 300 feet on each side with a 60 feet street on each side, now take four full blocks, streets and all, and put up a building covering every inch of the ground and build it forty-five stories high of 10-foot ceilings, and you get a fair idea of it. One hundred thousand men worked three months in each year at it for twenty years and then it wasn't altogether finished. Old Cheops had some common sense along with his aspiring ambition, for he only worked those 100,000 Arabs

during the portion of the year when they were not required to farm it. He also believed in keeping everybody busy, and that, all the time. They plowed, and hoed, and reaped, and threshed, and stored, besides working the shadûf between times. New Year's or the Fourth of July never interfered with his ideas of the rights of men to work, whether they would or not. The stones are about as thick as it is from the ground to the first button below the collar of my coat. I know, for I got up against one and marked the place, but since then I have neglected to measure myself over that part of my anatomy so I can't give you any closer figures. If the coat doesn't wear out before I get home I will get John Nelson to stand his horse measure up against me and read it off; remind me of this when I return. Don't imagine there is anything of interest about the pyramids except the size, for there isn't.

I wouldn't have a pyramid myself if anyone offered to give me one, but the thing that is full of interest, that is worth coming here to see, that possesses a fascination you can't explain and which yet has an overpowering hold on you, no matter how you try to throw it off, that lives fresh in your mental vision, and that haunts your dreams, is the Sphinx. The poor, dumb face has suffered terrible mutilation. The nose has been worked as a quarry, the cheeks are torn and disfigured, one of the ears is half torn off; but in spite of all these disfigurements there is a look in the eyes, a smile on the lips, and you stand spellbound before the lofty majesty of that fine face, and your heart warms in the beneficence

of that indescribable smile. Who first drew the lines for the sculptor's chisel, who first thought of creating this great crouching lion and completing the conception with a human head of such colossal proportions, and then putting the sorrow and the joys of the whole world into the rough texture of limestone and giving it the sensuous look that has made it alive, even after the thousands of years that have rolled over it, that has lived for all these years a masterpiece, and always will so live, I don't know; but he ranks, outranks, Shakespeare and Praxiteles. The body of the creature is somewhere about 187 feet in length. The distance from the top of the head to the base on which the paws rest is about sixty-six feet; the proportions of this crouching lion are all perfect. You walk around it; you can climb on top of its back and walk from the big haunches up to the back of the neck; you can stand in front of it on a hillock of sand and bring your face nearly on a level with its eyes. The mouth is seven and one-half feet in width, the nose, forehead, and chin proportionately large, and after you have read all of this in your guide-book and checked it off you gaze into that face and the mutilations all disappear. The gigantic features lose their prominence and all at once, as if waking from a dream, the human soul of the thing gazes at you from a deep serenity; and the infinite beauty of the smile dwelling in those eyes and resting on those lips overwhelms you with a feeling that you never felt before, will never feel again, and can never, never forget. Camera, brush, and pen have all tried in vain to reproduce the smile on Da Vinci's Mona

Lisa, the tragic sorrow of Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne, the majestic gaze of Cheops' Sphinx, but it can never be done. The artist's soul entered into the base material and nothing but destruction can take the one immortal thing from it.

The Sphinx lies amidst the hills of light sand on the edge of the Lybian Desert, and the winds sift the sands to and fro over the creature, and it is almost impossible to keep it from being again buried out of sight. Constant work would be required and the Government does not give it, consequently the creature is partially buried at this time. Fancy a dog lying down with his two forepaws stretched out in front and those covered completely with sand, and that brought up so you cannot see where the legs begin, and you have the figure as it now lies in the sand. There is said to be an altar between its forepaws—but there is none in sight. I have perhaps given too much space to my views about the Sphinx, but when you come to see it, which I trust you may all sometime do, you will excuse the exuberance of my fancy.

This week I have had the pleasure of meeting here some old friends, Mr. L., wife, and sister, of San Antonio, Mr. A. of Chicago, the well-known antiquarian, and Gen. W. of Paris, whom I knew when we lived in Peoria. I am now arranging to go to Marseilles and Nice a week from Thursday next, where I shall be until March 5, and then visit Nimes and other adjacent towns and reach Paris the 15th of March, and be there until I sail for home, doing the Chateau meantime and going to Rheims, Mount St. Michel, etc.

## XXXVII

NICE, February 18.

It was so damp and cold at Cairo that on Thursday last I left and went to Alexandria and took the English Co.'s new ship *Cairo* and reached Naples Saturday evening at 11 o'clock, too late to go on shore, and left there Sunday at 4 A.M. The trip from Alexandria to Naples was over smooth water and the ship was fresh and clean and very steady. When we left Naples a strong N. W. gale began, and by Sunday evening was blowing "great guns," as the sailormen say; but we did not feel it very much until about 9 P.M., when we had passed the Straits of Bonifacio, where we struck tremendous seas; and from that until after we had crossed the Gulf of Lyons we were rolling and pitching, and had the screws out of water, which made our ship cry out in her agony I can assure you, and there was not much sleep before daylight. I don't remember having passed such a disagreeable night since the one Norton and I *enjoyed* on the *Germanic* in February many years ago on my first trip over the North Atlantic. Our ship was very long. I can't give actual dimensions, but the promenade deck, which we walked, was 321 feet in length, and that was about half the total length; and our bows would move through an arc of what seemed to me to be at least fifty feet; and when her tail would go up in the air the spinning turbines would make her shake like a water spaniel when he jumps out of a cold bath. It wasn't agreeable, to say the least.

We reached Marseilles at 10:30 A.M. yesterday and were only detained at the customs for about ten minutes. They went through my grip and checked the rest; and I took a *voiture* and drove up to the Art Museum and saw two very good Corots and a most interesting piece of statuary called "The Foolish Virgins," and a "nude" after the style of "Bouguereau"—a young girl lying on a bit of green, with exquisite flesh coloring—but the artist's name I don't remember, only it was not "Roll," although quite good enough to be. Then I walked back to the "Hotel de la Paris," got a good lunch, and strolled about until 4, and then took the "Rapide" and reached here at 8:05 last evening and came at once to the new hotel just opened, the "Majestic Palace," and found delightful quarters; nice room with a bath and steam heat, southern exposure, and most appetizing food, including fine coffee, which is scarce over here but a rest to the soul when found.

On my trip from Alexandria I found in the ship's library under the head of "Theological Works" Mark Twain's "Christian Science"—that is about as good a thing as I have met with amongst "English curiosities." I am going to write Mr. Samuel L. Clemens and tell him of the honor conferred. I also want to tell Kathleen to buy a book written by Mr. Sladen and Miss Lorimer called "More Queer Things About Japan," and she will find it, I think, one of the most entertaining books she has read. There is another by the same authors, "Queer Things About Japan," which I haven't seen,

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but if she will buy it I will read it when I return. I had the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of both of these people on the Nile and liked them very much and hope to see them in America. They spent three years in Japan preparing these books.

The weather here is sunny and bright and warmer and much dryer than in Cairo. Egypt was not up to the past records this winter and Pasadena beats it "all hollow." Speaking of Cairo reminds me that I wish to devote a little space to the animal called "Port yea" (portier), who exists only in foreign countries, but he is to be found in every hotel from St. Petersburg to the Cape of Good Hope. There are portiers and portiers, two distinct classes. One greets you with welcoming eyes as you rise upon his horizon and with soft voice and pleasant way, absolutely indescribable and yet so real, bids you enter the home he has especially prepared for you, where you will find every comfort awaiting you; during your stay he anticipates your every wish, suggests in an unobtrusive way ideas making for your pleasure, and when you leave the gracious presence of this guide, philosopher, and friend, he bids you "God speed," "bon voyage," and the hope that he may see you soon again. The other sort, this one does not see you unless you arrive with a tooting auto; if you happen to be travelling with good Aunt Susan with a shawl and a hat somewhat awry, he nearly runs over you as he plunges down to greet "Milord." To all your inquiries he answers, if at all, by a short "Yes," or "No," without

reference to the almighty truth. He never suggests and invariably ignores. He imagines he owns the earth and looks upon you as a cumberer of the ground. When upon your departure you give him the unearned ducats that you have won by patient toil, he smiles in contempt, at least behind your back, and doesn't even touch his cap as you go forth. Of the first class I commend to you the portier of the Grand Hotel, Naples, and of the "Majestic Palace" in Nice, and at the same time beg you note the stupendous asses that reign in the Hotel Shephard, Cairo.

When I first left that hotel on going up the Nile, I gave to the portier then on duty a sovereign, with the request that he divide it with his associate; and he at once called out in a loud voice to him so that the hall full of visitors could all hear, "This gentleman has left this," holding the little coin up between his thumb and finger, "to be divided between us." Great scorn in his pronunciation of "divided." I thereupon placed a little rod in pickle for the two gents and when I left last week I went up to their counter and said in an equally clear and loud voice, handing him two five-franc pieces, "Please divide these between yourself and your colaborer in the field of baksheesh," and I got into the bus. He was as cold as ice just then but when I looked back as we swung around the corner his dull brain had somehow received an impression and his temperature had gone up at least to 205° Fahrenheit, and I wiped out the score.

## XXXVIII

NICE, February 20.

YESTERDAY I took the tram for Monte Carlo; the line follows the shore above the railway and presents fine views of the sea and of the mountain and the many beautiful villas built along the mountain side. It is much the better way to go between the two points; it takes one and a half hours but is not tiresome. Arriving at Monte Carlo I took lunch at the Hotel Paris, where they are robbers of the first class. They charged me sixty cents for a small glass of whisky and one dollar for one portion of spinach, and the rest of my order in proportion, but I got even with the town by going over to the Casino; I put a five-franc piece on number 19 on the first table and I had no more than done so before the croupier shoved 175 francs in gold over to me as the result of my venture in gambling on the green. Then as I had three separate five-franc pieces I put one on the centre column and lost, next played one on 27 and 28 crossing the table and won ten francs. This putting me ahead again I put two five-franc pieces on the black and doubled, then two on the red and lost, and then quit for the day. I enjoyed watching the other players more than taking chances on the whims of the little ball.

The days pass very rapidly walking on the Promenade des Anglais, the broad pavement fronting on the sea for over a mile, which is the favorite occupation for the visitors. During the hours of sunshine there are

always hundreds of people taking their constitutionals here, and the scene is one of gaiety and fashion. There are some stunning effects in toilettes to be seen here. Then there are the two casinos with their fine orchestras and large roulette tables going with crowds about them. And so walking, listening, and taking chances with one's spare francs the days pass without events worth chronicling.

## XXXIX

NICE, Sunday, February 23.

I WROTE you last Tuesday, the day after I reached here. The weather has been perfect ever since. The city is full of visitors coming here for the Carnival, which was opened by the arrival of the King of the Carnival last Thursday night, since which time there has been nothing doing excepting in the way of preparations for the Grand Parade, which comes off this afternoon. The principal streets are spanned with arches, with electric lights, flags, and the general display of the colors of the Festa, yellow and mauve. This festival is to last until next Sunday midnight, when the town will go wild and the mob become turbulent. Everyone in the procession on that last night must wear masks, and the colors in dress and hats will be required. I don't expect to take any part in the closing obsequies. It was so chilly last Thursday that I did not venture out and only saw the procession as it crossed the street just below my hotel; but I am going to see it this afternoon, when it will be at its best. I will send you a set of postals by mail and you can send them around, they give you a very fair idea of the show.

This town has grown all out of my recollections. There are more and larger hotels here than in any place I have ever been. This house, the "Majestic Palace," isn't completed yet, but they opened it last Thursday a week, and it is full now. It has 600 bedrooms, 250 bath-

rooms, steam heat, cold and hot water in every room; and the whole house, halls and everywhere are comfortably warm. The coffee is as good as we get at home, and the service is excellent. It is run by a Swiss and, as you know, they are the best hotel keepers in the world. There is nothing wanting. The grounds are being graded and planted, and when all is finished it will be a most imposing, convenient, and up-to-date house.

Monday, February 24.

Yesterday after lunch I took a carriage and drove down town and got in the line of carriages that went in the opposite direction to the Carnival Procession so as to see the whole show. The route lay along the Avenue de la Gare, which is the longest, widest, and straightest street in the city, extending from the Place de Massena to the Railway Station, some three-quarters of a mile. This avenue was spanned by arches, dotted with electric lights, and the sides were decorated by great festoons of colored trappings; all the buildings were draped with flags and bunting and the avenue was crowded with thousands of revellers and the ordinary populace; bands were stationed at small intervals, and were also in numbers amongst the moving throng. The revellers were mostly masked and wore all sorts of costumes and were dancing and singing, and nearly everyone carried a bag of paper confetti which was thrown at the passers-by, the occupants of carriages getting the majority of it. I know that my clothes and even my shoes were full of it

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when I got back to the hotel. I drove up and down the line twice and then went back to my room. After dinner, about half past eight, I walked down to the Avenue to get a sight of the street when illuminated, and was well repaid, as it was a most beautiful sight. The colors, green, mauve, and yellow, make a lovely combination, and the frolic was at its height. I only stayed a few minutes. It seemed as if every conceivable thing had been used in the get-up of the masqueraders. There were men and women ten and fifteen feet tall; heads as big as a barrel, with enormous wigs of rope; floats thirty feet high, representing great beasts, dragons, monsters of all kinds. I can't begin to tell you of all the wonderfully skilful devices. The postals will show you some of them.

I notice one thing here, and that is the absence of the English. They throng the lines of travel in Italy, Switzerland, and Egypt, but they are not in such vulgar evidence in France, at least here. I understand that in Cannes they are more numerous. It is not to be wondered at. They are distinctly at the other end from the French. In one of my former letters I wrote of the English from out the bitterness of my heart, provoked thereto by the presence of so many of the undesirable citizens of the Isle; let me expiate some of that by relating a few facts. The English do not see much in our American wit, nor in the persiflage of the French. They imagine that they are the particularly "chosen ones." They have all the traits which irritate and try us, but

they do things and they do them well. The French built the Suez Canal and it was a losing proposition. England sent her commerce around the Cape. Disraeli bought up the French shares at his own price and turned England's ships through the Canal, and dividends on Suez stock rose to 9 per cent., and the Disraeli shares are worth some seven or eight times what they cost. France built the barrage below Cairo to irrigate the Delta; when she had spent seven millions and had erected above the water a most imposing and magnificent reproduction of a gigantic medieval castle, with battlemented towers, drawbridges, portcullises, etc., they invited the whole world to see their exploit; and lo and behold! they had built on the shifting sands and when the great gates were closed their thing of grandeur began to tumble and they had to let the water go, and the thing was pronounced a failure. Lord Cromer, "English man of affairs," "savior of Egypt," took a look, called in one of his bonny Scotch engineers, "Moncrief." He put on his thinking-cap, built coffer-dams all around the concern, suspended the masonry in the air while he got under the same, and went down to the rock and started his foundations and built up to the Frenchman's structure, and then the Scotchman crawled out, and shut up his gates. He had spent some millions but he had made a good substantial thing of the Frenchman's architectural fizzle; and reclaimed the thousands of acres of the Delta which were worth hundreds of millions to Egypt, and this without the blowing of horns or "*feu de joie*" what-



ever; and while I am about it exploiting the English let me rehearse something not so pleasing to our own egotism. The English ventured into unknown and untrodden realms of engineering and threw across the Firth of Forth a marvellous structure, two spans of 1710 feet each, a veritable wonder of the world. It stood the strains of the cyclonic winds that swept down through the hills while its great arms were reaching across the water that was over a hundred feet in depth; it stood the weight of the great central span that was flung across from arch end to arch end, and it stands to-day while hundreds of trains cross it in both directions, a credit to English engineers. We Americans in our foolishness of heart said we would build a greater thing and so added a few undesirable feet to "Baker's Miracle," and called on the world to witness "Young America" doing a greater stunt, and oh! to our sorrow, to our woeful downfall, to our humiliation, the thing fell down before half finished and carried with it to their untimely end many a score of innocent men who had put their trust in American mathematics and Yankee honesty. When I think of this, then I take back much I have said as to the English and walk in dust and ashes in the Valley of Humiliation. I came to the end of this sheet so suddenly that it nearly took my breath away, but I guess you will be glad, as I was fast getting onto the seat of renunciation, and might have done my country wrong, although it will take years to wipe out the stain of the St. Lawrence fiasco.

## XL

NICE, February 28.

I AM beginning this letter a little ahead of time that I may tell you of the Flower Parade and Battle of Flowers that came off yesterday, which is one of the regular annual festivities. They have funny ways over here, I am not sure but that we might copy some of them. The French don't go into things without making them pay, at least the cost. Their exhibitions are always financial successes. With us they are great drafts on a few liberal men's pockets. One had to pay fifteen francs for the privilege to drive in the parade, besides having to decorate his carriage to the acceptance of the committee. How many of our people would pay for doing so? This affair took place on the Promenade des Anglais which is the wide street skirting the sea-shore in front of the city. The committee had put up a sort of wire and lath fence on both sides of a strip in the centre of the street that was not over thirty feet wide, and outside of these temporary fences seats were built rising like those of an amphitheatre, one above the other and extending a long ways, and on the remainder of the distance chairs and benches were placed. These seats were sold for from two francs up to thirty, according to location, and every place was filled. You can imagine that the treasury of the Fête Committee was not lean. As I said, the French know how to get money out of fun.

The procession started punctually at two o'clock P.M., on the firing of a cannon; with us it would have started after everyone was tired out waiting for it—punctuality is a French virtue. They set a time for a thing to be done, if you are in it you must be there, if you are not you learn something that will be of use to you the rest of your life. You have to pay just the same, but you don't realize in the "profit." "*See?*" There were scores of carriages. Some of the prettiest were the ordinary street *voitures*, and it was noticeable the taste and luxury some of these cabmen displayed in dressing their carriages and horses. The drive was some three-quarters of a mile in length, and the procession was long enough to cover the complete line up and down, so that the carriages going on one side of the narrow fenced-in lane were continually passing the carriages going in the opposite direction. The occupants of the carriages all carried great baskets of flowers made up in small bouquets, and the thousands of spectators were also well supplied with the same ammunition. As the carriages passed along this was tossed back and forth, from carriage to carriage to a limited extent, but the main fun was between the carriage occupants and the folks on the sides. Here the air was full of flowers, and if a particularly fine turnout with handsome women came along, or if there was a striking toilet or a pretty face in the crowd, the battle raged fiercely in that vicinity. It was a very pretty sight and a very animated and exciting one. Many of the carriages had boys in

attendance to pick up the bouquets that missed and fell in the street. The procession drove three times around the course. The mounted police kept all people out of the lane until the last turn and then the mob were let in, and they rushed in picking up the flowers which covered the road and threw them indiscriminately in the faces of the others walking or into the carriages. It was a wild termination but everybody behaved well and all had a great afternoon of it.

Fine bands of music were stationed along the route and continually furnished inspiring noises. In the evening a grand masked ball was given, and I heard a gentleman and lady, that is, they pretended to be, discussing the matter in the tram-car this morning; the man said he got back to his room at 4 o'clock this morning and the female said she didn't get in until after 5. She said, "You know we had to have something to eat and (Jimmy, or Charlie, or Jack, whoever she said it was) invited us to supper, and we began with champagne cocktails and we had so on, and so on—I can't remember—and do you know it cost him 150 francs." She was a very pretty woman and I wondered how long she would last with that kind of a life. There are lots of very fast people here, and more automobiles than I have seen anywhere. They are, as a general thing, very objectionable folks. They have such a superior air and talk so loud, a habit acquired by having to yell so much in the dust and noise; and they stand about in the middle of doorways and in the centre of halls, and if you wish

to pass you simply have to go around them as they never take the slightest notice of you; and if there is anybody to listen they talk loud about "cylinders" and "petrol," "Panhard," and "Limousine"; and laugh when they see you get into a tram or a *voiture*. But they are being declared a nuisance hereabouts for they have practically destroyed the attractions of the Corniche road, which used to be the finest drive in Europe and which drew crowds to the Riviera. Now the autos monopolize it, they throng it; it is no more safe for carriages, and there was a time when the finest turnouts were there, four-in-hands and all that. Now you drive there at the peril of your life, and if you are not run into you are covered with dust and you inhale nothing but air filled with sand and made odorous with petrol. It's exasperating, and even the motorists are complaining of the nuisance they aid in creating. In the "Nice Daily" last week an owner of an auto came out in a tremendous screed about it and said hereafter he would leave his auto at home and ride in the cars in preference to undergoing the torture that he had to bear in driving from Nice to Rome.

There is a singular state of affairs existing here just now. With thousands of unemployed all over the world, the laundries cannot get help enough to do the work, so that when you send out your soiled linen no one knows when it will reach you again. All the hotels here, and they are almost innumerable, are complaining of this serious condition. I am sure I don't know what the outcome will be, for laundries are quite as necessary as

kitchens to the tourists. I am just now figuring to go to Marseilles the 9th and get an auto and visit Aix, Arles, Aigues-Mortes, Tarascon, and Nimes, winding up with Avignon; and then take the train for Paris so as to reach the latter the 15th of March. I have seen some friends here whom I hope to induce to join me in this trip. I don't like an auto from choice, but it is the easiest and pleasantest way to see these several old Roman towns that lie so close together. After receipt of this letter you had all better address me care Thos. Cook & Son, Paris, as I shall be there and in the neighborhood after March 15 until I am ready to sail for home. Since reaching here, two weeks ago next Monday, we have had perfect sunny days and this is a most delightful place, so full of life and gaiety, and no end of agreeable people. There are many here from Chicago, and this morning I met again Gov. U. and wife as I was coming out of Cook's office. They are running about without much of an object in view. I saw them in Cairo a few weeks since, and the Governor told me they had just come from Milan, so they are pretty closely retracing their steps.

## XLI

NICE, March 5.

TO-DAY, being one of the finest, I took an auto at 10 A.M. (it should have come at 9:15) and we ran to the outskirts of Cannes when a tire burst. I got out and walked into town, about one and a half miles, and then fearing I might take a wrong road and miss my chauffeur, walked back and had almost reached the place where we broke down when he came along. We climbed in and ran into Cannes and had lunch at the Hotel Splendide, and started again; and just as we were at the outskirts of town, bang went our tire again, and here we waited three-quarters of an hour to repair it; then went on over a lovely high-rolling country and came to the town of Grasse perched on a hillside with a long narrow street. As we gained the top of a long ascent we turned suddenly to the right and plunged down a precipitous narrow lane and stopped at Bruno's Parfumerie, where we went in and were shown about the laboratory with a show or sales room reeking with odors of flowers; then to a room with many stills where the miracle of extracting the subtle scents from the beautiful flowers was carried on. This is the central spot of the perfumery business; sixty thousand acres of flowers, which yield three million three hundred thousand pounds of roses and four million four hundred thousand pounds of orange blossoms; it takes twenty-five thousand pounds of roses to make a litre (about a quart) of es-

sence, which brings from four hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars in the market. There are thirty-five of the manufactories of perfumes in Grasse. After a short visit here we started again for Nice by the way of the Gorge of the Loup; but very shortly after starting bang went another tire, and then, being without any more tires and beyond help, we ran on one rim into Nice, the day being virtually spoiled as well as my temper.

March 6.

To-day I have remained indoors reading the *March Scribner's Magazine*, which I bought here for 30 cents, *McClure's* and *Harper's* sell for the same price; foreign dealers do not discriminate in the values as is done in America, and right here let me set down that no other nation has such a variety or quality in magazines as we have in the United States. They have nothing that at all takes their place or has the extraordinary merit in matter and in illustration that our magazines possess. Our magazines are a good thermometer to mark the grade of intelligence that distinguishes our people from those of foreign nations of the same class. Our farmers and mechanics are all far and away beyond the same classes here in intelligence, in education, in mode of life. We are blest of heaven in a far greater degree than we are apt to think of or congratulate ourselves upon, and in no way so much as in the education of the masses and in the supply of intellectual food that goes toward an improvement of the race.



## XLII

NICE, March 6.

I AM beginning this letter the evening before my seventy-sixth birthday. I am so far away that I will have nothing in the way of gifts, but I shall have something that I prize a great deal more, *your love*. It is something so precious to me to know that you are all well, happily married, blessed with children of your own, above all that you live in our own dear America, blessed beyond all peoples of the globe. It is the great majority, the masses, that the blessings that our country contains affect and uplift. Compare our farmers and manufacturers and mechanics with the same classes over here and the difference is so great that you cannot imagine it unless you have carefully noted both conditions. We do not half appreciate what we possess in this fortunate point of birth. The majority of foreigners that come to our shores have no idea of the value of their changed conditions. There should be some educational institution established by our country to which these people should be sent on landing, where they could be instructed as to our laws, our advantages, and the reason why they should be loyal and patriotic, and thus get rid of anarchy and its attendant evils.

Saturday Morning, March 7.

I presented myself with a little amber cigar-holder this morning at breakfast and thus made endurable the situation. This return of my birthday leads my thoughts

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back to my dear father, your honored grandfather. I sometimes think it is such a pity that no record remains of his oratory, that through this, those that never heard him might have some idea of the power he was in the religious world; and yet when I come to the careful consideration of the matter I can see that the man's presence, his own individuality, is necessary to give the pungency, the power to his words. He was remarkable in his oratory. Sentiment, poetry, beauty of expression, all the flowers of rhetoric were boiled out of him in the fierce furnace of Puritanism in which his religious nature was cast, and his burden was the salvation of men's souls. He looked upon himself as a "brand plucked from the burning" for the sole purpose of bearing to his fellowmen the message of his Master—"Repent, repent, before it is altogether too late." He had a great loving heart ready for any sacrifice, and yet here he was called on by God to deliver this message: "Unless you repent and confess to the world, and at once, without any delay, you will surely, absolutely, lose your soul and be forever damned." From my recollection I should say that he never indulged in any flower of speech, never quoted any poetry, never modified or softened this message in any way. Knowing your duty as he explained it to you, you had no choice; act you must, at once, or take the consequences. There are some men whose personality is absolutely essential to produce any effect, whose text really has no power or inherent strength, like Bryan. There are others whose discourse has the ring to it and

the force of unanswerable argument, but requires the voice of persuasion, the strength of command, the magnetism of eye and expression—such was your grandfather. Lincoln and perhaps Castelar possessed such rare minds, full of beautiful thoughts, poetical, sentimental, with a world-wide sympathy and a deep underlying sensitiveness to the sorrows of the world, that the personal equation was as nothing, and their words move us in such a strange and powerful way that we are completely taken out of ourselves. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; his words as he looks forward to the end of his life, "I hope that when the serene night beckons me and I go out into her sweet sheltering darkness, I shall bear with me some memories that are not all of earth; some pure delights that shall glow through the charmed air, soft as her dewy breath and lasting as her stars"; many other of his sayings and writings have no equal, no parallel. He is absolutely unique, the one great orator America has produced—but I am getting far away from my birthday. I can look back from this point over a long life, wherein pleasure, comfort, contentment largely predominate, blessed with a disposition that did not demand the unattainable, which naturally philosophized over the condition, which took the world less seriously, with a good constitution in the main, and not prone to intemperance in any direction, fortunate in taking pleasure in work, and satisfied with half a loaf where the whole one was not to be had, favored with many firm, loyal friends and with a *quantum sufficit* of active, sharp-bitted enemies, what more could a man ask?

## XLIII

NICE, March 9.

THIS morning I took a motor furnished by the hotel to make up for the disappointment of last Thursday, when the chauffeur did not go where we told him to and the motor was such a worn-out thing that we burst three tires and came in from Grasse on three legs. To-day we had a fine steamer and an excellent driver; and first went to the Gorge de Loup and got out and walked up a ravine over a very rough and stony road for a full hour, and came to a high but small waterfall. The scenery coming up the narrow ravine was quite fine, the mountains covered with snow were plainly visible at the head of the Gorge. Later on when the snow melts rapidly the waterfall will be worth the labor of getting up there. Besides this they are constructing a fine road for motors up the ravine, which will be finished this season. It was a thirty-minute walk along this new road back to where we had left our car, and then we drove over to Grasse for lunch. From Grasse we drove to the new hospital to see the three pictures of Rubens that are said to be the first he ever painted. The one nearest the altar, the "Descent from the Cross," is a wonderful piece of drawing and a magnificent picture, to me one of the master's very best. The next is a picture of several figures life-size, but the main one is called "Saint Helena" and is supposed to be a portrait of the mother of Constantine. The third is called the "Crown of Thorns" and is also

a fine picture, not so great as the first but the Christ is well drawn and the coloring fine. The first picture ought to go to some gallery where the world would have a chance to see it. I take it that really very few people ever see this.

## XLIV

AVIGNON, March 13.

MY conclusion before leaving Nice to go by rail to Avignon instead of stopping at Marseilles and motor-ing from there proved a wise one, as the country after a short distance out of Marseilles is low-lying, level, and poor land without anything of interest. Leaving Nice yesterday morning at ten-twenty, we reached Avignon at three-forty P.M.; and I engaged a motor for eighty francs to come to the hotel at nine this morning to take us through Arles, Nimes, and back to this place. After this I visited the Pope's Palace, built in 1316; it was the papal seat for sixty-eight years. Seven different Popes occupied the palace during these years, then Gregory XI moved the outfit to Rome, and I don't blame him if the mistral blew then as it did to-day. The palace is a huge mass of masonry enclosing a square; it has many large high-ceiling rooms with long narrow passages leading from the chambers where the Pope slept to the chapels. Some of the walls were originally frescoed, but the place has been used as a barracks and the walls have been whitewashed and but a few fragments remain of the decorations. The whole effect is gloomy and forbidding. The Municipality is now at work putting the place in good repair, fitting it up for a museum for the various collections, for which purpose it will answer excellently.

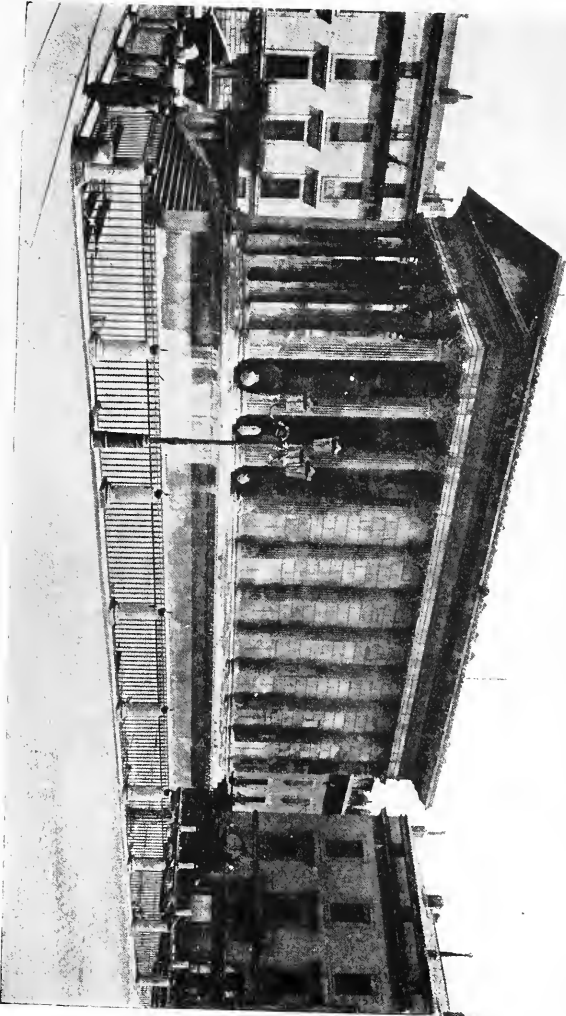
This morning our motor was promptly on hand and

we left for Arles at 9 A.M., burst a tire about midway, which was quickly repaired, and we reached Arles at eleven; visited the amphitheatre first; it is in a fair state of preservation; then passed the remains of the Roman theatre; these are only low ruins but show that once it was a fine structure. The Venus of Arles now in the Louvre in Paris was found here. The amphitheatre was built in the first or second century and was at that time the largest in France, seating twenty-six thousand persons. The theatre was begun under Augustus and finished in the third century; and its destruction began in the fifth, the material being used to build churches. There are two beautiful columns, one of Carrara and one of Affricano marble, still standing. The theatre was richly decorated and numerous works of art were found there. Then to the ancient Cathedral of St. Trophimus, which was founded on the ruins of the Roman prætorium and consecrated in 606 A. D. The portal built in the twelfth century is richly decorated; on the walls and on each side of the nave and over the arches of the transept are some most exquisite tapestries in excellent condition. There are small cloisters adjoining. The columns supporting the roof stand in groups of two with beautiful capitals, all differing in design.

From here we went to the Musée Arlesien, which is principally given up to a display of the costumes and impedimenta of the country people of the past, with specimens of their manufacturies and works of art. Mistral, the poet, presented to this Museum the Nobel

Prize of one hundred thousand francs awarded to him in 1904. Then we visited the Aliscamps, an ancient Roman burying ground consecrated for Christian sepulture by St. Trophimus. In the Middle Ages this cemetery enjoyed such celebrity that the bodies were brought to it from great distances, and Dante mentions it in his *Inferno*, ix, 112. From here we went over a flat country to Nîmes, a town of about eighty thousand inhabitants. It lies on the slopes of the hills on the west side of the Rhone valley and contains more monuments of antiquity than any other town in France. In the heart of the city is a magnificent Roman amphitheatre somewhat smaller than that of Arles but in a much better state of preservation; the repairs have been extensive and it is now used for public entertainments, circuses, bull fights, etc., etc. It seats twenty-four thousand people. Not far from here is the Maison-Carrée, the finest and best-preserved Roman temple extant at this time. It was dedicated in the early part of the first century A.D. to Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the adopted sons of the Emperor Augustus. It was situated in the forum. The foundations of other buildings also in the forum are to be seen on both sides of it. It was successively used as a church, a municipal hall, a warehouse, and a stable; it was well restored in 1824, and since then has been used as a museum. It contains a very rich collection of coins and medals, most excellently arranged. I noticed in this collection several of the United States gold coins, which were of particular interest to me at this time owing to





THE MAISON-CARRÉE, NÎMES



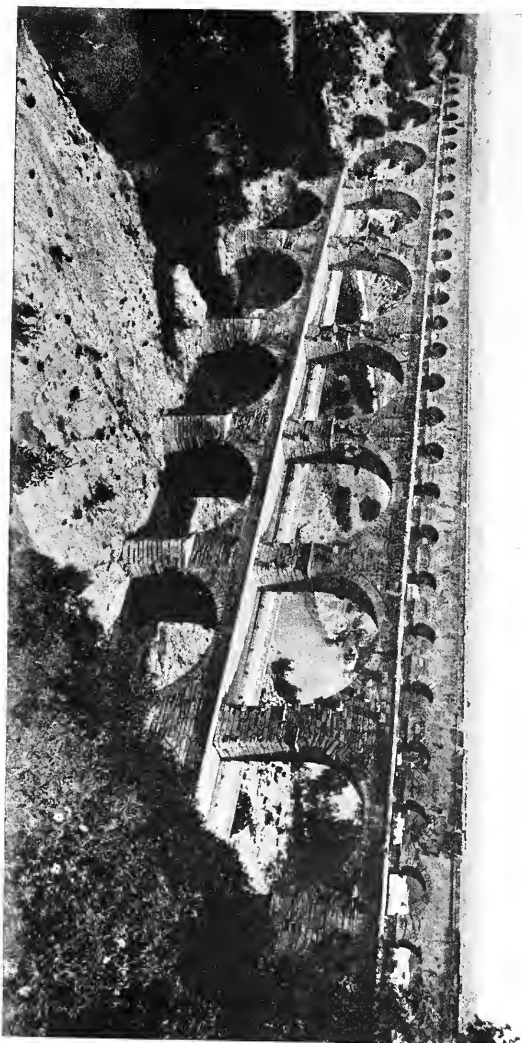
the depressed condition of my letter of credit. Here also is a very beautiful antique mosaic pavement, a collection of ancient glass vessels, bronzes, and vessels in gold and iron. From here we went to the Jardin de la Fountain decorated in the old French style, with three monumental fountains with running water, a forest garden on the hill with terraces and marble steps and railings and altogether a very beautiful public place.

Then we returned to Avignon, leaving the direct road at Remoulins and going off to the north some two miles to see the Pont-du-Gard, one of the most imposing Roman monuments in existence. It forms a part of an aqueduct that was twenty-five and a half miles in length, built to convey to Nimes the water of two springs in the neighborhood of Uzes, and is ascribed to Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, B. C. 19. The bridge is 880 feet in length, 160 feet high, and is composed of three tiers of arches, each less in width than the one below. The first two tiers consist respectively of six and eleven arches of equal span (60 feet), the third of thirty-five smaller arches. The whole is admirably constructed of large stones laid on perfectly dressed beds, no cement being used except for the canal on top, which is plastered throughout its entire length on the inside. This aqueduct carried on the upper arches is about three feet in width and over six feet in height, which I can swear to as I walked through it. It was originally covered with slabs of stone, many of which are now in place. There are large projecting stones on the face of the masonry which were probably used to support plat-

forms during construction. The aqueduct was badly damaged during the invasion of the fifth century A. D., but was only restored in 1855-58. The bridge carried along the side for the purpose of a highway was built in 1747.

To-day the mistral has blown a gale and it was very trying to be out in it, but we did visit the cathedral in the morning and saw a few good paintings by Mignard, a local artist of good merit, and also several by Parrocel. Also saw the marble throne used by the Popes, a very straight-backed uncomfortable affair for anyone but a Pope to sit in. The chief object of interest is the Gothic tomb in stone of Pope John XXII, a masterpiece of the fourteenth century. We also visited the Musée Calvet, founded by a physician of that name in 1810. It occupies a fine eighteenth century mansion, undoubtedly the doctor's home. It contains a fine collection of statuary and pictures; amongst the former is a statue called Eve, a most interesting and excellent work of semi-heroic size, showing a most perfectly formed nude woman kneeling and playing with a serpent on the ground, while her face, which is of great beauty, is looking upward as if gazing into another face. It is as powerful in conception as it is lovely in form and feature.

Among the paintings is an Adoration by Simon de Chalons, an Interior by Tenier the Younger, an excellent Hobbema, and a Ruysdael. Also a Dead Christ by Mignard; also a Mazeppa by Vernet wonderfully well done. A small crucifix in ivory was very exquisite.



LE PONT-DU-GARD NEAR NIMES





TROUBETZKOI'S TOLSTOI, LUXEMBOURG, PARIS





## XLV

PARIS, March 16.

WE left Avignon yesterday at 11 A.M. and reached Paris at 10 that evening. The country is uninteresting until you reach Lyons; from Lyons north for several miles the construction of the railway was very expensive; the country is very broken and the heavy cuts and fills with expensive and lofty viaducts with heavy retaining walls through the excavations must have brought the cost up to startling figures. For example, very soon after leaving Lyons you enter a cutting averaging about forty feet in depth several miles in length, walled on both sides with heavy masonry from top to bottom.

This morning I went to the picture gallery in the Louvre, seeing again with great satisfaction the Mona Lisa with her indefinable and never to be duplicated smile; the exquisite Corot, one of the great pictures to my mind; and took a general survey of many of the other rooms.

Tuesday, March 18.

I went to the Luxembourg Gallery and had a morning to remember. There I found a little statuette in dark bronze made by the Russian Prince Paul Troubetzkoi, Tolstoi in his farmer's blouse on horseback, evidently taken from life and in his most common everyday situation. It is a rare piece of work; the lines are rugged, there is no attempt to delineate clothes or trappings, the portrait is perfect, the man's poise in the

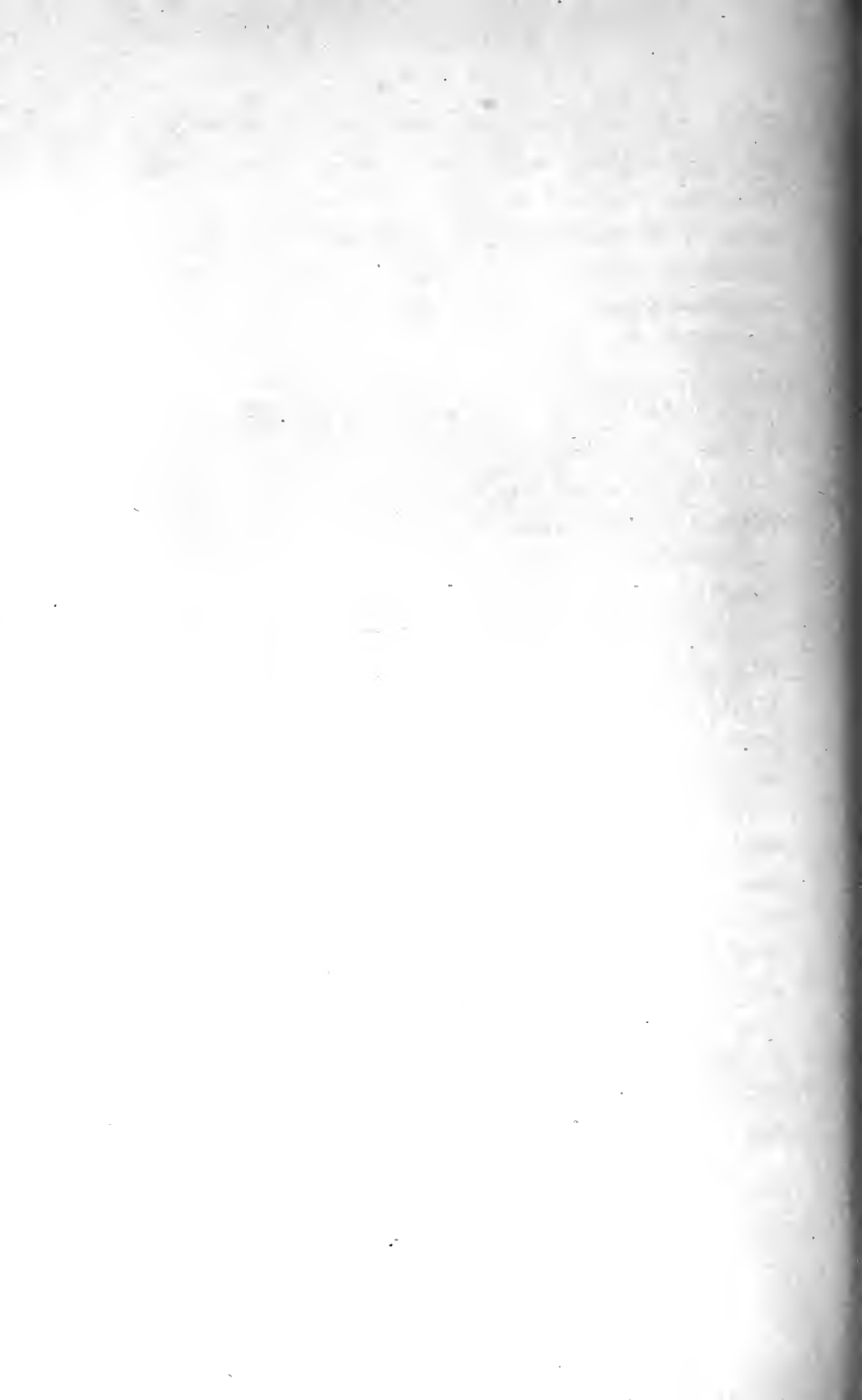
saddle and the horse are all portrayed with wonderfully artistic skill. It is one of those things that one sometimes chances on in a whole life that leaves a most profound and lasting impression. I shall never forget the poise of the head and the intelligence in the eyes of that little horse, nor the head and figure of Tolstoi. I don't know who Prince Troubetzkoi is or was (can he be the husband of Amélie Rives?) ; but I do know that he certainly is a great artist and he did not have to do anything but create this little thing to establish the fact. It stands up against the wall on the right hand with no ostentation, and probably the majority of visitors never see it, but it is the particular thing in the Luxembourg Gallery for all of that.

And in speaking of this I am reminded of the Amazone of Tuillon in Berlin. This piece of statuary is so far and away ahead of anything that I know of, only excepting this Tolstoi, that it marks this generation of sculptors higher in artistic perfection than any other since the Grecian period. The horse of Tuillon is the perfection of animal physique and the Amazone is full of grace and strength. The fame of it will be at its zenith when all the rest are forgotten; it will live with the great things while the thousands of other chipped marbles will go to the mortar beds of the builders. These two rank with the best in all statuary of this or any other age.



With Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York

AMAZONE. BY LOUIS TUAILLON



March 22.

After lunch to-day I took a cab and drove to the Pantheon; and there a talkative little English guide conducted a crowd of us through the crypt and pointed out the tombs of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the one of the architect of the building, of whom this guide said that he intended that the top of the dome should be 200 feet high, but that when the building was completed it turned out to be only 194 feet, and he was so vexed about it that he committed suicide by throwing himself off from the top of the dome, foolish fellow that he was. Perhaps it would be justice to conclude that he had unseated his mind by the labor of designing and supervising this magnificent structure. Baedeker says that the dome is 272 feet in height and therefore the little Englishman must have been mixed on his figures, but I don't suppose the slight difference of 72 feet would particularly affect the result to the young fellow who jumped off.

Returning from the crypt I walked entirely around the interior of the hall and looked at the wall decorations; the panels are now filled either with frescoes or tapestries; the best one is near the entrance on the left by Bonnat showing the Martyrdom of Saint Denis, a man beheaded holding his head in his hands in front of him, the head being encircled by a halo; the drawing of the figures is strong and the coloring particularly fine. The frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes relating to Saint Genevieve and Attila are all of them interesting.

Zola is to be buried here April 2, if the present programme is carried out, and they are preparing the great hall for the ceremony. It is to be draped with black velvet and the function will undoubtedly be very splendid.

From the Pantheon I went around to the right and visited the Chapel of Saint Genevieve, which stands back of the Pantheon. It is said to be the finest church in Paris in its interior decoration and architectural excellence. It has a most beautiful pulpit of carved wood supported on the shoulders of a giant, a stone bridge thrown across the middle of the central aisle with winding stairways on each side, all of which are in most graceful lines and elaborately carved. The groined arches over the centre of the transept are beautifully designed and there are some fine stained-glass windows, and altogether the place is well worth a visit.

March 26.

Since writing last not much has been accomplished, but I will give a brief résumé of each day. Monday was warmer, with light showers in the morning; and after lunch I went to the Grand Palais to see the exhibition of Hunters. There were a great many entries, most of them by members of the nobility, and I remarked to U., who accompanied me, that "We were so damned genteel, as the archbishop's wife said to the Queen, that we would soon expire from sheer dignity." One count was thrown by his horse stumbling as he came

to the water jump, his royal highness going off on a tangent into the adjoining shrubbery, from which he emerged with his toilette slightly disarranged. A small chunky heavy-legged bay rather carried off the honors, as he strictly attended to business and gave a good clearance to all the fences and hedges. U. remarked when he came on the course that he would bet the little plug couldn't jump any. Shows how even a Governor can be mistaken.

The Grand Palais is a very large building (see Mrs. Peck's late book for exact dimensions) covered with a glass roof, with an extensive arena, with tiers of seats all around, making a fine place for all horse or other large spectacular exhibitions. From here U. and I went over to the great Agricultural Hall of the Old Exposition and walked through crowds of people, mostly country folks, and saw very many fine cattle and sheep, all sorts of agricultural machinery, etc. There must have been 20,000 or 30,000 people inside of the building. Most extraordinary of all, they had Rheims champagne for sale on draught which was very excellent.

Tuesday I went alone to the Petit Palais; it stands directly across the street and fronting the Grand Palais and was built expressly for a museum and gallery, and is a most beautiful and satisfactory building. I noted the following pictures that interested me particularly: Gustav Courvet portrait of Prudhomme, shows him at full length in his working clothes seated with his three children playing about; it looks very natural and

charming. A portrait in charcoal of an old man by C. Leandre, a very speaking likeness and seemed very excellent. A large picture by Gabriel Guay called *La Griefves* (The Vineyard) showing a rocky hillside covered with grapevines and nude women lying about in all sorts of voluptuous positions, most gorgeously colored, with splendid poses and flesh tints; a bold and splendid piece of work—this man should be heard from again. Pouget Didier has an impressionist showing a brown hill covered with gorse in bloom, rich in color; beyond, a valley in dark purple; roads leading across the hill in front and down until lost in the shadows of the valley; a girl and a flock of sheep just going over the brink of the hill. The hill on the further side rises up to the same height as on this side and then the landscape extends a long distance, mostly level, covered with green pasturage, and, in the far distance, dimly outlined hills. It is a most fascinating picture and for me the gem of the collection. I shall be on the lookout for further Didiers. Alexander Falginere has a small picture with a number of trees in the foreground, and as you look through and under the foliage you see a fine mansion with the brilliant sunlight streaming over it, a most satisfactory canvas. Leon Bonat has a large canvas with six or seven life-size figures showing men putting a ball and chain on the leg of a priest, very strong and realistic.

The large room devoted to the Ziem Collection is full of this master's works. They are all resplendent



in coloring, but the one I liked best is a landscape in low sombre tints showing a river with forests on one side; the shrubbery and the soft, quiet flow of the water with the rich brown, the dominating color of the whole picture, make it a most lovely thing. The Venetian ones are all fine and splendid examples of the artist's work.

March 27.

I spent this morning at the Louvre, mostly in the statuary rooms, and finally went to see the Rembrandts, which are now arranged by themselves on a wall having a good light; the small one showing Christ talking with the Apostles at Emmaus is remarkably fine, most exquisite in every way. The splendid portraits are even more admirable; it is a wonder the authorities do not give these the very best place in the whole Gallery. They have also fitted up a most gorgeous room for the Rubens "Apotheosis of Marie de Medici," the most absurdly egotistical lot of canvases ever made, the worst one being "The Espousal," where Henry IV places the ring on the finger of Marie. Imagine a great, coarse, fat, red-skinned old duffer, naked to the waist, sitting on the back of an eagle, with one leg thrown over one of its wings, with a gorgeous rich red robe, carelessly pulled partly over his ridiculous legs. He looks squatty, as if he were sitting in a wheelbarrow. In front of him kneels that mountain of flesh, called Marie, with down-cast eyes and such a simpering smile, holding out her hand for the fat old duffer to put on the ring. Old

Henry looks as if he were afraid of falling off the cloud while he was getting it on. Rubens must have had many a hearty laugh as he painted this monumental caricature. It was a relief after looking at this to pass into another room and see the splendid Corots, the Millets, and especially to look at the glowing landscape by this latter artist which Kenyon Cox so justly and generously applauds in the *March Scribner*. This picture is entirely different in every respect from all the others by this artist, it quite startles one to come upon it and find out who it is by. It is entirely a fancy picture, rich in gorgeous coloring, full of lights and shadows, sunshine and storm, with a glorious rainbow in the far distance, but giving it great strength.

April 3.

This morning again at the Luxembourg and noted some fine reliefs in silver and bronze by Jules Clement Chaplain, D. Dupier, and Augustus St. Gaudens. Chaplain's work is exquisite in design, detail, and finish; St. Gaudens' are portraits, one of Cornelius Vanderbilt, two of Robert Louis Stevenson, two of St. Gaudens' children, and one of Bastien Lepage; the latter and the ones of Stevenson struck me as having chief merit. I had to look again at Prince Troubetzkoi's little bronze statuette; it seemed even more excellent than before. The marble statue of Galatea by Laurient Marquest is very fine and the pose excellent and the back most exquisite, one of the very best in my opinion. Thence into the rooms of the pictures; the Gleaners by Jules Breton

is rare and satisfactory; the portrait of a Mr. H. by Bastien Lepage is masterly; a small landscape by Jean Charles Cazin in yellow and light browns is a lovely bit in the artist's usual style. Puvis de Chavannes has a large picture showing a poor peasant standing in a small fishing boat, which rests on the shore, with head bent and hands clasped in front, listening no doubt to the Angelus, while his wife and child are on shore amongst some flowering plants. There is much sentiment in the reverent attitude of the man. Julien Dupré has a young girl milking a cow, this is very good; the landscape a green lawn with a low house in the background, in the door of which stands a woman; the coloring quite fresh and the lights and shadows good. One very interesting picture by Emile Michel shows a landscape with hills in the distance and rolling ground in front covered with green bushes on soft brown soil; heavy dark storm clouds in the distance; the effect most satisfying and most fascinating in its whole make-up. Cazin has a large canvas called Ishmael; this shows Hagar and her son in the wilderness; the figures are most pathetic and the whole subject displays the quiet, refined, artistic work of this delightful artist. Marie Bashkirtseff has only one canvas in this gallery now; this one, a group of street gamins, is representative, the faces show careful study and an artistic taste that dominated this peculiar genius. I was disappointed in the portrait of his mother by Whistler; it is noted as his masterpiece and shows a plain middle-aged woman, life size, sitting her side

toward you in a chair; the colors are black and white, and to me there was nothing of peculiar interest in it. Lucas Disire has an interior of a small cottage, with a table on which are some dishes and food; an old man stands behind the table facing you, the woman with her back towards you but her head partially turned so that you get the profile, two small children are sitting at the table. The lights and shadows are very well executed and the tone and composition show a student of Israel and a pupil that that master might be proud of.

## XLVI

PARIS, April 4.

THE week has passed very rapidly; it has rained every day, and I have to confine myself to the Galleries, excepting for the two hours that I generally devote to walking for exercise. I have kept this up throughout my absence when it was possible, and to this I attribute the good health I have enjoyed.

The streets of Paris are always interesting, even on rainy days, and so it is not without pleasure to go out into the wet; and rain here does not mean what it does with us. For the most part it is a sort of mild drizzle that is excellent for the farmer. I have been at the Luxembourg twice again this week and it is certainly a fine collection. I find something of new interest each time. Since I was here before they have changed many of the pictures, some have gone over to the Louvre to make room for new ones, and some that were here I have been unable to find elsewhere as yet. I have been to-day to a very large exhibition of paintings which is called the "Independent Exhibition of Modern Artists." It covers acres of ground and miles of walls. As a whole it is the worst lot of daubs I ever saw—mostly "impressionists," and this conveys honors they are not entitled to. They have gone mad on the "nude," and of all the horrible drawings and infamous combinations of color there never was its equal. A very few are good. Where an artist sees a lovely bit of nature and from pure love

of the beautiful puts what he sees on the canvas, be it impressionist or not, the result is agreeable—for instance, the picture of Millet's that Kenyon Cox mentions in his article in the March *Scribner*—the result is most charming and you never tire of looking at it.

I wonder if any of you have read the letters of Kipling, coming out in *Collier's* since March 2. I have just read them and they are up to his old form. They are very interesting. I don't know how long they are to run, but three are already in print. I hope you will all read them. The French people have been of more interest to me than ever before. They are a queer lot, with all their splurge about Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; they are far from being the people our Americans are. In the first place there is the same vast gulf between the poor and the rich as ever there was, it seems to me. The poor look sodden and ignorant and dirty, they are taxed to death, they live on excitement and have a volcano "on tap" all the time. The women are worn and ugly, the wages are just above the starvation point, and their books, pictures, and papers are light and frivolous. They have no general intelligence, and they are not happy or contented. I had seen much in the papers before I came here of the women cab-drivers and that they were competing with the men, to drive them out. I have been here now three weeks and in all that time I have seen just two women on a cab box, and those were great, coarse, middle-aged women with faces like one of Zola's hags. It is an interesting sight to be near

one of the large manufacturing or business houses at the noon hour and see the poorly dressed, thin, sharp-faced young girls coming out for their lunch. They rush along to the cheap food places, buy a sandwich, a bit of bread, or some small cheap thing, and hurry along to some place where they can eat it, or devour it as they go. I have not seen or heard of any place provided, as in our large cities, for this class to take a little rest and eat a hearty lunch in quiet and decency. They have societies for the care of the dogs, but I don't know of any for these poor girls. They spend millions for statuary and paintings, on public buildings and fine bridges—not much for human souls. I sum the thing up that France is on the decline, that senility has set in. Paris has a death-rate of a little over 1000 a week; her births slightly exceed this.

## XLVII

PARIS, April 10.

THIS is one more of the cold, rainy days that I have been *blessed*(?) with since I came to Paris. Yesterday and the day before were the only real bright days that I have had so far. I am writing what will probably be my last family letter, so that if sunny days come again I can devote them to seeing some of the outlying things that I came here for. Wednesday I went out to "Pere La-chaise," the most famous cemetery in Paris. I took my guide-book along and found the tombs of so many notables whose last resting place I was ignorant of before. The Tomb of Abelard and Heloise I had seen before, and now found that of Rosa Bonheur, Rachel, Casimir Perier, Chopin, Cherubini, Prince Demidoff (the wealthy Russian who has the finest and most costly monument in the cemetery), Alfred de Musset, Lecompte, Paul Baudry, Corot, David, Thiers, La Fontaine (who wrote the Fables), Alphonse Daudet, Hahnemann (the founder of homœopathy), and Beranger, and thousands of others of more or less note. The grounds contain over 100 acres and the tombs and monuments are packed in as closely as sardines in a box. The dead keep on coming, and I imagine that the "cadavers" are several layers in depth. The cemetery was opened early in the nineteenth century and I imagine that there has not been any epoch in French history for the last 100 years that has not contributed some prominent name to the directory of this famous burial place.



Prominent characters of the Revolution and the victims of the Commune, statesmen, poets, painters, princes, commoners, and royalists, all are piled in promiscuously, and in this bosom of mother earth find rest and repose after the strenuities of life. Should resurrection, in fact, ever be accomplished there would be such a pile of rubbish and stone in vast confusion that I doubt not that many would be retarded in answering the roll call, even if there should be none declared "absent." It seems a pity to so overcrowd a sacred place of this kind, but it is not so full as the cemetery of Prague, where, as the boys will remember, they had carted a great lot of the tombstones outside the fence and piled them up, as the present inhabitants at that time were five layers in depth. Great chance here for some poor devil to hitch onto a whole body which was not his before he came here. These thoughts are perhaps inappropriate but nevertheless come into one's head when he crawls about the extremely narrow passages between these tombs and headstones.

Yesterday I went to "Notre Dame." I hadn't been there before owing to the dark days. One wants a brilliant day to see its interior, for it is very dark and gloomy inside. It is a grand building for all that. The front loses much of its grandeur owing to the two great towers being unfinished, but the sides and rear are very fine, with the gargoyles and flying buttresses. The latter being in double courses, the upper ones having fine reaches in their long spans. The roof is of the same

height throughout, across the transept, and the whole length of the vast nave, there being no central dome as in most of the great minsters. There are double aisles on each side of the nave divided by rows of large round Norman columns which are, however, connected both longitudinally and horizontally by fine pure Gothic arches. The interior is thoroughly Gothic and there are three large rose windows, one behind the high altar and one at each end of the transept, all being very rich in stained glass. The other windows are not remarkable.

There is some fine wood carving on the back of the choir stalls and a very elegant iron railing running around the choir and altar.

There are a few monuments but it was too dark to get much of an idea of them. From here I went over to the law courts, which are in the near distance, and in the great hall from which you enter the various courtrooms saw a great number of gentlemen carrying large leather cases which take the place of the English green bag, similar to the one which E. H. A. used to encumber himself with when he went about the streets of Milwaukee imposing himself on the public as a purveyor of English customs without first providing himself with English brains. I had to get that dash at A. in memory of his "asininity."

These French lawyers are a fine-looking set of men, their black gowns and white lace front pieces (I don't know the proper name for them but they look something like a "dickey"), with their black skullcaps, are very

becoming, and it was interesting studying their intellectual faces. I saw many of them that I would be willing to trust my fate with if I were to be tried for murdering some of the people, who I am sure deserve it. There were some fine grey-headed men who had that air of knowing themselves and of conscious power whom you wanted to look at more than once. Really there is no more interesting study than that of the "genus homo." Inside of the open court of this law building is the "Sainte Chapelle"; this was built by St. Louis in the twelfth century for the reception of the sacred relics brought back from the Crusades in 1239 A. D. The relics are now in Notre Dame. It is now a show place, service being held here only once a year. I may describe it in a few words by saying that it is a gem of Gothic architecture. It is quite small, two stories, one chapel under another. The floors are mosaics and the walls are colored in blue, red and gold, and it looks like a jewel-box. The thing that interested me the most was a little window built into the side, about a foot square and much above one's head, and put in on an angle of some 30 degrees, and which was made so that that old scamp of a king, Louis Eleventh, could remain out of sight and outside the chapel and yet hear the service and see that his priest performed his duties with due regard to his master's views on all religious as well as secular matters. I take it that when Louis caught the old official in any lapse as to the situation he merely played John the Baptist with him before he lunched, and

looked about for a gentleman of better judgment. I don't say he did this but he was fully up to it.

I am devoutly praying that we may have some fine days, for I want to visit Rheims, Chantilly, St. Germain, and possibly Blois, but there is no doing any of these in the rain. They have had a very dry winter in France and all the farmers and priests were praying for rain, and now, as is usually the case, they have overdone it and it does nothing but rain for a month. It is very risky tampering with Providence. This is very apt to be my last weekly letter for if it clears up I shall devote no more time to letter-writing, and you won't have to be paying out postage to distribute my weak documents around the country to my heirs and assigns.

Please all rise up and call me *blessed*. I don't have to cross the channel to take my ship.

I have just heard from the agent of the Atlantic Transport Line that the *Minneapolis* is not to make the trip as advertised and I have engaged my stateroom on the White Star Steamer *Oceanic*, sailing from Cherbourg April 22, and therefore can continue my sight-seeing up to the morning of the 22nd, when I shall go to Cherbourg.

You will have to excuse the unusual mediocrity of this effusion, for I haven't much to write about and have interpolated innocuous remarks about immaterial men and things merely as padding to fill out the regular sheets.

## XLVIII

PARIS, April 14.

TO-DAY I took the subway, called the "Metropolitan" here, and in ten minutes was at the Station Etoile, at the Arc de Triomphe; there I changed and took the steam tram for Malmaison and went up to the chateau that was the home of the Empress Josephine. It is a perfectly plain stone house, two stories and a basement, surrounded on the rear and two ends by a dry moat. It has a long front facing the entrance gate. You enter a square room that was for the guards, from which you go first to the left to a good-sized dining-room, then into a reception room, and then to the library, which was a very homelike, pleasant room with bookcases all around the sides with glass doors. This room has the writing desk, chairs, and furniture, all as originally used by the great general. On the right side of the guardroom are the rooms used by the Empress, salon, music room with the harp she used to play on, music stand, etc. Upstairs the ceilings are low; the bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms all *en suite*, with the bed Josephine died on; the camp equipage used by the Emperor. The whole place struck me as being so comfortable, cozy, and homelike that I could not but feel a tender regard for the man who fitted it up to spend his private hours in, with the woman he truly loved as his sole companion. The grounds surrounding the chateau are not extensive but very pretty and tastefully laid out. It struck me as

queer that this name has never been changed; in the olden times this was a place of such evil repute that they gave it the appropriate name "bad house" that has stuck to it through all the centuries. The Spanish Queen Maria Christiana owned it and lived in it for many years, then it came into the hands of the Government, and it is now kept as a show place for the collection of Napoleonic relics.

After an hour's visit here I took the tram again and went on for forty-five minutes further to Saint Germain to see the large and imposing chateau there. In the twelfth century a fortress stood on the spot now occupied by the chateau; then it was destroyed and a chateau was built, and finally Louis XIV came into possession of it and he added to it, but finally he concluded that it was not big enough for him and he built Versailles; then the building was neglected and fell into a sad condition and remained so until a few years ago, when the French Government took it in hand and within the last two years completed the restorations on the original plan, and now have made a museum of it in which is a most famous and probably the largest collection of all sorts of things pertaining to the stone, iron, and copper ages. Some very curious reproductions in miniature of the houses and burying-places of these ancient folk occupy the floors of several of the rooms. The chateau is irregular in shape, being four-sided, but wider at one end than at the other, with a wide deep moat all around it. A chapel breaks the regularity on

one side and on another side two large towers with castellated tops, gargoyles, and a fine stone gateway. The stairways are interesting in being all covered by groined arches built of brick, the rooms are also roofed in a similar manner. It is five stories in height and a very stately and imposing structure. The buildings of the village surround it closely on two sides, while the other two open on the vast park and forest which contains some eleven thousand acres, that stretch across an almost level plateau that lies at an elevation of some two hundred feet above the River Seine, which bounds the park on the east. The extensive views from the terrace on the side next the river are very fine, as one can see for many miles up and down the river and for a long, long distance beyond.

## XLIX

PARIS, April 15.

I WENT to Rheims to-day. The English and Americans spell it Rheims and pronounce it as it is spelt; the French spell it Reims and pronounce it Rance; and there you are, take your choice.

Whenever you go, and this is information that is useful, and I wish all to profit by my experience, you should go so as to arrive at Rheims by ten o'clock A.M.; take a carriage and drive to the Pommery Champagne Caves; go into the manager's office, and you will meet a very kind and affable gentleman, and if you have the appearance of being a gentleman or a lady, he will assign you a guide who speaks nothing but French but who will show you things that are worth seeing, amongst which are a portion of the twelve miles of caves tunnelled in the solid chalk rock (this was at one time an old chalk quarry), all lighted by electricity, beautifully clean and sweet. You will descend 116 steps to reach the floor of the cave; you will see three million bottles of champagne and as much more in barrels and huge casks; men turning the bottles over, nine thousand for each man per day; others opening the bottles and taking out a small quantity, while other men put in each bottle a tiny dipper full of rock sugar syrup to supply the sugar of the grape that the wine has destroyed. Continental Europe does not favor dry or unsweetened wine, whereas the wild, woolly Westerners prefer the dry wine, as they do not like an after-dinner headache. You will see a large

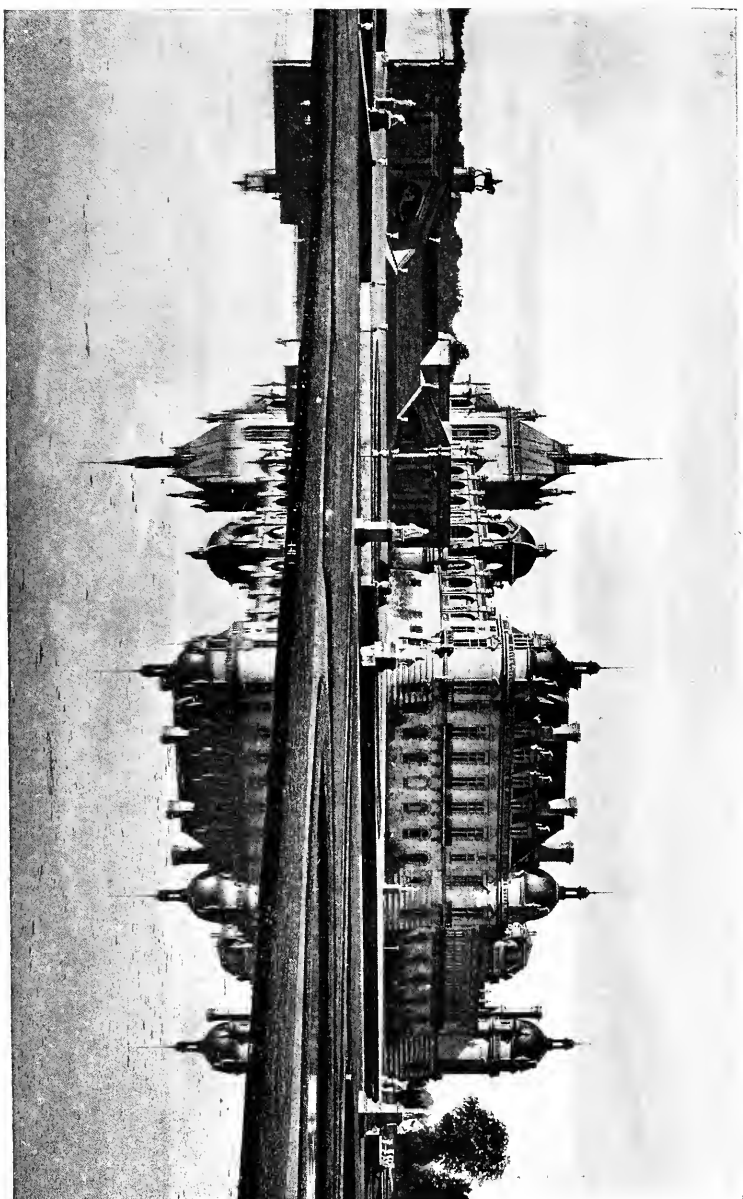


number of women working fine silvered wire into shape for putting on the neck of the bottle for holding the cork in; men drawing off the cured wine into bottles; and you will also see to your amazement four large reliefs in heavy frames, made of stucco and hung on the great walls of the cave, splendidly executed, showing bacchanalian scenes that champagne makes possible and very probable for those who curb not an unholy appetite.

The buildings above ground are extensive, well built, and show the extent and profit of the business. It is simply immense and appalling. Have your carriage wait for you at the gate, you will be about an hour and a quarter in the establishment; then drive to the Hotel Lion d'Or, it is just across the street from the famous cathedral; order your lunch, this you do by going to the clean kitchen where you will find laid out in an appetizing way a variety of meats, fish, game, and vegetables; you select what you like and by the time you have parted your back hair and used your powder puff, your lunch will be ready. You have never eaten a better one and you never will. Double-star it in your mental Baedeker. If you eat with due economy of time you can go across the street, see the cathedral on the outside first, then walk in and go down the long high-arched aisles, look at the old and famous Flemish tapestries, some better than others, notice the stained-glass windows, particularly the two in the royal chapel, one in a light bluish tone, the other in a soft brown, and fix them in your memory, as you won't see any others like them, and very few that are their equal in beauty and design. Notice the height

of the ceilings, of the splendid aisles, the lovely Gothic arches of the clerestories, the unique but graceful capitals of the supporting columns.

As you leave the cathedral particularly notice the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc in bronze which stands in the open square south of the transept, there is no other its equal in France or in my opinion anywhere approaching it. After you have satisfied your soul with this grand and imposing structure, drive to the Church of Saint Remy, really it is entitled to be called a cathedral. The outside is in no way great, but when you enter it you are conscious that you are in a building most satisfactory and imposing. Notice the low-roofed aisles, the Flemish tapestry, the fine tomb of Saint Remy behind the altar, the stained glass in the rose windows and in the centre window of the apse, the beautiful screens made of fine Italian marbles. The low ceilings of the aisles suggest cloisters and the perspective of their long distances is particularly fine. Take time enough to impress Saint Remy on your mind, for it is a famous place, and then drive to your railway station, for it should be about time, if you wish to reach Paris before dark. Your cab will cost you two francs per hour and as you ride back to "gay Paree," you will if you are a creature of taste and discernment conclude that you have enjoyed a day of unalloyed pleasure and profit, full of new experiences and emotions, just as I did. The delicious lunch that you had at the Lion d'Or, provided you selected your menu with judgment, will have cut no small figure in leading you to this conclusion.



CHATEAU OF CHANTILLY



## L

PARIS, April 18, 1908.

THE past week has been a very delightful one owing to having good weather, and I have been out to Rheims, Chantilly, Malmaison, and St. Germain, all of them most interesting, Chantilly and Malmaison particularly so. I had supposed that the chateaux of the Loire country were the finest in France but the Condé Chateau at Chantilly "lays over them" all in magnificence of grounds and exterior, and the interior is in every way far beyond any of them in its splendid collections of paintings and books and rare bric-a-brac. All of the finest masters have canvases here and the Gallery is next in interest to the Louvre. You may get an idea in a mild way of the thing when I tell you that there is a Raphael there that cost \$125,000, and another that cost \$50,000. No expense seemed too great for this collector to pay if the thing was worth the price. There is a collection of miniatures, said to be the finest in the world. The Great Condé diamond is there, it is a stone of wonderful brilliancy, of a singular yellowish-purple color, heart-shaped, and I suppose worth more than a hundred thousand dollars.

There is a mosaic floor brought from Herculaneum, of rare beauty and finer than anything I have ever seen. There is an old Japanese bronze vase, some 8 feet high, that is a wonder, it is most magnificently decorated. The grand staircase with a polished steel handwrought

railing is one of the most beautiful things in blacksmith work that you will find in all of Europe, distinctively a work of art. There is also a collection of Tanagras that are worth a fortune. There is a library of over 13,000 volumes, besides great cases of magnificent bindings and another with an immense number of portfolios of rare and expensive drawings of all of the old masters. I have some photographs of the place to show you when I see you. The grounds are very extensive and laid out most beautifully, and on the grounds is the great stable, built to accommodate 260 horses, a perfect palace of a place built of solid stone, the roof also of solid stone, being a single arch of 90 foot span and about 50 feet from the floor to the keystone. The façades are richly decorated by splendid groups of marble statuary. The chateau and contents with the stable and the extensive forest and parks were all bequeathed to the Institut de France by the Duke Henri d'Aumale, the fourth son of Louis Philippe, the heir to the last of the Condés at his death in 1897.

It is singular that so few people visit Chantilly, when it is one of the most important objects of interest in the environs of Paris, and only twenty-five miles by rail from the city.

Do not think that you have done the Louvre unless you have climbed the many long flights of steps that take you to the third floor of this immense building and found your way into the small hall that is filled with masterpieces of the Barbison School, Millets, Corots,

Diaz, Daubigny, Rousseau, Fromentin, Meissonier, Troyon, they are worth coming across the Atlantic to see. One by Millet, a woman standing in front of two men who are binding the grain, a wonderful study in brown; a Troyon showing a drove of cattle, passing a flock of sheep; several lovely Corots with those exquisite trees that stand out from the picture so that it seems that you could pass between them and the landscape behind; several Meissoniers, exquisite in their delicate handling and painted with such care and yet with such a sure touch. You can spend hours in this small room and go away with regrets that you cannot carry away with you the memory of the beauties of each individual picture. Your education in art will have been greatly refreshed and improved by this study of this French School that will enhance your appreciation of the beautiful in nature as seen by the eyes of men in love with her and who possessed the great gift of placing before you in glowing colors what they saw. It is well for you to take a day off from the Galleries that you may again and again bring before your mind's eye the images of what you have seen until the impress of them is fastened in your brain. It is a great privilege to have an opportunity of this kind to study the masters of this school, comparing one with the other; and when you are able at first glance to say who painted this or that picture, then you may conclude that you are advanced in your education in art.

And now this Saturday night brings with it thoughts

not without regret of how much more I might have written in these letters, covering nearly eleven months of continual travel; regrets that my education has been so limited that I have not only missed much, but that what I have seen has not been made the most of; regrets that this has been my last opportunity to see the treasures of the Old World, and that I have probably not made the most of this opportunity. On the other hand I have great cause for thanksgiving that at my age I have been able to journey such long distances, see so much with pleasure and without weariness, to have enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and to have set down so much that even though poorly done will serve to remind me of the things I have seen and done and to enrich the remaining days of my life, and perhaps give pleasure to some of my most intimate friends. The trip is drawing to a close, and what is written is written; whatever the faults, they must abide.

FINIS.

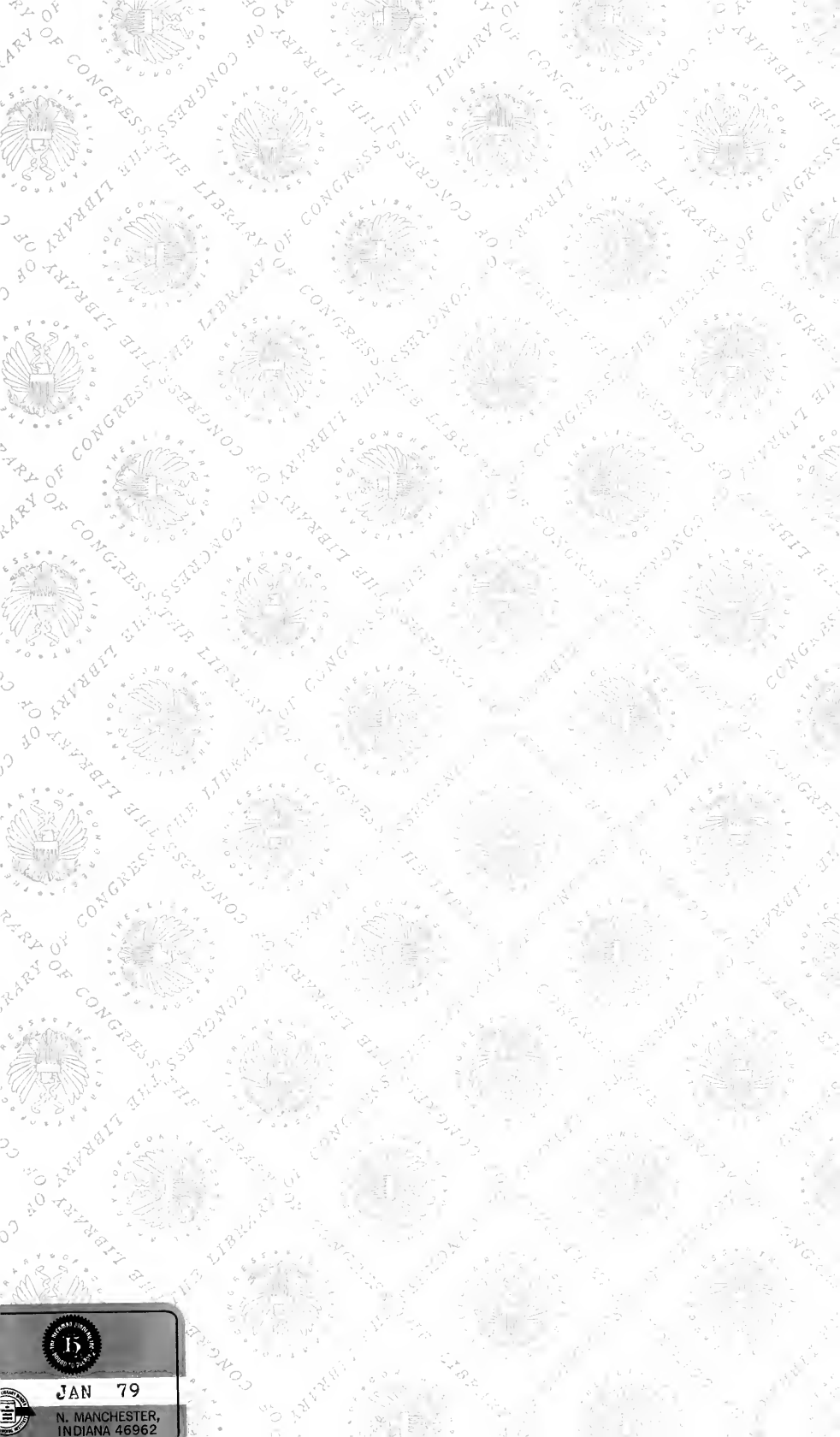














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